

THE REVIEW



OCTOBER NUMBER 1909

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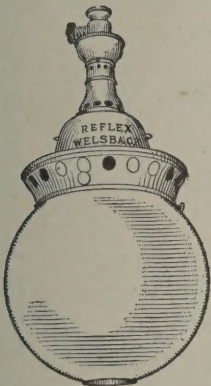
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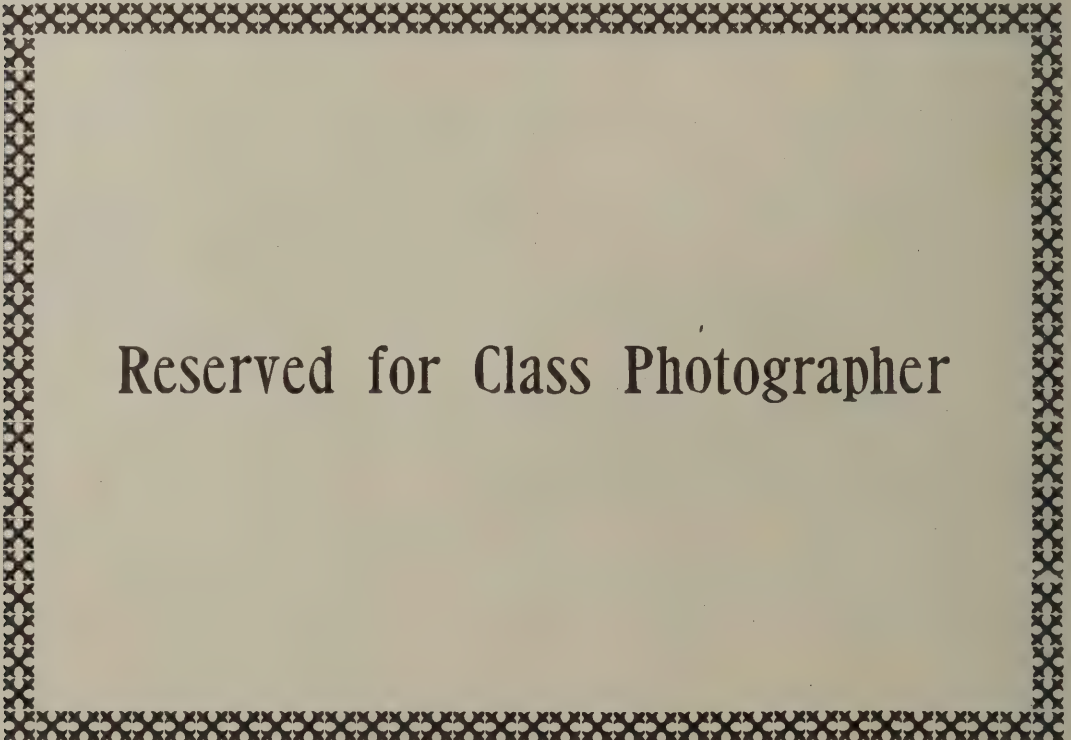
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No. 1

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Business Manager:

CHAUNCEY EARLE DOUD.

Assistant Editors:

DOROTHY S. EMMONS, 1910.

DOROTHY MONRO, 1910.

S. FOSTER DAMON, 1910.

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Athletics:

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Technical High School Notes:

ROBERT HOWLEY, 1910.

MARY WHITE, 1910.

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TWO years ago the Technical High School was, to most of us, only a possibility; today it is a reality to everyone. Within one short year the walls have risen, and exterior and internal decorations have changed the structure from a mere framework to a completed, well-equipped building. During this time we all have watched the rapid growth with ever increasing interest, and now when everything is completed our interest has in no way abated and all alike look upon the new school with just pride. Scholars and teachers of both schools are equally pleased. The great problem of congestion is satisfactorily solved. Scholars of the Technical School now have better facilities to work with, and more opportunities to pursue courses which could not be offered in the old school. Facilities and equipments are both new, and with the excellent staff of teachers and instructors there should be gratifying results to show for the coming year's work. The two schools, this year at least, will be represented in athletics by the same teams, and the Gymnasium will be used in common. The work of opening and first starting the machinery of such an institution as the Technical High School is so great and pressing that at present no plans as to the future action of the school in regard to athletics, and other such things, has been taken. It is, of course, possible that such a thing as separate teams, and contests between the two schools, will come about. If such a thing as this ever takes place it is our sincerest wish that such

contests as shall be engaged in by the two schools will be marred by no hostility or bitterness, but on the contrary that all interschool games, meets or contests of any nature will be marked by a feeling of friendly rivalry that shall never mar the fair name of Newton. Let the spirit of friendliness and good-will dominate everything.

Although many of us knew that at the opening of school we would be deprived of several of our old teachers, none of us realized the full extent of our losses until we found that Mr. Thurber and Miss Sleeper had both left us to take up their work in the Technical High School as heads of departments. Several other of our former teachers are now in the new building, and we hope that their work there will be rewarded with as much success as it was in the past.

The return of Miss Wallace, from her year's vacation spent in Italy, was received with the greatest rejoicing by all those who have been fortunate enough to know her.

The football season is now well advanced. Newton has made an excellent start; but from now on comes the real test when some of the best teams on the schedule will be met. It will be impossible to hope for victory unless the team feels that the whole school is behind it. The only way to bring this about is to go to the games and cheer! To do this it is absolutely necessary to have a cheer leader, someone who will conduct organized cheering, and turn the scattered yells and applause into something with force and volume enough to help the team uphold the reputation of the school.

Aunt Lucindy's Experience with the Automobile

By DOROTHY S. EMMONS, 1910

WAAL, waal! I want to know! Ye say ye hain't ben up t' the Bluff this summer? Waal, I s'pose ye've hearn tell what a time we had on thet road the day uv the hoss-trot to Salem? Ye hain't? Waal, now I'll tell ye.

Come mornin' uv the hoss-trot Hiram says t' me, "I hain't got ter use the colt t'day, Lucindy, so why don't ye ask Huldy Lane 'n' her sister Mirandy 'n' someun else to fill up the wagin, an' drive up t' the Bluff this arternoon? They won't be much teamin' on thet road t'day, so ye'll not likely get ketched in one uv them narrer places," he says. "But if ye do," says he, "an' there's men in t'other team, mind ye jest let *them* do the backin' out an' un-harnissin'!"

So arter dinner Hiram fetched round the colt, an' I meant to tell ye before, thet the co't has thutty odd years back uv him, an' I driv over t' Zekl's whar Huldy 'n' her sister was stoppin', an' then we see Prudence Mayo, she's Hiram's second cousin, lookin' kinder wistful-like from her front-room winder, so we asked her t' jine us, an' she set along uv me on the front seat. I knowed as how she couldn't tell one rein from t'other, an' if we met a team whar the road was narrer, she'd not grab fur the lines as p'raps Huldy er Mirandy might.

The arternoon couldn't a ben puttier. The sky was a deep blue an' one er two big clouds was floatin' lazy-like thru the air, as if 'twas a pleasant occerpation 'n' they was takin' es long about it as possible! Ye know the road up t' the Bluff, how one side uv it rises straight up an' ye can't see the top uv the cliffs? Waal, the trees was all turnin' an' the colors er them leaves beat any patchwork quilt I've ever seen, er hope to. Then on t'other side it goes right

down t' the river, an' we could hear the water slappin' agin' the rocks 'n' now'n then git a glimpse uv it thru the trees. It was a sight now I tell ye. The mountains risin' straight up from t'other shore an' the gorgeous colors of them leaves mirrored like in the places whar the current wan't so swift.

Waal, we'd got past the narrerest part uv the road 'n' was rejicin' accordin'ly when we come out to a place whar thar wan't no railin' t' keep us frum slidin' down inter the water, supposin' we hed to turn out, when Prudence give a kind uv a little jump 'n' Huldy 'n' Mirandy who hed been discussin' the beauties uv nater give a shriek. As fur me, I didn't see nothin' ter git scairt about, tho' I did see the colt lift up his ears which was a sign sothin' might be expected ter happen in the way uv excitement. Then Prudence says:

"O Lucindy! didn't ye hear—!" 'n' then stopped 'n' civered her face with her hands. Waal, now, I don't git flustered es a rule, but when I see thet monstrous great automobile come reound the turn uv the road I come near collapsin'. But what with Huldy's tellin' me t' hold them lines firm, an' Mirandy's sayin', "O, we'll all be killed!" I recivered nuf to hold up my hand to the "shover," er somebody thet hes the reins uv them contrivances, as a sign to stop. He did. So did the colt.

I clung t' him tight, fer I expected t' be hurled down over that bankin' as soon as he took a notion uv shyin'. Then somethin' stuck its head out uv the side door uv the machine, 'n' the like uv them specs I never see before! They was about three sizes too large 'n' was edged with rubber. An' speakin' uv rubber, the whul face was uv rubber. I began to think 'twas a sperrit when it begun ter speak!

"Can't you drive up on to the bank, so that we can get by?" says the rubber face in a voice that sounded just like the cracked key on the melodion.

"Can't you drive up on ther bank?"

Waal, now, our wagon was fillin' the whul road, an' t' git up outer thet bank, which was at least a foot and a half high, and chock full uv stuns, would 'a dumped us all in a minute. Prudence was a-cryin' 'n' Mirandy on the verge uv one uv her spells, so I see we'd hev to do sothin' quick. So I says:—

"I rether guess we can't git up onter this here bank, but maybe ye could manage with yer shover to git a-flyin' leap on to thet bank thar by you!"

"Well, isn't there some place back there where you have passed that you could turn out?" squeaks the rubber face, real cross-like.

As if we could turn round in thet narrer place, er even back to a place whar they could pass us! I was gittin' real worked up. Them auto people think the road an' all that's in it is their's!

There was a *man* in the back beside the rubber face an' he now got up 'n' clumb out t' see what was to be did.

"There is no way but for us to go back a little way," says he. So he clumb in agin, an' the shover started. But instead uv backin' up he come shootin' along to'ad us. I hollered:—

"Don't ye come too nigh this colt!" an' I see him grin.

As it was, the colt kep' so still I tho't he was premeditatin' a jump, so I clung to the lines 'n' kep sayin' real soothin' like,

"Sho, boy, sho! Whoa! boy!" an' the like to keep him sort uv calmed down.

At last with a good deal uv grindin' 'n' groanin' the auto begun t' back up, an' then stopped a few rods down the road. They hollered "All right!" an' I clucked up the colt an' we went on t' whar they had stopped. Now, I ain't sayin' nothin' agin them city folks, but my idee uv their "all right" wan't just in accordance with theirs. They had driv up onter one side uv the road, tho' most uv the machine was left in the road an' we was expected ter climb th' other bank!

By thet time I was so het up, I decided to do er die, so I told Huldy t' hang onter Mirandy, an' Prue t' look arter herself 'n' I grabbed the whip 'n' give the colt such a lick! An' he not bein' used ter gittin' whipped give such a leap, thet Mirandy still declares she felt her backbone crack, 'n' Huldy's back-comb fell clean out, while Prue's hat went sailin' off inter the bushes. But we got past an' therè them city folks set, stiff es posts, 'n' the man didn't offer to budge, 'n' what's more, I don't believe he'd hev turned a hair if he'd seen us agoin' down over the bankin'.

An' when I got home, I spoke my mind putty freely, t' Hiram concernin' them city fellers 'n' their doin's.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge."—*Disraeli*.

Man is not the creature of circumstances; circumstances are the creatures of man.
—*Disraeli*.

"Sic Volvere Parcas"

I.

THE silver moon was shining on the placid lagoon. Skiffs glided to and fro, bearing homeward parties of wealthy Romans who thronged the famous resort of Baïæ during this season. Gay conversation, and now and then a song broke the stillness of the night. Feeling lonely, a stranger to this merry crowd pushed his boat a little to one side and found himself close to another skiff, likewise somewhat withdrawn. In it were two men engaged in earnest conversation; and the words which he heard were ominously strange in this land, yet only too familiar to him. Instantly he recognized the language of the Illyrian pirates. He listened with intense interest and emotion to the awful plot which was being unfolded, and realized its full meaning from his former experiences with these desperate men. Though ten years had elapsed since Pompey had cleared the sea of pirates, a few of them still lurked around the great cities, seeking opportunities for plunder.

The young adventurer turned his craft down stream again and tried to feel indifferent to the words he had just overheard. As he drew near the beautiful villa of the consul Metellus he looked up at it curiously. This was the house that was to be robbed, and here dwelt the innocent victim, the consul's daughter Julia, who was to be carried off for ransom. Overhanging the water was a wide balcony, cast in darkness save where the rays of the waning moon struck the railing. As he gazed he heard a shrill whistle, the meaning of which he well knew. Just then, her keen ears catching the note of unnaturalness in the sound, a figure started forward from the shadow of the balcony, and the light fell full upon her lovely face. Hers was the Roman type of beauty combining strength and sweetness. Her dark hair fell loosely over

a snow-white tunic, defining clearly the perfect profile.

"What a face!" was the soft exclamation of the watcher below. The girl drew back into the shadow, but not before she had noticed the young man in the skiff, which had stopped before the house. For a long time she watched him as he passed back and forth, while the lagoon grew more and more deserted, and the moon waned. Soon she became aware that he was trying to attract her attention. Full of interest and curiosity she came forward a little; for no thought of fear or distrust dwelt in Julia's nature. The boat stopped again; a bit of white parchment fell at her feet.

"Pirates are planning to rob thy house tonight. Thou hast heard their signal. Prepare for instant defense. I will help thee.

"ONE WHO KNOWS THY DANGER."

With remarkable presence of mind, Julia sent her maid with a hurried order to alarm the household. She thought with horror of her father's absence in Rome, and that she had only slaves to defend her. Before she had time to decide on her next move, her strange protector had swung himself up beside her.

"Quick!" he gasped, pointing to the silent and fast approaching boats, which were scarcely discernible through the now moonless night. Firmly, but gently, he pushed her into her apartment; and as he turned, he caught sight of a huge broadsword which had belonged to Quintus Metellus, hero of the Jurgurthine War. Tearing it from the wall, and jerking it from its sheath, he reached the balcony just in time to see a head and shoulders appear above the balcony railing. He sprang forward and with a practised arm swung the heavy weapon. A splash below announced the pirate's fate. Fortunately,

the only way of reaching the balcony was by a trellis, on which the villains kept climbing up, only to meet a like death. Meanwhile the majority of the pirates were endeavoring to gain an entrance to the villa; but the slaves were successfully holding them at bay.

After a few minutes of hard fighting, the man on the balcony, falling back exhausted, was suddenly confronted by his old captor Zugi, the chief of the band. All his former hatred and desire for revenge welled up in his heart; and he flew at the outlaw with the fury of a wild beast. Zugi, with his lighter sword, had the advantage; but the younger man was more agile and practised at arms. At length, however, the latter was thrown with what seemed a fatal wound. Then, as the pirate stood off his guard a second, the defender leaped to his feet, and brandishing his sword, stabbed him through the heart with these words:

"This is thy pay, foul fiend, for my nine years of bondage!"

As he flung the gory body over the railing, he cried: "Zugi is slain!" When the pirates saw that their leader was dead, they lost hope and fled. Soon all the boats vanished across the inky water.

As her defender staggered through the doorway of Julia's apartment, she approached him.

"Art thou wounded? Art thou hurt, O fortissime?" she faltered.

"Nay, I am well. 'Tis of thee I think. Come away from this scene of horror and bloodshed."

She looked up at him trustfully though her face was pale with terror, and he wondered at her fortitude in such a crisis. They now entered one of the other apartments, where he opened a casement to let in the refreshing night air. Just as she sank down upon a couch, the young hero swooned from loss of blood at her feet. Now greatly alarmed she summoned her slaves, and with difficulty revived him.

"Art thou better?" she inquired as she administered to his comfort. "I fear that thou art badly wounded."

"Nay, I feel no pain when thou art by. Methought but now I was in Elysium! Great Bacchus! Venus herself might envy thee. Thy beauteous eyes, and the touch of thy soft hands have chained me as no irons ever could."

Thus he raved, while the scarlet played in her cheeks and words of angry reproof sprang to her lips. But as she would have spoken, he fainted again.

II.

A week had slipped by since the attack of the pirates on the consul's house. All Baia had been thrilled by the event; especially as every effort to trace the attacking band had been futile. The consul himself had returned from Rome early the next morning to find his household in disorder, many of his slaves wounded, and eight pirate captives in chains. Though these latter had been closely questioned, they had refused to give any information concerning the whereabouts of their companions. Finally, they were given over to the praetor to await their fate in the arena.

Metellus had found the young man who had saved the villa badly wounded; and had kept him at his home that he might have careful attention. All that was known of him was his name, Gilypus; and that through his knowledge of their language, from former dealings with them, he had been able to forestall the pirates' plans.

On that evening some of the nobility of Baia were assembled in the house of Metellus for a great banquet. The triclinium was dazzling with lights and floral decorations. The tiled floor, of which Metellus was justly proud, represented the parting of Hector and Andromache; while the rich mural paintings, recently wrought by a Greek artist, were also wonderful for their beauty and splendor.

The guests reclined on couches of richly ornamented metal, made soft by embroidered cushions. In the place of honor, the "*lectus consularis*," was Metellus' colleague, a man with sharp aquiline features and a supercilious air. A striking contrast to him was the plain old senator Quintillius at his left, whose kind scholarly face and quiet dignity inspired confidence and respect. The third occupant of this couch, a pompous knight, who had gained his wealth upon the seas, was obsequiously attentive to Quintillius and his noble wife Pomponia who sat on the other side of the *equus*. Pomponia was a Roman matron of the old type, in whose face there was a touch of sadness, for the death of their only son in war had shadowed the mother's life. At her side reclined Gyllypus, who much to the surprise and delight of all, was able to attend the banquet. The gaze of Gyllypus kept wandering to the sweet face of Julia opposite him and he followed with marked interest her words. Meanwhile, Julia was engaged in conversation with a young gallant from Rome, whose trivial talk and effeminate, sail-like toga disgusted her in the extreme. Now and then she would look across at that specimen of hardy manhood, whose gaze she found strangely impelling, and yet which roused her to the realization that she was a consul's daughter, and Gyllypus a lowly adventurer. In his seat as host, at the right of the "*lectus consularis*," reclined Metellus himself, a stern old soldier, vigorous in mind and body. Although engaged in an intense political discussion with his colleague and Quintillius, he glanced several times at his beautiful daughter, who was the pride of his heart and the ruler of his household.

The banquet had been in progress for several hours and darkness had now fallen. There was a lull in the feast, while the soft voices of Syrian slave girls singing were

heard from the peristyle. The sound of the music put an end to conversation, and all listened with at least an appearance of interest.

But Pomponia, turning to the stranger at her side, saw in his absorbed expression the same enjoyment which she herself felt.

"Thou art, too, a lover of music, O Gyllypus?"

"I used to be, noble Pomponia, but 'tis long since I have heard any I could enjoy," he said rather passionately, turning away his face.

The matron enquired of Gyllypus concerning his adventures with the pirates, and the cause of his opportune visit to Baia.

"The story of my nine years of bondage, noble lady, I fear would prove long and tiresome, although it is by no means uneventful. I was but a boy of sixteen, when I ran away from home with high hopes of gaining a name in war. My father had sternly forbidden me to think of such things until my education was complete and I was ready to hold office. However, I escaped on a trading vessel; and after some hard fighting in which I proved my courage, I was put in charge of a scouting expedition—this, as you understand, was in Pompey's war against the pirates—and I landed my party in the southern part of Illyricum. Here we were suddenly confronted by a large band of the enemy hastening against our ships. My men were, of course, captured and immediately put to death, and I was left as slain. O cruel fate that spared me to live in shame! Those years of my life are best forgotten," he ended, with a sigh. Then he continued, "Now, after a year of wanderings, I am on my way home to beg forgiveness, and to begin a new career which *shall* end in glory. But, O my mother! Will she forgive me?"

"Yes!" But that firm monosyllable car-

ried with it the intense feeling with which she had listened to his tale.

"Mother!" And for the first time he turned his face full upon her and looked at her with pleading eyes.

"Marcus, my son!" and mother and son were locked in fond embrace.

The scene which followed may well be imagined. The senator looked into the bronzed features of the man before him, trying to realize that it was the lad he had lost; and he wrung his hand in a way that showed that all anger and sternness had vanished. Metellus and the other guests next greeted the young man; for most of them had known the promising boy and had felt regret at the report of his early death.

When the excitement had subsided a little, the two fathers stood apart talking. Senator Quintillius had been a life-long friend of Metellus, and their dearest wish in former days had been the union of their children. This was now their first thought.

"There is no longer anything to prevent the marriage of Julia and Marcus. The lad is roughened a bit by hard experience, but we shall soon have him in office and once more a Roman. Mark my words, Metellus, Marcus Flavius Quintillius will make a name for himself yet," said the proud father.

"He will, indeed," answered the consul, heartily.

"I have been noticing the man during the past week; and the qualities which I admired in the semi-barbarous Gilypus seem trebled in the son of Quintillius. He is a worthy husband for my Julia."

While their destiny was being thus

happily arranged for them, the lovers, at length able to speak their feelings, had withdrawn from the circle of excited guests.

"O carissima, thou wilt never know how I longed to claim thee, during the weary days in which I tossed feverishly on my couch with this troublesome wound. The moments I spent with thee, and the glimpses I caught of thy flitting figure seemed so brief, dear heart."

"Brief they seemed to me, Marcus. Ah! blest be the Fates that thou art Marcus and not Gilypus!"

"But tell me, sweet maiden, did'st thou not love Gilypus?"

"To thee alone will I confess it," she answered blushing.

"I am not worthy of such love, sweet one; but the thread of destiny has been unrolled, and the Fates have decreed that I should have been brought through hardships and separations, and restored to the life which I forsook so thoughtlessly, in order that we two might be united."

—"Milenia," 10 B. C.



HE dreaded long periods of Wednesday have passed! But we hope that the enjoyable occasions on which we all assembled in the hall are not history likewise! It is impossible to estimate the benefit derived from the close contact with the great personalities that have honored us in the past few years. It is hoped that this year also we may have the opportunity of listening to those who can help to shape our destinies while we are yet young.

Buying An Automobile

By FLORENCE G. NELSON, 1910



MY wife and I, after considerable discussion, decided to purchase a touring car, and spend our summer vacation on an automobile trip. We intended to travel through the White Mountains, on to Canada, down the Hudson and home again to Boston through the Berkshire Hills. Shortly after making this decision, while looking over the evening papers, I ran across a notice which read as follows: "For sale, 1908 Packard touring car; fully equipped, Magneta gas tank and all accessories. Price only \$1200. Cash down. Call 108, No. 82 West 72d St. N. Y."

Anyone who knew anything at all about automobiles, reading this advertisement through twice, could not fail to see that there was something queer about such an offer. A car like the one described would be worth fully five thousand dollars. Nevertheless, I determined to follow up the advertisement, for if the offer were genuine, it was the chance of a lifetime; but if on the other hand, it were only a "catch," as I strongly suspected, there was all the more reason for investigation.

Deciding upon my course of action, I went at once to the telegraph office and wired, "If car is as represented, consider it sold. Be there tomorrow. T. A. Dalton." After this, I paid a visit to the chief of police and from him secured an introductory letter to the police of New York. Early the next day I took the train at the South Station, and upon arriving in the city went directly to the police headquarters on Mulberry street, presented my letter of introduction to the chief of detectives, and explained the situation. "Of course everything may be all right," I said in conclusion, "but under the circumstances I thought it wise to take every precaution."

"You were right in coming to us," the chief answered courteously. "I will send a plain-clothes man with you to investigate matters. Ah, here comes Mr. Brown now," as a shrewd looking, well-dressed young man entered the office. "Mr. Brown, this is Mr. Dalton of Boston. You will accompany him to 82 West 72d street. He will explain everything to you. Report the result of your investigations later."

Thanking the chief for his trouble, I left the office in company with the detective; and we soon found ourselves on board a trolley car bound for No. 82 West 72d street. On the way I showed my companion the advertisement, and told him of my suspicions. "Have you any ideas as to why the machine came to be marked down to such an extraordinarily low price?" he asked me. I hesitated a moment and then replied, "Why, the simplest explanation, of course, would be that the car is not as represented and its owner expects to palm it off on someone who knows little or nothing about automobiles." "Is that, then, the only theory you have to offer?" he questioned, as I paused. "Well, no," I admitted. "If that were all I shouldn't be taking you with me now. I know too much about such matters to be easily duped by anyone. The truth is, I've pictured out a dark plot in all its details. Rogues inserting that advertisement in the papers, in the hope of catching some greenhorn, then hiring a machine for the occasion and taking their victim to some lonely spot outside the city, and there sand-bagging, drug-ging, or otherwise disposing of him, for the sake of the money he is supposed to have on his person. Call it a flight of imagination, if you like, but seriously, doesn't that advertisement, offering a five thousand dollar machine for only twelve hundred,

almost justify my suspicions? Or do you think the plan I have outlined impossible?"

"Certainly not impossible," my companion answered gravely, "and I am sorry to say, not even improbable. In a large city like New York, a good many things of that sort occur in spite of all the police can do. But here we are at our destination, and if anything is wrong we'll soon find out what it is."

Signalling the conductor we left the car, and easily found the place we were in search of, number 82 West 72d street, a well fine old family mansion, surrounded by kept lawns and beautiful shade trees; left like an oasis among the interminable blocks of houses. Well back from the street in the rear of the property stood a large garage.

As we went up the gravelled walk leading to the house, a tall, dark, prepossessing-looking young man who had been sitting upon the veranda, rose and came toward us, a questioning look in his eyes.

"My friend and I have come to see about buying the Packard touring car advertised in last night's papers," I said. "Can you give us any information concerning it? I am Mr. Dalton of Boston."

"And I am Mr. Turner, the owner of the machine," he answered pleasantly, "If you and your friend will step into the garage, I shall be delighted to show it to you. Oh, yes," in reply to a question of mine, "it's a last year's machine and in first-class condition. I shall never think of sacrificing it for only twelve hundred, were it not that I sail for Europe day after tomorrow, to spend several years there in travel, and I wish to sell the car before starting. Of course I could have placed it in the hands of some dealer, but I preferred to dispose of it myself."

We were inside the garage by this time looking over the machine; but a most thorough examination failed to disclose any defects whatever in its mechanism. The car was as described, in first-class con-

dition, and in every way answered to the advertisement. "Suppose we take a spin in Central Park," Mr. Turner suggested, after we had completed our inspection. As he spoke, the detective shot me a significant glance, and my theory regarding the designs of our new acquaintance was shattered, right then and there. For had he been planning us any bodily harm, he certainly would not have chosen Central Park as the place to undertake it.

We enjoyed our ride immensely. It was a beautiful spring day, the car ran smoothly and easily and our driver proved an agreeable companion.

"Well, what do you think of the machine?" he asked, when we had once more returned to the garage.

"It is just what I want," I answered, "and I don't see any reason why we should not close the bargain at once. I have not the money with me, but will get it from my bank and be back here within an hour."

With that I took my departure accompanied by Mr. Brown.

Once out of the building, the detective and I held a consultation upon the street corner while we awaited our car. "Everything seems to be all right, but somehow I can't help thinking that it isn't," I said. "How do you feel about it?"

"Just as you do," he responded, "and what's more, I have an idea. Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps our friend there has no right to sell the machine? In other words, that he is not its owner? No? Well, suppose we make sure on that point, before you hand over the money to him."

So saying, he turned abruptly from me to accost a pedestrian who at this moment came leisurely down the street.

"A fine piece of property that," said he, indicating the house in question with a nod of his head, "Can you tell me who owns it, my friend?"

"Yes, sir, a Mr. Turner of Pittsburg. He bought it quite recently."

"Mr. Turner," my companion repeated thoughtfully, "I wonder if I have met him? Tall, dark, and rather young, isn't he?"

The man laughed. "You're all wrong," he answered good naturedly. "Mr. Turner would answer well to 'fair, fat and forty.' He and his wife are now travelling in Europe and I understand that the place is in charge of the chauffeur during their absence."

"You don't happen to know the chauffeur's name or anything about him, do you?" Mr. Brown interposed as the speaker started to move off. "His name is Maynard, tall, nice-looking chap. That's all I know about him," the man called back over his shoulder.

When he had gone the detective turned to me.

"I guess we know a little more about him than that," he said, a triumphant ring in his voice.

"Yes," I answered, "we now know all that is necessary, and I propose to get that money as soon as possible, so we won't have to keep Mr. Turner—Maynard, I mean, waiting."

After securing the money, we returned to the garage and handed Mr. Maynard the roll of bills. He took the money with ill-concealed eagerness, counted it and put it in his inner vest pocket. Hardly had he done so, when the plain-clothes man stepped forward and snapped a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists.

So sudden and unexpected was the move that the chauffeur had no chance for resistance.

"What does this mean?" he demanded angrily, drawing back with well-assumed astonishment.

"It means," returned the other, "that you are my prisoner—Mr. Maynard!" He lay peculiar stress upon the last word, and on hearing it the prisoner's composure dropped from him like a cloak. He winced visibly, and turning pale, glanced about

him furtively as though contemplating making a dash for liberty.

But seeing the utter uselessness of any such attempt, he turned to us and said coolly, "Well, I guess the game's up!"

"It certainly is," my companion assented "and the best thing you can do is to come quietly with us and not make any trouble."

Half an hour later the rascal was safely lodged in the police station; and after promising to appear as a witness, I returned home, congratulating myself upon the part I had played in a clever bit of detective work.

Review Notes

The Review wishes to thank those who have so kindly aided the Editors in this first issue. Many valuable suggestions and much material aid have been given us by those among the teachers, scholars and alumni who are interested in our school paper.

This first issue will be published about the 20th of the month; but in the future the Review will appear about the middle of each month. To make this possible, contributions must be in by the 29th of the preceding month at the very latest.

It is hoped that the class of 1911 will contribute more substantially to the success of future numbers. Several contributions have been received from 1912, and even 1913. This last is praiseworthy indeed and we sincerely hope that the Juniors will follow suit. These few rules should be kept in mind when writing:—

Write on only one side of the paper.

Place name as it is to be printed below the title of the story.

Estimate carefully the words, and place the number on the first page.

The most suitable length for a story is from eight hundred to three thousand words.



TO you, the entering class of 1913, do we, the members of the Newton High School, extend our heartiest greetings of welcome. To you, as the first Freshmen to enter the new Technical School, do we especially extend congratulations and best wishes for success and honor. To attain this honor and success we urge you to strive faithfully in the great factors of our school-life.

At the head of all stands *character*. Thus far in your school life it has been with the utmost care and consideration on the part of your teachers that your studies have been pursued. Each student has been more or less under the ever watchful eye of the teacher or "governess." But now that you have graduated from the "governess age" and have ventured into the realms of the Newton High, you will find yourselves thrown more upon your own responsibility. Do not think, for a moment, that the teachers here are not interested in your individual work—far from it! A better corps of teachers cannot be found, but with so many students, it is impossible to act the roll of "governess" to each one. That you may learn to think and act independently is far better. From now on, you will meet with new problems. New studies, hitherto untried, will be

battled with. Your whole success in your High School life, will depend upon the manner in which you encounter these problems; and, Freshmen! the character which you form here in the Newton High School will tell in your after life, be it in the home, the shop, the office, or the Presidential chair! Therefore let your efforts be governed by integrity of character and keep in mind the excellent motto, "*Non quis, sed quid*" (Not *who*, but *what*).

Next in importance comes your studies. These will afford you much pleasure, if taken in the right way. Do not think that all your spare hours must be spent in "cramming."—There is no danger that *all* of you will study in spare hours, but there are always conscientious ones who, in so doing, will lose much afforded by the other interests of the school. Remember the old kindergarten adage:—

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day.
Little girls and little boys,
That's the wisest way.

Just one thing more in regard to your recitations. We hope that you have good strong lungs, all of you, as in foregoing classes considerable defect has been noticed in those organs, and if not remedied soon may result in the adoption of ear trumpets for teacher and class included. Speak up!

The first interest outside of studies is the "Newton High School Review," published by the *students* of the N. H. S. We call attention to the word *students* because most Freshmen get the idea that the Review is a bit of work so arranged by the "powers that be" as to appear the middle of each month with no assistance on their part. On the contrary, to make the Review a success we must have subscriptions first and contributions a close second. Do not delay. Drop some bit of writing into the Review Box. You never know what you can do till you try. Subscribe immediately and get your friends to do the same.

Last, but not least, comes the subject of athletics. There are two ways in which to help maintain the splendid records

already established by your predecessors. When the call for candidates for the different teams comes, respond with a will, those of you who can. Perhaps you won't all make the team, but put your heart into the work and you will not lose anything thereby. Scarcely less important is it to attend all the games possible and aid the players striving for the honor of the dear old School. Let us see how much the Class of 1913 can do to maintain the School's reputation for *fair play*.

The Class of 1913 is undoubtedly the biggest, and it is our sincerest wish that you may prove to be the brightest and best class that ever entered the Newton High School.

FROM THE CLASS OF 1910.

Eliza, Detective Pro Tem.

BY DOROTHY MONRO, 1910



IN a bare little attic room, on an old haircloth trunk, sat Eliza, lost to the world in the pages of a much worn copy of "Sherlock Holmes." The drip-drip-drip of the water from the eaves and the scampering of the squirrels on the roof were the only sounds that broke the stillness, save now and then a rustle as the absorbed reader turned a page.

"Lizy," called an anxious voice from the stairway, "Lizy!"

"Comin', ma." The girl reluctantly closed her book and went slowly down to the kitchen.

"Don't fergit them eggs now, will ye," said her mother, as she entered the room. "Mis' Waite asked ter have 'em ternight sure. Better go now afore it gits late." Only too glad to be released from dishwashing or some equally hated task, 'Liza

hurried off, a paper box of eggs in one hand, in the other a bunch of late fall flowers.

After crossing the bridge over a gurgling little brook, she left the highroad and following a winding path by the bank of the stream, sat down to rest on a large rock, partly screened by a clump of bushes, and still under the spell of her beloved Sherlock Holmes, dreamily watched the water, till the lengthening shadows warned her of her errand and the lateness of the hour.

"Sure yer know the plan?" 'Liza jumped. Peering through the bushes she saw two men, armed with rifles, sitting on the bank not twenty feet from her hiding place. One she knew instantly as one of the village fellows, the other was unrecognizable because of a broad felt hat, pulled low over his eyes.

"Sure yer know what ter do?" queried he

of the dark hat, "don't wanter make no more noise'n yer can help—scare th' old lady inter a blue fit. Old man's away, only she'n 'Lizy 'n Jed, 'n he's sure to be some'rers round 'Lize."

"What time do yer start?"

"Oh! nigh about eight. Seein' as they're alone they won't set up late yer *kin depend*."

"Sure there's no hitch? Jed ain't over his chores till then."

"Sartin' sure, come on, 'n don't fergit ter bring yer lantern." The two men strolled up the path, crossed the bridge and disappeared in the direction of the village. To the terrified girl on the rock, it seemed hours before they were out of sight. Then fear lent speed to her feet, and she ran all the way to Mrs. Waite's, fairly showering the eggs and flowers upon that astonished woman, and turning without waiting for thanks or messages, sped down the path.

"Do beat all," muttered the good woman to herself, "what gits inter gals sometimes," and shading her eyes with her hand, she watched the flying figure till it disappeared around a turn in the road.

Meanwhile, poor 'Liza was at her wits' end. To whom could she turn? Her father was away, her mother not strong enough to bear such a shock. There was Jed—but she suddenly remembered that two days ago she had passionately sent the said Jedediah away, and told him she "never wanted ter see or hear of him agin." She must act alone. She checked the sobs that rose, and ran on, stumbling and panting, till she reached the familiar gate and in another moment was at home.

All during supper she was unusually subdued, answering her mother's cheery questions by faint monosyllables.

"Now, ma," she said quietly, as they rose from the table, "let me do the dishes an' you rest. Ain't yer head still bad?"

"Jes' the same," answered the little woman wearily, "doan' know but I'll go ter bed. You kin lock up."

This was better than 'Liza had dared hope, and when her mother's footsteps died away on the stair, she noiselessly made her preparations, leaving the dishes neatly stacked in the sink. "What was the use of washing them?" she thought tearfully, when there might be no one alive to use any dishes in the morning. It never occurred to her to warn the sheriff or rouse the neighbors. Sherlock worked alone; she would work alone, and she pictured to herself the village gossips over their tea, whispering "*Mar-vellous!*" as the news of her capture of the burglars was noised abroad. Pinning a tam o' shanter on her curly brown hair, and buttoning an old cloak about her shoulders she slipped into the shed, and took down an old gun that had hung there ever since she could remember.

Not knowing whether or not it was loaded, she held it at arm's length, and though in mortal terror of it and the robbers, she managed to tip-toe across the porch and down the drive way to the barn, that being the place best suited to overlook an approach either from the road in front or the woods behind the house. The village clock struck the half hour. Trembling, the girl pushed aside the great door and glided inside, glancing nervously around her at every little sound. The minutes dragged slowly by. Once she caught herself dozing, and then the dread of sleeping at her post kept her wide-eyed. All at once, a soft scraping noise fell upon her ear. With her heart beating furiously she crept slowly through the door from the stable to the hay barn, following a faint gleam of light. In a far corner she could just make out two dark forms, one crouching, the other, exaggerated by her excitement, seemingly gigantic. Her dry throat refused to utter a sound. Wildly

aiming the old gun, she pulled the trigger, and in the ensuing flash she heard a cry; the crouching figure sprang toward her and she fell unconscious.

When, after apparently ages had rolled away, feeling something soft and warm against her hand, and cold water trickling over her face, she slowly opened her eyes and found herself lying on a pile of hay, faithful Rover licking her hands, and Jed beside her, his face white and drawn in the lantern light, pouring water on her forehead.

"Don't be scairt, 'Lizy," said Jed in response to her questioning look, "yer'll be round all right in a couple o' minutes."

"But—where's the—the robbers?" she stammered, trying to rise.

"Robbers!" It was Jed's turn to be astonished. Then with much hesitation and no little embarrassment, 'Liza began her tale. Jed heard it to the end, then a smile broke over his face.

"Yer robbers'll be here in jest about ten minutes, an' it's the boys 'n gals givin' yer a surprise party," he said. 'Liza gasped. "'Twas Bill Ferris an' Lem Smith that yer saw, 'n knowin' the's times when they gits excited, I thought I'd better see thet things was all right an' sorter hang round till they'd gone."

"But wan't yer comin' ter my sp——" began 'Liza, then stopped, for she suddenly remembered something. Evidently Jed remembered the same thing. There was an uncomfortable silence. A minute later, Rover, pricking up his ears, dashed out of the barn, barking excitedly. Almost instantly, lights flashed from the farmhouse, and laughing voices were heard. 'Liza stirred uneasily.

"Ain't yer goin' up ter the house?" inquired Jed politely.

"Yes—but—Jed—"

"Well?"

"I ain't goin' up alone at *this* time o' night."

And a little blind boy who had been hiding behind a haycock, chuckled softly to himself as he picked up his arrows and danced away.

Exchanges

As yet we have not received many exchanges, but we hope to have all of the old acquaintances return to us during the coming month. It is such intercourse as that represented by the exchange of papers that brings about the best kind of understanding between the schools involved. The Review hopes to see all the old exchanges and many new ones during this year, and we shall always consider it a kindness to have our paper criticized and suggestions offered. In the future we expect to criticize in a friendly way the exchanges that come to us, and we sincerely hope that they too, in return, will not hesitate to do likewise.

As we are going to print we have received several exchanges and we acknowledge with thanks the commencement number of the Megaphone (Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.), the M. P. S. and the Old Penn.

The Dean Megaphone would be greatly improved by larger type.

Virtue may be assailed but never hurt.

—John Milton.

Absence of occupation is not rest;

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

—Cowper.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry.

—Beecher.

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

—Shakespeare.



School Notes



BOY'S DEBATING CLUB

The first meeting of the Boy's Debating Club was held in Room 14, September 24, at 1.45 p. m. Wilson, president, reported that a debate had been arranged with Brookline; and that probably others with different schools would ensue. Mr. Thomas offered several valuable suggestions, speaking encouragingly for the success of the club. The real business of the meeting comprised the appointment of a committee who should determine what could be offered members of the School Debating Team in the way of a reward for their efforts. Many topics were discussed at length, but no definite decisions were reached.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The first meeting of the school orchestra was held in the assembly hall, September 24, after the close of school. It was thought best to divide the orchestra, for the present, into two sections, a violin and a mandolin club. Later on the divisions may unite, the decision depending on the success of the separate clubs. The orchestra needs new members! Support the efforts of the music lovers in the school, and lend a hand in the work.

On Thursday, September 29, the entire school adjourned, after the fourth period, to the athletic field. Here, having filed into the grandstand, we were confronted by a camera! The unexpectedness of this held us in silence for a few moments, but having recovered from our slight fright we gave vent to our feelings with several cheers, and considerable annoyance to the photographer. However, that gentleman proceeded with remarkable composure to snap us twice, with what results we do not know.

TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

Post-Graduates are returning to take up work in the household economics department, and one full class has already been registered. The work for the graduates will include preparation of food, and also dressmaking.

The students' sewing classes purchase their materials from the household economics stock-room.

The commercial department is keeping the books of the "department store," and as soon as it can be arranged, the girls in the extra technical classes will have practice in selling goods and keeping accounts.

The cooking tables have at last arrived and the class from the Newton High School will soon be sent for to begin their regular work in household economics.

Students in the Newton High School who are electing household economics will please see Mrs. Hyde about aprons at their earliest convenience.

There are between three hundred fifty and four hundred students who are taking up work in this department.

As soon as the work in household economics is well started, the sewing laboratories will be open certain afternoons for students' use.

The technical and the extra technical classes are making designs in the art department which are to be carried out in the sewing classes.

The present enrollment of the school is about five hundred. The building is capable of holding almost three times that number.



Sen. Lat.—“Et laevas stringat sine palumula cautes.”

Mr. A—“Syntax of stringat, Chester?”

Chester—“Subjunctive after sine.”

Mr. A—“No, it's before sine in my book.”

Mr. T—“Explain *huddling*, in the line ‘The huddling brook to hear his madrigal.’”

Wright, '10—“It means cuddle, because we say huddle up next to each other.”

The idea, Wright!

Latin Teacher—“Who was Cæsar?”

Freshman—“Cæsar was the prisoner who spent his last days at St. Helena.”

In Virgil—“And the wind filled the bellowing sails.”

The little Box down by Room II
Was stationed there express for You!
Don't pass it by and be a “shirk,”
But drop things in, and GET TO WORK!

T—“What are you eating?”

Freshie—“Nothing.”

T—“Have you any more?”

Teacher—“Why are you always behind in your studies?”

Pupil—“Well, you see, it's this way, if I weren't behind I couldn't pursue them.

I followed the ponies for many a yard
Through Cæsar and Virgil—both of them
hard,

But at college “exams” my fate did commence,

I flunked just because, I had only horse-sense.

Miss H. discussing Marmion—“Why during the last siege did the chaplain have but one stinted meal a day?”

Warren, '13.—“He was in training.”

Other papers all remind us,
We can make our own sublime,
If our gentle readers give us
Contributions right on time.

Teacher, having asked a question—
“Those who know keep still; those who don't, answer.”

Said the shoe to the stocking—

“I'll wear a hole in you.”

Said the stocking to the shoe—

“I'll be darned if you do.”

Miss G—(in study period)—“Is C—f absent?”

Freshman—“Er-er- he isn't supposed to be.”

Teacher—“Where is soft coal found in this country?”

Freshman—“In mines.”

Mary had a little lamb,

You've heard this fact before;

But have you heard she passed her plate

And had a little more?

A timid freshman asked the Editor
when he would get the first copy of the
Review for his prescription!

Sweet Cupid is a marksman poor,

Despite his love and kisses;

For though he always hits the mark,

He's always making Mrs.

“Last but not *least*”—Lynch.

There was a man in our school,
 And he was wondrous wise.
 He drew a pony on his cuff
 Of much diminished size.

But when he felt a little bored
 And yawned with arms extended,
 That wise man gave himself away
 And straightway was suspended.

"What is contained in sea-water?"
 inquired the chemistry teacher.

"Chloride of sodium, and er- and—"

"Well, what else?"

"Fish."

Our Co-ed hot-air club would make the
 gods weep,
 The girls are all squabbling, the boys are
 asleep.
 For the girls wanted Pres., Vice., Sec.,
 Treasurer too,
 And they got what they wanted, the boys
 being few.
 In this somnolent club, the boys are all
 nodding
 For the girls do the work and the boys the
 applauding.

(*A prophesy.*)

Oh! why were study hours made?
 Indeed for study merely.
 We sit with books before us laid,
 But don't we study queerly?

What happened when the camera man
 Approached the grandstand high?
 With sprightly step and straightened back
 There rose a joyous cry.

And as the man strode back and forth
 In fancy black felt dip
 Those naughty children thumped the steps
 And shouted, Hip! Hip! Hip!

In answer to that gentle hint
 We stagger 'neath the "hits" for print (?),
 Hereafter, pray don't be so shy,
 We need your help—Let's see you try.

"Better late than never"—Dowkontt.

The number of senior boys absent from
 September 20 to 24 was altogether out
 of proportion. Let it never happen again!

He met her in the meadow
 As the sun was sinking low
 They walked along together
 In the twilight's afterglow.
 She waited while gallantly
 He lowered all the bars,
 Her eyes were bent upon him
 As radiant as the stars.
 She never even thanked him,
 For, indeed, she knew not how;
 He was but a farmer's lad
 And she—a Jersey cow!

Roope, in III Geometry proving his first
 theorem—"Supersuppose angle A. B. C. on
 angle D. E. F!"

Procter in Ad. French—Je vais souper.
 Un lit avec des matelas.
 "I am going to eat a bed with some sheets
 on it."

Sen. Lat.—Extremus galeaque ima sub-
 sedit Acestes.

Pickernell (translating)—"Lastly Acestes
 sat in the lowest depths of the helmet!"

Also in Lat.—Ausus et ipse manu in-
 venum temptare laborem.

Breed, '10—"He even daring to try the
 feats (feets) of his youth with his hand."

Miss L—"How did the Egyptians build
 their houses?"

Bright Freshman—"They built stone
 houses out of brick."

Resolved—That if a five-legged horse
 jumped over the school building, one of
 Raymond's friends saw it first.

"Aspiration sees only one side of every
 question; possession many."—Lowell.



FOOTBALL

All those who saw the splendid aggregation of men, who reported to Captain Gallagher and Coach Reilly at Claflin Field on September 15th were convinced that Newton High School will have a football team of which it can be justly proud, and which it should support in the most loyal manner.

The presence of so many of last year's veterans adds greatly to the strength of the team. Newton's line is particularly strong, as it contains four "N" men who are playing a very snappy game. These men are Captain Gallagher at end, Weaver and Marshall at tackle and Lynch at guard. The "quartette" in the backfield is well provided for with "Puck" Barber as "signal" man, Allen for the heavy line plunging, and Joe Beatty for sensational end runs.

Among the new men Vinal and Forté are having a battle royal for end, and Taylor, Noonan and Fuller are engaged in quite a controversy over guard. Fiske, Clark and Hopkins are all working hard to be the first choice for center. Clancy is showing up well at quarterback and will prove a good team director in any emergency. Rider and Marshall are both fast men of the first quality and are playing a splendid game at half.

From the very first football team that

Newton High School put into the field to last year's victorious eleven, the wearers of the orange and black have always been in prominence for leading their league. Since 1900 our High School has had the championship five times and has had the almost unparalleled honor of winning the pennant for the last three consecutive years.

What the team of 1909 will do remains to be seen, but each and every pupil in both schools can have a share in the glories that it is sure to win by attending all the games and giving our team the most loyal kind of support.

Newton, 18; Needham, 0.

Newton High School made a brilliant début into football circles by defeating Needham High School, in a rather one-sided game, by the score of 18 to 0.

Newton's first touchdown came in the first half when Barber sent a forward pass to Captain Gallagher, who made a great catch and rushed the ball over Needham's goal line. Barber then easily kicked the goal. (Time up.)

The second half opened with Newton's kick-off. Vinal distinguished himself by pulling down the pigskin on a forward pass from Barber and conveying the ball past Needham's goal-line. Barber again scored a point by sending the ball between Needham's goal-posts. Another well-

directed forward pass to Gallagher was intercepted by L. Marshall, who ran the ball the necessary distance, scoring Newton's third touchdown. "Puck" Barber again kicked the goal.

The whole team played well, considering it was September football, but Gallagher, Vinal, L. Marshall and Alley starred.

Newton.

Vinal (Forté), l. e.
L. Marshall, l. t.
Lynch (Fuller), l. g.
Hopkins (Fisk) c.
Taylor (Pickernell), r. g.
Weaver (Kelley), r. t.
Gallagher (Blue), r. e.
Barber (Clancy), q. b.
Ryder (Beatty), l. h. b.
Marshall (Blodgett), r. h. b.
Allen (Cady), f. b.

Needham.

r. e. Starkweather.
r. t. Burham.
r. g. Kingsbury.
c. Stanwood.
l. g. Dunne.
l. t. Woodward.
l. e. Devine.
q. b. Hamilton.
r. h. b. Powers.
l. h. b. Wells.
f. b. Crossland.

Score, Newton H. S. 18. Needham H. S. 0.
Touchdowns, Gallagher, Vinal, Marshall. Goals from touchdowns, Barber 3. Umpire and referee, Woodlock, Linesmen Moore and Wood. Time, 20 and 15 m. periods.

Newton, 34; Dedham, 0.

The Dedham team most certainly found Newton a "tough" proposition. From the very first Newton had things their own way and played in circles around their opponents. Vinal started the excitement by getting "under" Marshall's kick and scoring Newton's first five points. Clancy worked well from the very first and gave a brilliant exhibition of football throughout the entire game.

Dedham found Newton's line a regular stone wall and made no substantial gains in that direction through the whole game. Hopkins played a star game at center, often breaking through Dedham's line and upsetting completely their calculations. A second touchdown and kicked-goal were recorded before the close of the first session.

In the second half there were several changes in the line-up and before the game ended almost everybody on the squad had a chance to show his mettle. Beatty at left and Blodgett at right half played

snappy football, while Forté did good service in running down Marshall's punts. Allen, Cady and Blodgett gained fifteen more points for Newton's credit and Marshall, Beatty and Clancy kicked the goals for these touchdowns. Newton's final touchdown was made just as the whistle blew and this made the final score, the very creditable sum of thirty-four points.

Among the new men Rider, Vinal and Taylor are playing particularly well.

Newton H. S.

Vinal, l. e.
Blue, l. e.
L. Marshall, l. b.
Fisk, l. g.
Noonan, l. g.
Roquermore, l. g.
Hopkins, c.
Clark, c.
Taylor, r. g.
Weaver, r. t.
Pickernell, r. t.
Gallagher, r. e.
Forté, r. e.
Murphy, r. e.
Clancy, q. b.
Beatty, l. h. b.
Rider, l. h. b.
Lean Marshall, r. h. b.
Blodgett, r. h. b.
Allen, f. b.
Cady, f. b.
Dowkontt, r. t.
Chandler, l. t.

Dedham H. S.

r. e. Keelan.
r. b. Brown.
r. g. Hodgedon.
c. Scarry.
l. g. Lowdon.
l. t. Campbell.
l. e. McFarland.
q. b. Linnehan.
r. h. b. McQuillan.
r. h. b. Stevens.
l. h. b. Kappaun.
l. h. b. Collins.
f. b. Suskowsky.

Score, Newton High School 34. Touchdowns, Allen 3, Vinal, Cady, Blodgett. Goals from touchdowns, Gallagher, Lloyd Marshall, Beatty, Clancy. Referee, A. J. Woodlock. Linesmen, Wood and Gannett. Time, 20m. and 15m. periods.

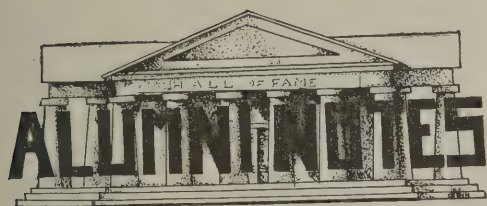
GIRLS' HOCKEY

The girls' athletic season began September 30, with seventy-three girls on the hockey field. Miss Beatrice Allen, '11, captain; Miss Webster, '11, manager, and Miss Westgate, coach. Of the seventy-three girls present twenty-nine were freshmen, twenty sophomores, seventeen juniors, and seven seniors. A splendid representation for the freshmen class, but can't more seniors follow suit?

Basketball will begin when hockey is ended, probably November 1st. Miss Emily Wellington, '10, captain; Miss Marion Whitley, '10, manager. With two such

good leaders enough enthusiasm ought to be aroused as to bring a large attendance from each class so that class teams may be chosen early in the year.

Now is the time for all the girls to show school spirit. Go out for hockey *now* and basketball later. Everyone try! You have chances for both school and class teams.



Members of the class of 1909 have signified their intention to enter the following colleges:

Amherst.—H. G. Allen, S. Moore, W. S. Slocum, Jr.

Brown.—D. L. Mahoney.

Cornell.—E. T. Richardson, S. Whitney, J. B. Wood.

Dartmouth.—E. H. Davis, W. Wilkins.

Harvard.—H. F. Browne, C. Loomis, W. H. Capen, F. L. Converse, K. A. Douglas, C. F. Hawes, F. S. Miley, E. S. Pratt, J. H. Schafer, M. G. Chamberlain, R. L. Forbush, A. S. Harrington, W. R. M. Very, H. N. Warren, W. Lippincott, T. Gorham, N. E. Paine, P. H. Wellman.

Technology.—L. Bevan, A. P. Smith, E. G. Taylor, N. E. Brooks, S. S. Crocker, Jr., K. Everson, A. L. Higgins, A. H. Spaulding.

Tufts.—L. W. Kattelle.

University of Wisconsin.—W. H. Carey.

Williams.—F. L. Gill.

Yale.—E. S. Noyes.

Pratt Institute.—G. Van Tassel.

Charles H. Paul, '08, is playing tackle on the Yale 'varsity football team. He played that position on the freshman eleven, and also rowed on the freshman crew last year.

Fritz Ely and Harry Bradford both played with the Hyannis Baseball team this summer. Ely played centre field and Bradford pitched.

TELLING THE TRUTH

Mother—"There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that?"

Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—"Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other!"—*Judge.*

But such as are good men can give good things;

And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.

—*John Milton.*

"A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good."—*Boswell.*

"Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

Indignant Suffragette, addressing a public meeting: "What would the world be like without women?"

Small voice from the gallery: "Peace—perfect peace."

When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something.—*Browning.*

Professor, addressing meeting of Western farmers, began: "Tons of soil" (Sons of toil).

The Staff has been selected entirely without favoritism, and at any time during the year changes may be made. Thus far contributions have been numerous, and in most cases of a high order, but it must be remembered that the first issue is not the only one and that each requires material!

"Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."—*Shakespeare*.

"Give us the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time,—he will do it better,—he will persevere longer."—*Carnegie*.

"Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all."—*Holmes*.

The true, strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small.

Dictionaries are like watches; the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true.

"Often do the spirits of great events stride on before the events,
And in today already walks tomorrow."
—*Coleridge*.

"One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning."—*Lowell*.

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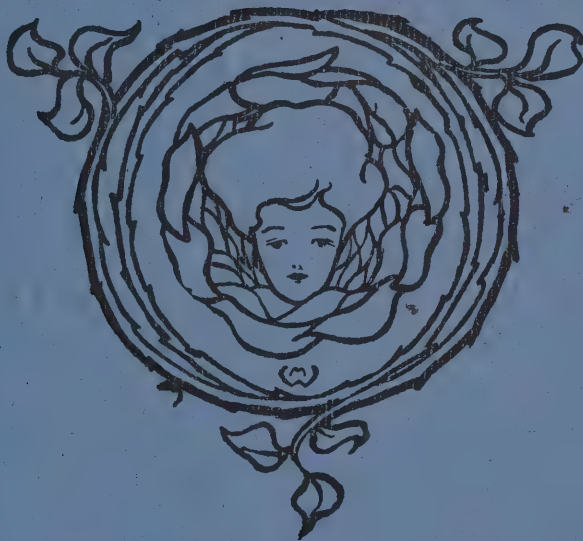
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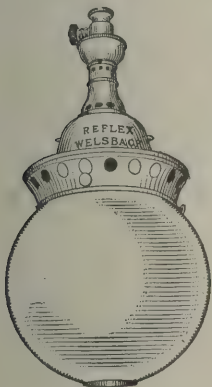
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Vol. XXVIII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 2

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Robert Howley, '10. Mary White, '10.

The Review is published monthly by the pupils of the Newton High School, under the management of the Review Editorial Staff. Contributions are solicited from students, parents and alumni. Address all communications, written on one side of paper only, to the Editor, 11 Duncklee street, Newton Highlands, Mass., or drop in Review box, between rooms one and two. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager, 797 Washington street, Newtonville.

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We refuse to be responsible for the opinions of our contributors.

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Sunset

Sunset—In the bright illumined West,
Clouds, in gorgeous raiment dressed,
Usher Sol, the fierce sun-god, to rest,

Twilight—All the sky a sombre hue.
Soft falls the damp, refreshing dew.
From the valley peals the sweet curfew.

Evening—One clear, solitary star
Gleams and twinkles from afar—
In the East fast grows a yellow bar.

Moonlight—Over yonder mountain height
Rides forth the moon, in all her paleness
dight,
To keep her silent vigil all the night.

Midnight—All tedious toil and trouble
cease,

For mortals now in sleep their cares release;
The faithful moon looks down, and all is
peace. D. S. E. 1910.

Just a Simple Theme

By DOROTHY MONRO

Just a theme of your own choosing,
Any subject that you may.
It is due to-morrow morning.
"Oh! there's 'loads' of time!" you say.

First you think 'twill be an essay,
Then a story, then a rhyme,
Thoughtful, sad or full of nonsense.
Oh well! You'll decide in time.

While the afternoon is waning
And you still procrastinate,
Night comes suddenly upon you
And you realize it's late.

Then, oh! then, resounds a clamor
Through the halls and down the stair.
"Tell me quick!—some easy subject!"
Comes in accents of despair.

Then comes all the family running,
Bringing books and notes galore,
Till the overloaded tables
Spill their burden on the floor.

Searching, searching, ever searching,
Feverishly you glance them through;
Then you rack your brains in anguish
For a subject that will "do."

Hark! the midnight strokes sound muffled,
As with slow and cautious tread,
Theme in hand, you tiptoe softly
On your weary way to bed.



EVER since we first entered High School there has been one question always confronting us. This question has been met and battled with by some, by others it has been postponed again and again, until now, when many of us are well started upon our last year in Newton, it must be met and settled. This question is the one which has confronted generations in the past, and will continue to confront generations to come: Shall I go to college? This is not a question that can be disposed of in a moment's thought; but those of us who have spent two years in Newton High School have by this time had impressed upon our minds the importance and full extent of this question. Three subdivisions can be made: Do I want to go to college? Can I get in? Can my parents afford to send me? If these three are satisfactorily answered the other greater one is decided. But before attempting to decide it is well to take into account the merits of the case.

The greatest standard of ability in this country is "Who's Who in America." This publication contains biographies of men and women who have made names for themselves in literature, art, science, business, professions, and in all walks of life. Sixty-nine per cent of those whose names appear in this dictionary of notable persons are college graduates. Since less than one per cent of the total population go to college, this shows that the college graduate's chance of making a name in the world is *sixty-nine to one!*

We often see or hear the statement

that the four years' start gained by not going to college is so great that the man just graduating from our colleges is hopelessly behind at the very outset. This theory fares ill in practice. The person entering upon work after leaving high school is young and is of an adventuresome spirit. This spirit prevails, and for four years the restless youth shifts about from place to place, from occupation to occupation. After four years of this life he settles down and begins his life work. But the college graduate with a splendid mental equipment is now his competitor, and soon acquiring experience he takes the foremost place in the race of life. There are many who think that they can't afford a college education, but there are very few cases where this apparent obstacle has prevented men from actually obtaining the desired education. If a person truly desires to go to college there is no reason why this obstacle should prevent him.

When the boy or girl decides to go to college there is then the question of what college? But this can only be decided by the boy himself, and it must be decided with reference to his inclination and ability. None should pass over this question lightly, and now, while there is yet time to prepare, the decision should be made.

Only two more football games remain. Considering that these two games will be the last opportunity for us to show our school spirit this fall, we should, each one of us, make a special attempt to go to both games and *cheer*. There is no question but that the Thanksgiving game will be well attended, but the team needs your support in the Cambridge game fully as much. Couldn't there be, in the Thanksgiving game, a section of the grandstand reserved as a cheering section for members of Newton High School who should desire to sit together?

John Christopher Goes a-Fishin'

By DOROTHY MACLURE, 1912



JOHN CHRISTOPHER sat up in bed—a wide-eyed, rebellious little chap, fairly bubbling over with indignation. He waited, for he knew that nurse, the one person of whom he stood in awe, would stay for a few minutes outside the door to see that all was still. He was right, for in a moment or two he heard her move away and her footsteps die out down the hall.

Down in the servants' hall, nurse was relating John Christopher's latest prank. Everyone, even Bridget, always John Christopher's champion, agreed that nurse had done quite right to send him off to bed, even if it was the night that Uncle Jack, guardian for his small nephew, and his fiancée were coming down from New York just to see John Christopher. He had been developing wonderful, if painful, originality of late. To-day it had been merely tying Bungo, a yellow Siamese cat, and Nibs, a nondescript puppy, together by their poor, long-suffering tails—just to see them stretch. John Christopher, you must understand, had just been hearing the "Just So" stories and he meant no harm to the poor animals. But nurse saw the incident in another light. It was purely malicious, she declared, and therewith packed John Christopher off to bed at barely two o'clock in the afternoon of one of those rare Indian summer days, when everyone wishes to be outdoors—especially lively, mischievous little chaps, to which class John Christopher surely belonged.

But John Christopher had other plans. He did not intend to stay indoors on a day like this, and, what is more important, he did not intend to lose a chance of seeing Uncle Jack and, most of all, Uncle Jack's fiancée. John Christopher had no idea

what a fiancée could be. He thought it might be a new make of motor-car or perhaps a new polo pony, for it was over these two subjects that Uncle Jack was most enthusiastic. He had first learned of the fiancée from hearing nurse confide to Jennie, the parlor-maid, that Mr. Jack's fiancée was a good-looker even if she did belong to the old Van Truy bunch. Since then he had heard various allusions to the strange, inexplicable fiancée, but he seldom asked questions, and so it remained a mystery to him.

John Christopher loved his Uncle Jack, for he had been the little chap's chum and confidante from the time, six years ago, when he had suddenly, through the sudden death of his sister and her husband in a train accident, found himself guardian of a small, pink, agitated bundle almost lost in voluminous lace coverings. Uncle Jack was John Christopher's earliest remembrance and they had always been the best of friends. Of late, Uncle Jack had not been coming down from town to see his small nephew so often, and so John Christopher was looking forward to this visit with especial pleasure.

John Christopher, huddled up in bed, waited a moment longer to be sure that nurse was surely out of hearing distance. Then he ventured to put one small foot out—nothing happened! The other foot followed, and finally by slow degrees he crept out and stood eyeing, disconsolately, the chair holding his small garments. His feet were firmly planted far apart, his hands were jammed determinedly in the pockets of his small blue pajamas, the mop of bright, tousled hair fell in disorder over his forehead, while his puzzled eyes and puckered mouth betrayed that the first drawback to his plans was already

to be faced. He had never dressed himself before in all the six short years of his life and the problem was a difficult one. But John Christopher was not to be dismayed. He set to work at the almost hopeless task, small chin squared and hands working determinedly.

Finally, dressed as best he could, he sallied forth to carry out his plan. As Uncle Jack and the fiancée were not expected before seven that evening, there was considerable time to put in before they should arrive. John Christopher knew of a valuable collection of fishing rods, belonging to his Uncle Jack, which stood in a certain corner of the billiard-room. When John Christopher did anything, he did it in style, and so it was to-day, for he knew that fishing was foremost among forbidden pleasures. As for taking one of Uncle Jack's rods he might expect almost any punishment from nurse.

He slipped one of the largest and hand-somest rods from the case, fitted the parts together, pocketed a dozen, or so, artificial flies, and, shouldering the huge rod, crept downstairs, making little noise, but trembling at every step. He met no one, and fortunately the front door stood ajar, for he remembered that it made a most distressing creak when opened. He made a dash for the door, crossed the porch blindly, and, on the top first step, tripping over the long rod, fell—into the arms of Uncle Jack!

John Christopher gasped in dismay, but Uncle Jack tossed him to his shoulder, and, turning to the extremely pretty girl at his side, cried jovially, "Marjorie, my small nephew—heavens! Whatever have you went and done and gone?" She was struggling with something evidently caught in her hair, which Uncle Jack, having deposited John Christopher on the top step, extricated for her. It proved to be the hook, which, swinging on the tackle from the rod, had caught in her hair when John

Christopher made his wild plunge into Uncle Jack's arms.

"Why, John Christopher, old fellow," cried Uncle Jack, "you've caught the biggest fish on the market and the dearest, sweetest one, at that. Allow me to introduce to you your new auntie, to be." And then John Christopher found himself being hugged and squeezed by this delightful new personage, and somehow he forgot to resent it and didn't even say, "Not quite so hard, if you please," as he was in the custom of saying when affectionate great-aunts and other loving relatives hugged him. As he afterwards confided to Uncle Jack, she had a way of doing it that made it seem different somehow, and Uncle Jack quite agreed with him on that point.

That evening, after they had all three dined together, for Uncle Jack had overruled nurse's objections, John Christopher, enthroned on the new person's lap, learned what and who Uncle Jack's fiancée was. Before long, when John Christopher's head began to nod, and his eyes, try as hard as he might, kept closing tight, Uncle Jack carried him upstairs, followed by the new person. And again, when nurse had undressed him and tucked him in, they both tip-toed in to say good-night.

John Christopher sat up in bed with an effort. "To-morrow," he mumbled sleepily, "I'm a-goin' fishin' an' I'm goin' to catch a-a fi—an-cée."

Oh, there is no man, no woman, so small that they cannot make their life great by high endeavor.—*Carlyle*.

The habit of looking at the bright side of things is worth more than a thousand a year.—*Samuel Johnson*.

The great workmen of history have been men who believed like giants.—*Parkhurst*.

A Story of the Race-track

By MILDRED CLARK, 1910



TWO boys stood before a piece of paper pasted in a conspicuous position on one of the stables belonging to Mr. Robert Moore, a man noted for his square dealings on the race-track. It was an advertisement for a jockey to ride "Prince Memnon" in the Brookline Derby. It was ten days before the race. Both boys were absorbed in reading the notice. Suddenly each became aware of the other's presence. The smaller of the two was dressed neatly, while the older wore a badly fitted suit much too large for him. Refinement of feature characterized the younger lad, but his companion's face was crafty and cruel. After a moment, in which each mentally sized up the other, they separated without a word.

The next day, Mr. Moore was sitting in his office, the windows of which overlooked the stables. Someone knocked at the door and Alfred Fraser, the trainer, entered. After the morning greetings were over, in response to Mr. Moore's inquiries after the horse, he said:

"Prince Memnon's a great 'orse, sir, and in fine condition, sir. All 'e needs, sir, is a good jockey, sir, an' 'e'll 'ave the race pinched, sir. An' hit's time, sir, so hit is, sir, as 'ow we get a jockey, sir, same's I already said, sir. 'E's a fine 'orse, sir, and it was good luck to buy 'im from that Mr. Lane, sir, who is such a lover of 'orses, sir, but as was 'ard down for money, sir. An' 'im such a beauty," he added, waxing enthusiastic, "'oldin' 'is 'ead so 'igh and scared of letting fall his 'oofs for fear 'e'd dirty 'em a bit, sir."

How long Fraser would have continued in this strain cannot be said, for Mr. Moore liked nothing better than to hear his

horses praised, but a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," called Mr. Moore.

The door opened and a boy perhaps sixteen slunk into the office. Shifting his eyes to the man at the desk he asked insolently:

"Heard you was lookin' fer a jockey."

"Yes, I've been keeping my eyes open for one," replied the owner coolly. "I suppose you want to apply. Well, I guess we might as well go out to the stables now. I'd like to see you ride Prince Memnon."

The two men stepped out to the big stable closely followed by the jockey. Suddenly the owner turned,

"Your name?" he asked.

"Bill Casey," answered the lad.

The trainer whispered in the owner's ear that the lad was as "crooked a looking chap as 'e ever laid eyes on." The three stood now before the stall of Prince Memnon, and, as the beautiful animal was unblanketed, the Englishman's eyes shone, and the owner passed his hand lovingly over the smooth flank.

"Bah Jove! but 'e knows as 'e's the whole show, doesn't 'e?" exclaimed the trainer.

The horse was about fifteen hands high and black as a coal. From tip of ear to tip of tail a thoroughbred.

"Better not put on the racing bridle or saddle. Any other will do," commanded the owner.

In due time the jockey was riding the horse around, under the critical eyes of the trainer and Mr. Moore. Prince Memnon, however, did not like his jockey; that was evident. His pointed ears were laid flat against his head, and he fumed and fretted.

"Prince looks as 'ow 'e'd like a better jockey," commented the trainer.

The boy was now riding the horse near some trees. The two men saw him break off a branch for a whip. Just then, the wind blew a piece of newspaper under the horse's feet. He jumped violently, nearly dislodging the lad. Whack! the whip came down with a stinging blow.

"Quit that!" exclaimed the infuriated trainer. "Don't yer know any better than to whip a 'orse like that!"

But Fraser's indignation changed to amusement and triumph when he saw the powerful black pitch the lad over his head into a clump of willows.

"Dismiss him!" ordered the owner as he returned to the stable to tell a groom to capture the horse. "No one can whip my horses!"

The next day, another jockey appeared. The new lad's name was Joe Crane. As he stepped up to the horse, preparatory to mounting, the intelligent animal pushed his delicate muzzle into the boy's hand and nickered softly. Fraser swung the lad into the saddle and Joe rode around, in and out, always keeping the black under complete control, horse and rider in complete accord. The trainer was jubilant and Mr. Moore was greatly pleased, hoping that this jockey was the one for whom he had been looking. As the lad dismounted, the owner took note of his quiet, confident way with the horse.

"Come around to-morrow morning early for a gallop, and we'll see how fast he can make the mile and a half."

Other eyes than those of the trainer and owner had watched the proceedings that morning. A small figure with sharp, wicked eyes had seen everything from behind neighboring stables and a bitter heart swore vengeance.

It was the night before the Brookline Derby. A slinking figure crept among

the stables belonging to Mr. Moore. Finding the doors of the big stable locked, he slunk around to the back of the building, where he crawled through a small window. All was quiet within. He felt sure of his ground and advanced boldly, for, somehow, he had obtained a knowledge of the stable, and also what bridle was to be used on the black in the big race. Stealthily he opened the door of the harness-room. Prince Memnon moved in his stall and nickered uneasily.

"Shut up! blast ye!" snarled the startled boy. He entered the room, carefully shutting the door behind him. He drew a candle-stump from his pocket, and, cautiously lighting it, placed it behind a chair so that the light would not reveal his presence. Then he stopped in front of one of the pegs from which hung a heavy bridle.

"I couldn't miss it in a hundred years," he muttered, and, taking it from the peg, he sat down near the candle, drawing, as he did so, an old dull knife from his pocket. About three inches from the bit on the inside of the rein, he cut the leather carefully, and then rubbed into the cut a bit of harness paste to prevent its being discovered. Snuffing the candle and hanging up the bridle, he slipped into the stable. As he passed the black's stall he hissed, shaking his fist,

"You black devil! If you win to-morrow it won't be my fault. As for the kid, I hope he breaks his blooming neck."

With this parting imprecation, Bill Casey disappeared into the night.

It was the day of the great race. An eager multitude, a seething tide of humanity thronged the stands. The crowd pushed and jostled. The betting-rings buzzed with the activity of hives and everywhere were shouts of "eight, six, or ten to one." The favorites with the crowd

were King William, a big roan, Maude S., a bay mare who had won the Long branch mile-and-a-quarter, and Dexter, who had won second money in the Readville races. The paddocks were filled with admiring men and women.

It was now time for the race. Joe Crane stood beside Prince Memnon in the paddock. Almost everyone had left the paddock except Mr. Moore and Fraser.

"Do your best, lad, and ride him square," said the owner, as the trainer swung the boy to the saddle.

The boy's answer came clearly. "That I will, sir," and he rode out for the start, while the two men arriving at the stand enclosure obtained a good seat near the railing.

The starting was tedious business, but after five or six trials the horses got away. "They're off!" shouted the crowd.

Dexter started off in the lead, and next came a bunch of horses, among whom was Prince Memnon. The jockey in red and white, the colors of Mr. Moore's stables, was not urging his horse nor letting him drop too far behind. At the mile turn he was fast pulling away from the others, and closing on Dexter. Maude S. and King William came next, and, after them, the rest of the field. At the mile-and-a-quarter post, Prince Memnon's nose overlapped Dexter's flank. Then, suddenly, those behind saw the horse falter and the jockey reel in the saddle. They saw him lean far over on the beast's neck, and then the gallant animal sped on in long strides, quickly recovering the lost ground. Now he was at Dexter's shoulder. Nose and nose, they were now, and then, with a sudden burst of speed, Prince Memnon forged ahead, as the two horses came thundering down the home stretch past the stands. The black had won by a head!

It was a surly crowd that came hurrying down from the benches, for many had

lost money. Prince Memnon's rider saluted the judges' stand, and, slipping off the saddle, stepped on the scales. The weight was correct. Careful observers noticed that the horse's bridle was broken.

As he returned to the stable, he was caught by the joyous owner and the jubilant trainer. "You ran a great race to-day!" remarked Mr. Moore enthusiastically.

They found Prince Memnon in his stall, being rubbed down by several grooms. The sweat trickled down his hot sides, and the fire of battle was still visible in his eyes.

"See 'ere! What's this?" and the trainer held up the broken bridle.

"It broke in the race," answered the boy simply.

"Oh, it did, did it! an' you kept that er 'orse going jolly good! I can't believe it, without a bridle! Why, 'ow'd you do it, lad?" cried the incredulous Fraser.

"Mostly guiding him with my hands and knees," replied the lad.

"But that bridle couldn't break of hit's own doing. I suspect foul play. This racing can be made crooked business. Golly!" he exclaimed, as he discovered the cut. "Somebody's cut it here near the bit. The edge is too straight for a plain break. Somebody cut hit, all right!"

"Oh, Mr. Moore," he called, but the owner was talking to a gentleman (a Mr. Lane, from whom the owner bought Prince) at sight of whom the jockey averted his face.

"I was glad to see him win," Joe heard the man say. "Great race, wasn't it? If I'd had the money to keep up my stables and that horse—well, there's no telling what might have happened. My boy (here the jockey started) could do almost anything with the horse. Bye-the-bye, that boy hasn't been home for over a week. I'm really worried, for the only

news I have are a few notes he's sent telling me he's all right."

"Great guns!" exclaimed the man, as he caught sight of the jockey's face, for the boy had faced square around. In three strides he crossed the intervening space and seized the boy by the shoulder.

"Joe Lane, what does this mean?" he said sternly.

The boy drew himself up.

"Forgive me, father," he said, "but I couldn't bear to have Prince go away forever, and, when I knew Mr. Moore wanted a jockey, I just had to apply."

"It was wrong to give your family so much trouble," answered Mr. Lane, still a bit sternly, but the pride that shone in his eyes told Joe that he was forgiven.

Mr. Moore and the trainer were dumbfounded by the direction affairs had taken and many explanations had to be made before they could believe the relation

between the former owner of Prince Memnon and the victorious jockey.

"Do you mean to tell me that you rode that horse in the home stretch with this bridle?" asked Mr. Moore.

"Why, I used to ride Prince often at home without saddle or bridle and I could guide and manage him just as well," replied Joe, wondering why these experienced men made so much of something that he had been used to doing every day.

"So you didn't want to leave the horse? I noticed Prince was rather fond of his new jockey. You're one in a hundred. Your father willing, you shall ride Prince in the Eclipse next month, and we'll divide the profits if we get a place. Young man, if you win the Eclipse, I'll promise you something—well, that you won't be separated from Prince Memnon," said the owner.

Rudolph

By ELIZABETH TYLER, 1911



It was early evening of a warm day in August. The long, red rays of the sun, setting in glowing splendor behind the great snowy shoulder of the Dent du Midi, burnished to rich copper color the pointed roofs of the tiny Alpine village high on the slope, and made the ancient weather-cock on the church steeple shine like molten gold. The black shadow of night already lay in the valley below, and out of its dusky depths came the muffled roar of the glacial torrent. From the little church sounded the vesper chant; all else in the village was quiet.

Suddenly, up the narrow street appeared the figure of a traveller. Short almost to dwarfishness was the stature of the man,

but the breadth of shoulder and depth of chest were remarkable. On his back was fastened a small knapsack and he walked slowly and as if in pain.

At the little fountain in front of the church he stopped to rest, and as he pushed the hat back from his forehead his face was for the first time distinctly visible. Even in the red glow his features appeared terribly pale, especially in contrast with the coal-black hair and heavy eyebrows, and from eye to chin ran a fresh, jagged scar, disfiguring his mouth and giving to his face a strange fierceness.

As he stood there, the music in the church ceased and the little congregation poured into the street. Seeing the stranger, a sudden, surprised stillness fell over the

crowd. He had risen, and stood facing them defiantly, his eyes glowing from under his bushy brows.

"Eh well," he challenged at last, "the water is free, I suppose?"

Then suddenly a tremor passed over his frame, and he sank heavily on the stone step of the fountain.

Such was the advent of Rudolph.

Perhaps you can imagine the sensation it created in a village where even the birth of a calf furnished food for serious speculation. But no matter how loudly or long the gossips talked, the mystery of Rudolph still remained as deep as ever. One or two of the men ventured to question him concerning his past, but on each occasion his usual sullenness had given place to a fury so sudden and violent that they had learned it was wiser to leave him alone.

Shortly after his dramatic appearance he had rented a tiny chalet on the outskirts of the village, and there lived alone, speaking to no one for days at a time and never going to mass. Once in a while he hunted chamois on the mountain, for in spite of his form he was wonderfully agile, and with the strength of an ox. The good old priest went to see him once, but came away after fifteen minutes, red and excited, which gave rise to further gossip, although no one ever learned what took place during that quarter of an hour. Sometimes Rudolph would come of an evening to the little village inn and sit silent in a dark corner, smoking with the rest, but this happened less and less frequently as time went by.

So things went on for a winter and a summer and part of another winter. Then, one night in December, came a storm, fierce and terrible. The cold was biting, the wind raged wildly, and a cutting, blinding snow filled the air. At the inn, all was in commotion, for Paul, the innkeeper's little son, was lost on the mountain.

The mother wrung her hands, frenzied with grief, but the men declared no human being could live in such a storm and it would be madness to attempt relief until the wind abated.

Suddenly Rudolph, from his dark and silent corner, strode into the light.

"Cowards!" he hissed—and they remembered afterwards how strangely moved his face was—"Does not one dare to follow me?"

Then he was gone into the whirling darkness—to certain death, the men thought, and they were brave and hardy mountaineers themselves.

No one slept that night in the little village. The women wept and the men sat silent, only speaking at intervals. Finally, towards morning, the storm abated a very little. Then the men, with ropes and brandy, started out.

Not half a mile from the village they found them both, beside the path, Rudolph with his arms clasped around the sleeping child, but himself beyond all help. They carried him home tenderly, silently to the little village, and two days later they took him back again and buried him there, where they had found him.

Over his grave they placed a wooden cross as a perpetual and fitting memorial.

Captain Bill Dunbar's Fish Story

By WALLACE LEONARD, 1912



IN a little white house in the sleepy town of Green Haven lived Captain Bill Dunbar, a white-haired relic of the old whaling days.

His little house, like himself, was far from modern, and, besides being interesting in itself, was stocked with a motley collection of curiosities from all over the world. These the old Captain had brought from the different ports at which, in his wanderings, he had happened to touch. Among these treasures was an old bladder lance. This, to be sure, had not been brought from over the seas, but in spite of this fact held a prominent place in the Captain's collection. Around this centered a story which, with a little urging, the Captain often told and to which we boys were never tired of listening. The story, which I will not try to reproduce in the Captain's strange vernacular, ran somewhat like this.

"Boys, I've seen a sight o' whaling in my time, but that I think most about happened right here in this harbor. It was this way. It was on a Sunday forenoon and most of the folks were in church, we boys among them. We always sat way back in the little church and paid some attention to the preaching and more to the other things going on around us. Well, when the parson got about to 'tently' in his sermon, in comes Deacon Thomson's boy and whispers something to his dad. We couldn't hear what it was, but it certainly fussed the deacon considerable. He jumped right up and walked down the aisle and out the door without even taking his stovepipe hat! Tom Fisher grabbed the deacon's boy as he went past, and asked him what the matter was. All we could hear was 'whale,' but that was enough for us. We boys all up and

bolted, forgetting that we were in meeting, where things were done in quiet and order.

"When we got to the water some boats were putting off after the whale, which we could see way out in the harbor raising Cain with the fish weirs. Tom Fisher and I ran down to my father's dory as fast as we could in our Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. I happened to think of an old bladder lance hanging under the eaves of my father's fish-house and ran to get it while Tom got the boat ready. When we finally got started the boats were way out in the harbor after the whale. We hadn't gotten very far out when we noticed all the boats kind of stop, and on looking saw that the whale had sounded. By this time church had let out and everybody that had a dory was hurrying to put off. Old Jerry Pratt came hustling down to his punt, puffing like a porpoise. He was in so much of a hurry that he walked right off the end of the dock into the water and had to be fished out. Everybody was in a hurry and lots of people started off without any oars. I was rowing in our dory and Tom was sitting in the stern with the lance ready to throw when we got near enough. We didn't seem to be anywhere near the whale when I heard a great commotion in the water ahead of us. Tom gave a whoop and sung out 'There he is!' and let the old lance drive right over my head. Tom wasn't sure whether we had hit him or not, because in all our hurry we had forgotten to splice on the lance-line. The whale sounded again, but came up to blow right in the midst of all the boats at the entrance of the harbor. Then began a lively chase, first this way and then that, in and out among the wrecked fish-ponds. Finally Will Pierce of the 'Cachalot' let go at the

whale with a contraption they call a bomb-lance, and killed him.

"When they had hauled the carcass up on the beach, everybody claimed it all at once. Nobody had marked him as we could see, though. The fellow with the bomb contraption claimed him, of course, because he had killed him. All of a sudden Tom happened to catch sight of our old lance, right in behind the big back fin, with my father's initials on it. He just jumps right in and hollers, 'This whale's

ourn! There's Bill's father's lance with his name on it. The whale's ourn 'cause we marked him.' Everybody crowded around, but they couldn't say anything because, by the laws of the state, the whale belonged to the one who marked him first. We worked like pirates and tried out full ninety barrels of oil, which brought us quite a tidy sum in New Bedford. That's why I think such a sight of my old bladder lance, for with it Tom and I got our first whale."

When Aunt Martha Came

By S. F. DAMON, 1910



RECEIVED this postal one morning:

"My dear Boy:—

"I shall arrive on the one-four train Tuesday and leave on the seven-ten next morning. I should enjoy greatly seeing a real boys' camp, as anything like it is a big novelty to me. Can you arrange about meals and somewhere to spend the night? Be sure to meet me. Yours hastily,

"AUNT MARTHA."

Aunt Martha! Vigorous old lady with ideas all her own on every subject under the sun, often full of unusual common sense, now bent on enjoying the latter part of her life to its full extent.

I met her all right. She got off the train with a rather handsome white-vandyked elderly man in tow. She introduced him as "Mr. Berkeley, a most pleasant gentleman whom I met on the train. The porter was *most* inattentive, and I never could have managed my basket without his assistance. Take it, dear. It's for you."

Poor man! The basket contained pounds and pounds of stuff: chocolates, cookies—

all selected with excellent taste; no crushed and spotted fruit, always something that could be kept (if necessary),—but Tent One knows what was in it, and they can tell the rest.

"You don't look so *very* thin. How much have you lost? Your letters spoke so disparagingly of the food. (That hash!) But I think the basket will help you get along.—Why, Mr. Berkeley, *must* you go? It has been very kind of you—yes, indeed! Why, I could hardly have lifted that basket!" Which was true, as it must have weighed fifteen pounds. Aunt Martha will undertake anything; who else would ever have dreamt of attempting to bring such a load such a distance at her age? But by this time adieux were made and Mr. Berkeley had disappeared.

Now came the carriage drive to the country house where she was to spend the night. The driver must continually stop the horses so that she might see the views, and when near the destination he had to go back half a mile because she had planned to take just one picture in her expensive kodak on the way up, and that certain view was about the best she had seen

While she went up to her room for a second, I waited with the carriage-driver,—“to see that he didn’t run off,”—for the camp was still a mile distant. After waiting forty-five minutes I went in to look her up, surprised, for she generally is very punctua, and she only intended to leave her bag.

Where did I find her? Out in the kitchen, explaining her grandmother’s grandmother’s recipe for jelly to a bewildered cook. I dragged her away and got her into the carriage again.

“When I return this evening, I’ll explain more clearly,” she called back. Then, to me: “My dear, I have a very strong suspicion that she uses a little gelatine in it.”

Soon the carriage came to a sandy stretch in the road, where it had to go slowly. On the right was a view of the cove through whose greenery the camp’s wharf could just be seen. Now my aunt went into raptures over the situation: “So near the town! Not so very far to walk, is it? (That depends: Sunday morning and Saturday afternoon generally make some difference.) Yet, so secluded!... How many doctors?”

I have a peculiar faculty of having my brain scatter like a flock of birds when anyone fires a point-blank question at me like that. You probably have had the same sensation in Latin or French. So I said:

“Oh, er—I dunno!—That is, about six.”

“Hmp! Catalog said there was one . . . I must see,” evidently taking my confusion as a confession of some unknown kind of guilt.

“Oh! there *is* one, and he’s my tent leader.”

“So? Still, I’d better see . . .” See what? What had I done? . . . But here is the camp.

“What is the noise?”

“A ball game over behind those trees.”

“Oh, I *must* see a game; I haven’t even heard of one for so long. You will explain all about it? (!) Don’t forget the basket! (You bet I hadn’t.) Now, is this building the lodge?”

So I showed her all of both rooms. She objected to the writing pens (probably remembering my letters home), didn’t believe the fire-place would draw, counted the string of silver cups (quite a number of them, too), and then went to the kitchen.

Gracious! I thought I’d never get her away: she investigated everything, approving highly of the cleanliness, but wished the lanterns could be put somewhere else. Then she opened the pantry door, and oh, Thalia! the chef’s assistant bounced out on her from hiding, fully believing that we were two “kids” who had slipped away from the game with omnivorous intentions. Poor boy, he must have felt like drowning himself in his own soup (which is saying a good deal) until he went out, when she grinned at me and he saw it!

Next she went to the piazza and praised the neatness of our table in particular, which was all due to a knot-hole in the floor.

“My dear,” she said, as we descended the long steps, “I think we had better pack the edibles away now, while I can look over your trunk at the same time.”

Consternation overcame me. I sat down b!ankly in a tiny pine-tree. But then I rushed in my tent, jerked out the top tray of my trunk, and dumped its contents into the lower part with an assumed cry of horror; I never could let my aunt see my trunk without some excuse for its condition. But more horrors were disclosed in the upheaval: Nick Carters, Diamond Dick, yes! and the Bradys in their full g’ory of red, green and yellow “high-art covers” stared at me. They had been hidden so closely . . . I had

forgot! but luck aided me as I flung them backwardly face downward under another bed.

However, all this confusion secretly pleased my aunt: being the soul of tidiness, she loves nothing better than arranging. So she quietly set to work, tossing everything on to my bed, then sorting and collecting most tranquilly until she picked up a paper bag stained pink and red and green from delicacies within—such delicacies as come one for one cent on a stick. I can't tell you how I explained, except that I promised not to eat them all. (I kept my promise, too, as I later sold them "two for five.") Then she finished the trunk.

Now she wanted to see the game. So there she sat inexplicably silent (perhaps a little tired), with a grim look on her face, except once when I introduced her to my tent leader. She carefully inquired all about the doctors and the general vs. individual health, then complimented him on his good playing. (He had struck out, but she didn't know it.)

"Oh," she said coyly, "I watched you with interest. You may not believe me."

"Tell me, then," he asked laughing, "what my position is."

"Your position? . . . On the team? . . . Oh! . . . Why, I know . . . of course! You're a batter."

Another time she pointed to a man on first base and asked if he might be a councillor. On being assured she was right, she sighed:

"Rather undignified!"

The game, being nearly over when we arrived, soon came to a finish, and, with the usual camp precipitancy, the field was emptied before she had arisen. As we walked back, a bugle sounded unnoticed. The tents were all empty, so she asked where everyone was.

"They've gone in swimming."

"Oh, I must see them! You didn't show me the wharf except from the road, and I want to see everything."

What was I to do? There was no stopping her, for she sent me back to the tent for her reticule. I found her on the wharf with some few provident people who dove, while subdued giggles and tiny splashes were heard beneath the boards. From her bag she took a small bag of peppermints, with which she cajoled the few swimmers to see how long they could stay under.

"Why, I thought a councillor always was down here during bathing. Where are they all?"

Ask of the winds that shivering breathed through the shuddering harp of the pines! Oh, Kismet!

But Kismet came to my rescue

"Mercy me, duckie daddles, it's getting late if we want any supper, for we will have to walk. Of course you will dine with me?"

Would I? What could be nicer than to get away from the eternal gravy-like soup and stuffing-like gravy! And hash! Nice dry, brown hash, full of diamond slices of cold potato every other meal (almost). Would I join her?

Permission was easily granted, and, after hastily conventionalizing my costume, we walked to the boarding house. Supper was just being served as we came in. . . .

No soup? Well, that could be done away with. Such fine bread! Magnificent preserves! But the main course? Ah, here it comes! Hungry? You bet; give me a lot—a heaping plate, no matter what it is! . . . But, good heavens, what do I see there, before me? Not hash? Yes

HASH!

An Idyl of Childhood

By HELEN L. GUSTIN, 1910



IT was a beautiful October afternoon. All Nature seemed to be calling the Little Girl forth to play, as she stood on the steps, a long rake in one hand and a tiny broom in the other. The slanting rays of the warm sunshine rested lovingly in her short, chestnut curls. A sportive breeze blew her short skirts about and playfully kissed her cheeks. Before her a carpet of crisp brown leaves spread out invitingly; and the trees beckoned to her, scattering their treasures of red and gold at her feet. The Little Girl's brown eyes shone joyously, and the big rake began to leave green paths behind it, as it dragged along its yellow piles.

It was not long before the breeze had brought out many comrades for the Little Girl, and a dozen gay voices were calling to each other across the lawns. For a while the children would rake with tireless energy; then, yielding to the merry wind, they would chase each other back and forth in games of tag. Sometimes, one or two little ones would make a nest in the growing pile, and would play happily there, until they would be suddenly covered with a rake full of leaves and would jump up laughing and picking the bits from their tangled curls.

Presently shouts were heard and the rattle of a small express wagon. Before the children could realize what had happened, smoke was curling from a distant and unguarded heap and some small boys were roasting chestnuts in the fire. With a cry of indignation, the Little Girl came flying towards them, the others following her. From among the culprits, the Little Boy stood up to meet her. He was a fair-haired laddie, and his blue eyes shone with honest contrition as he listened to

her reproaches. In vain did he declare his ignorance of it being their pile, in vain did he promise to share the chestnuts with them and help them rake up the leaves. Although the others gladly accepted the boy's offer, the Little Girl departed in high dudgeon, to all appearances quite contented and industrious by herself. She did not feel happy, as she had when she first came out, however; she was lonely as she watched the others cracking their chestnuts and laughing together. For the Little Girl loved company and the Little Boy was her constant playfellow.

Gradually the street grew quiet, as the children went in, one by one. The lazy glow of autumn twilight settled over the scene. As far as the eye could reach the maples and tall oaks formed a great archway of scarlet and yellow. Through the smoky atmosphere the sinking sun was like a great ball of fire. Darkness fell; the wind died down, and the cold still moon came out, shedding its light on a lonely heap of leaves.

After a while, the street was again full of life. Merrily the children came hurrying along, with captive parents to light and tend the bonfire. Breathless, they stood around it; while the matches went out once, twice and then the third time were successful. There was a sharp crackle, a tiny blaze, and a cloud of smoke curled upwards through the trees. Then there were shouts of delight, as the leaves burst into a blaze and lighted up the happy faces.

The Little Girl was standing at her father's side, her pretty lips pouting, when the Little Boy came up to suggest "Hide-and-Seek." She it was who always started the game, but now she turned her back and walked away. The Little Boy

watched her sadly; but he was "it," and was soon counting, while the others hid. It gave him a "spooky" feeling, when he started to hunt, to think that his friends were all around him, just beyond the firelight, standing against some fence or crouching by some tree, where by day he could plainly see them. At length all were caught, someone else was "it," and the game continued.

It was a little later in the evening that the Little Girl was dared by one of her mates to hide behind a huge pine, just at the edge of a vacant lot. Of an afternoon, it seemed right near the house; but now, as she sped toward it, she thought the distance very great. It was dark and lonesome behind the tree, and she could hardly hear the voices of those around the bonfire.

Suddenly the Little Boy, with the same hiding-place in view, rushed around the pine tree. Stopping, he caught hold of the trunk, so as not to knock her down. Just as he recognized her, and was about to dart away again, they both heard, "Eighty-five, ninety, ninety-five, five hundred! Coming, ready or not!"

The Little Girl reached out a cold little hand, and grasped hold of his coat, to keep him from running out and being caught; and, because it was so dark back there, she kept hold of him. The Little Boy reached down into his pocket, pulled out some chestnuts, carefully cherished from the afternoon, and pressed them into her hand. Then they forgot about the big, black field, and even the blazing bonfire, as they stood there together, munching chestnuts—two happy little comrades once more.

Exchanges

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: Old Penn, University of Pennsylvania; Megaphone, Dean Academy; Mirror, Waltham High School; Meteor, Rugby School, England; Tattler, Nashua High School; Red and Gray, Lynn English High School; Recorder, Winchester High School; Cambridge Review.

Old Penn contains several interesting cuts of the University of Pennsylvania Exhibit, which was awarded the Grand Prize and a Gold Medal at the Seattle Fair.

Mirror, the color of your cover is neither lavender nor purple, yet it is not pink. Alas, what is it? At any rate it is startling.

The Meteor from Rugby School is always welcome. It gives us an idea of what schools across the water are doing.

The Tattler contains an article which is praiseworthy, entitled "How Nashua is Governed." High School papers too often omit the serious. Our one criticism, Tattler, is that your stories are all short. One long story gives variety.

Red and Gray, your cover design is too complicated. Fewer figures and sketches would make your cover more imposing.

The Recorder might be made a larger paper.

The Review (Cambridge) is an excellent paper in every respect. The union of three such schools as the Rindge Manual Training, Cambridge Latin and Cambridge High School, in publishing a school paper, gives a splendid opportunity, which the Review has well availed itself of.



School Notes



SOPHOMORE CLASS MEETING

The first meeting of the sophomore class was held in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday, October 20th, in the first period. The purpose of the meeting was the election of officers and the selection of a committee to choose class pins. Warren Tapley was elected president, Dorothy Wellington, vice-president; Irving Townsend, treasurer, and Alice Shumway, secretary. The president was given the privilege of choosing a pin committee of five. There being no other business, the meeting was adjourned.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

A goodly portion of the senior class assembled in the hall on October 14th, after school, for their first class meeting. The president brought the meeting to order. The secretary's report of last year's meeting was read and accepted. The class was then agreeably (?) surprised to be informed by the treasurer that it was seventeen dollars in debt. The election of officers followed, but the meeting was declared void on account of "stuffing" of the ballot. Oh seniors! What an example!

Another meeting was called on Wednesday, the twentieth, at 1.30, for the election of new officers. But as there were not enough present to render voting legal by the rules of the Constitution, the meeting was postponed to some Wednesday morning the first period.

THE GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB

The first meeting of the year was held in the Assembly Hall, October 14th. The names of three girls were proposed for membership and they were taken into the

club. It was voted to change the day of meeting from Thursday to Wednesday, that day being more convenient for all concerned. It was decided that all four classes be admitted to the club, and that up to November 3d anyone could put in her name, but after that date no one could enter the club except by invitation. It was thought best to post notices to that effect. The club voted to have a debate at the next meeting, and that the selection of the subject and the debaters should be left in the hands of the executive committee. The members seemed very enthusiastic, and everything points to the derivation of much pleasure as well as help from the club. On motion the meeting was adjourned by Miss Gilmore, president, at two o'clock.

THE ORCHESTRA

A meeting of the school orchestra was held on Wednesday, the 22d, after school. Those present practised a few pieces, but nothing of importance occurred.

BOYS' DEBATING CLUB

A meeting of the Boys' Debating Club was held on Wednesday, October 27th. There was a debate between 1911 and 1912, West, Harwood and Wright debating for the former, and Dillon, Bell and Townsend for the latter. Report of committee on awards was read, accepted and approved by Mr. Thomas and the club. The question was resolved that the United States should increase the number of battleships in the navy.

This coming year we are to have a basketball team. It has been many years since this was the case, and now, after several years' interval, the authorities have,

seen fit to authorize this sport. Charles Fish, 1910, has been appointed manager, and the schedule is now being arranged.

Friday, October 28th, came to us in the way of an unexpected holiday. As the result of a Teachers' Convention we were freed from our labors for this day.

TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

On October 20th the students of the Technical High School assembled for the first time in the hall for half an hour. It is planned to hold the Wednesday morning exercises every week throughout the year.

A short address was given by Mr. Kirschner, who has been anxiously waiting since school opened to see the students in a body.

Mr. Kirschner said in part that he became interested in the plans for the new building about two years ago, and that since then he has taken an active part in them. He will give us the benefit of his many years' experience, that he has acquired in other prominent schools, and in business throughout the country.

The school hours will be from 8.30 to 1.30, and no students will be dismissed before 1.30, even though their recitations may end before that hour.

Mr. Parker of the School Committee is to plan the course in the numerical system of card filing in the commercial course. This is a new subject, and will be of great benefit to those who intend to enter the business world.

The emergency room in the new school is being furnished slowly. There is a bed installed now, where students and teachers alike who are ill will find a comfortable and quiet place to rest.

A new gas range has been added, and is an object of much pride to those in the Household Economic Department.

Most of the courses are now in full operation.

On Wednesday, October 27th, the school assembled to hear a few remarks by Mr. Kirschner.

Alumni Notes

C. Taylor, '06, is playing on the second football team at Harvard this fall.

"Reb." Porter, '08, is playing great football for Andover. He is their most reliable punter.

Dunne, '09, is also on the Andover squad.

The marriage of Miss Elsie Parkinson to Mr. F. Arend, both of the class of '06, took place on Wednesday, September 29, 1909.

Warren, ex-'10, is attending Andover this year.

Henry Sprague, '06, is again on the Harvard football squad.

Delano, '06, is first substitute for the position of half-back at Cornell.

Partridge, '08, was among those students who left the University of Maine on account of troubles arising from hazing.

Scott Slocum, '09, who was playing on the Amherst 'varsity, had his leg broken recently.

Waters, '07, is manager of the Boston College baseball team and also one of the editors of the Stylus.

Allen Gould, '06, has recently been elected vice-president of the senior class at Tech.

Carpenter, '08, was elected treasurer of the sophomore class at Tech.

Enholme, Jewett and Caton, all ex-'09, are at the Connecticut State College. Enholme is playing end on the 'varsity, and Jewett half-back on the second team.

Mr. Reginald Brown (N. H. S., '98), a prominent promoter of athletics at Harvard, has recently been elected one of the alumni members of the school Athletic Committee.



Miss F—"Proctor, give the early life of Hayne."

Proctor—"Hayne was elected to the Senate in—"

Miss F—"The early life, Proctor, please."

Proctor—"I don't think he had any."

Lives of Editors remind us

That their lives are not sublime;
That they have to work like thunder
To get their paper out on time.

In Room 12. Miss W—"Go on translating (terrible crash in the hall), Noyes!"

March (coming in with hair awry).

Miss K—"March, have you just been to Gym?"

March—"No, I've been talking to Miss Hayden."

The Lord made the Irish,
The Lord made the Dutch,
The Lord made the Freshies,
But he didn't make much!—*Ex.*

Of manuscript we're in great need,
And you would be a friend indeed
If in some moment of spare time
Ye'd sit ye down and write a rhyme.

In Sen. Lat.—Ipse, caput tonsae foliis
evinctus olivae

Breed (translating)—"He, himself, his
head bound with wreathes of olive and
his hair cut—"

A school paper is a great institution.
The Editor gets the blame, the manager
the experience and the printer the money,
if there is any.

Miss L—"Mention another word similar
to iterate."

K, '13—"Why, er—irritate!"

Heard in Latin.

T—"Translate natavit."

Freshie—"I has swum!"

In Latin class (after having derived
nefandas).

Mr. A—"Infant is connected with that
word. What does infant mean?"

Miss Fogg—"Unspeakable!"

There's music in the air

Friday, the fifth hour;

It drives us to despair

As below, o'er our books, we tower!

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

Sen. Latin—Cui vix attollens Palinurus
lumina fatur.

Manning (translating) — "Palinurus
hardly raising his *lights* to him spoke."

Am she went, be she gone?

Has she left I all alone?

Her can never come to me.

Us can only go to she.

I cannot was.—*Ex.*

The editor got a tale from me—

It was the best I had—

And then he didn't publish it!

He simply said—"Too bad!"



FOOTBALL.

Newton, 0; Everett, 6.

On October 6th, in one of the hardest fought battles that has ever been witnessed on Claflin Field, the Newton boys were defeated by Everett.

Our opponents were a band of husky warriors of gigantic stature and mighty brawn, who played hard fast football through the entire battle. By a series of well-directed line plunges, Everett carried the ball to Newton's ten-yard line, where Captain Brickley tried to drop kick the goal. The attempt failed; the ball unluckily hitting the goal post was recovered by an Everett man. Newton's line held finely for two downs, but on the third attempt the pigskin was pushed across our goal line. Captain Brickley easily kicked the goal. In the remainder of the first half Allen, Gallagher, Vinal and Hopkins fought particularly valiantly to even the score, but the period ended with Everett 6 and Newton 0.

In the second half there was a good deal of roughness on both sides. Barber ran our team fast and well and kept Newton's goal line out of further danger. The ball zigzagged across the field without much advantage on either side. Marshall punted well and "pulled" his team out of several hard places. Leon Marshall, Kelly and

Weaver broke through Everett's line and tackled finely.

Our team played well, but they were pitted against boys who were a trifle better.

The cheering led by Hayden was a brilliant success.(?)

Everett High.

Green, l. e.
Norris, l. t.
Curtis, l. g.
Peterson, c.
Hart, r. g.
Sawyer, r. t.
Monroe, Morando, r. e.
G. Brickley, q. b.
C. Brickley, Monroe, Harrison, l. h.

Newton High.

r. e., Gallagher.
r. t., Weaver.
r. g., Taylor.
c., Hopkins.
l. g., Fuller, Kelley.
l. t., Marshall.
l. e., Vinal.
q. b., Barber, Clancy.
r. h., Marshall.
l. h., Beatty.
f. b., Allen.

Score—Everett High School, 6; Newton High School, 0. Touchdown—Brickley. Goal from touchdown—Brickley. Umpire—Hoey. Referee—Woodlock. Timekeepers—Cole and White. Linesmen—Farley and Wood. Time—20-minute halves.

Newton, 0; Volkmann, 0.

On October 15th Newton and Volkmann met on Claflin Field. For thirty-five minutes each team vainly endeavored to convince the spectators of its superiority. Under the skillful management of Barber and Forté the forward pass proved to be a very successful "article" in the matter of large gains. Whenever Newton got within striking distance of Volkmann's goal line its aggressiveness decreased perceptibly.

The heavy field "slowed up" both teams considerably. Ryder, Alley and Osborne were towers of strength for Newton.

Newton High. Volkmann.
 Forté, l. e. r. e., Mack.
 L. Marshall, Flanagan, l. t. r. t., McCaffrey.
 Noonan, Cady, l. g. r. g., McAusland.
 Hopkins, c. c. Locke, N. Curtis.
 Taylor, r. g.
 l. g., Barrett, Storm, Wood, Whitney.
 Weaver, r. t. l. t., Storm, Gregory, Baldwin.
 Gallagher, r. e. l. e., E. Curtis, Wood.
 Barber, q. b. q. b., Soule.
 Ryder, l. h. b. r. h. b., Penansky, Emery.
 Osborne, r. h. b. l. h. b., Hyde.
 Allen, f. b. f. b., Gregory, Henneman.
 Score—Newton High, 0; Volkmann, 0. Umpire—A. J. Woodlock. Field judge—Vic Kennard. Referee—F. J. Hoey. Linesmen—Wood and Kennard. Time—20 and 15-minute periods.

Newton, 11; Roxbury Latin, 7.

The laurel wreath of victory again fell to the boys in orange and black. The game was replete with sensational runs and well-executed forward passes. In the first two minutes of play Gallagher recovered Hopkins' punt and ran the ball over the Latin School's goal line. Barber kicked the goal. The long and accurate forward passing of Barber was the principal factor in the gaining of our second touchdown. Roxbury Latin took a decided brace in the latter part of the first half and "turned the tables" on Newton by pushing Captain O'Brien and the pigskin over our line. (Time Up.)

The second half the honors were about even, Newton gaining more by playing an open game and Roxbury by hard line plunging. Roxbury's punter "got off" an exceptionally long kick, which sailed serenely over Newton's goal line and incidentally counted two points against us.

Newton High. Roxbury Latin.
 Vinal, l. e. r. e., Sheehan.
 Cannon, l. e.
 Forté, l. e.
 L. Marshall, l. t. r. t., Jones.
 Taylor, l. g. r. g., Hibbard.
 Hopkins, c. c., Littlefield.
 Roquemore, r. g. l. g., McDonald.
 Weaver, r. t. l. t., Crombie.

Gallagher, r. e. l. e., Conway.
 Barber, r. e.
 Barber, q. b. q. b., Fox.
 Clancy, q. b.
 Beatty, l. h. b. r. h. b., Packard
 Allen, r. h. b. l. h. b., O'Brien.
 Cady, f. b. f. b., Collins.
 Osborne, f. b.
 Score—Newton High School, 11; Roxbury Latin School, 7. Touchdowns—Gallagher, Cady, O'Brien. Goal from touchdowns—Barber. Safety—Clancy. Umpire—A. J. Woodlock. Referee—F. J. Hoey, Talbot prep. Field judge—McCaffrey. Linesmen—Wood and Conant. Time—20 and 15-minute periods.

Newton, 5; Boston Latin, 5.

Two very evenly matched teams crossed arms on Claflin Field, October 19th, and struggled fiercely to win the much coveted victory. In the early part of the game Hopkins distinguished himself by breaking through the Latin School's line, gathering in the pigskin just as Logan was trying to do some fancy juggling, and conveying it twelve yards for a touchdown.

Immediately after the next kick-off Newton fumbled on its own twenty-yard line and allowed the Latin School to cross its goal line. Both teams failed to kick the goals for these touchdowns. Allen and Ryder played particularly well, while Barber did good punting.

Newton High. Boston Latin.
 Forté, Beatty, l. e. r. e., Gorman.
 Marshall, l. t. r. t., Tate.
 Noonan, l. g. r. g., Madden.
 Hopkins, c. c. McNeil.
 Fiske, r. g. l. g., Pendergast.
 Weaver, r. t. l. t., Herson.
 Gallagher, r. e. l. e., Ayer.
 Barber, q. b. q. b., Logan.
 Ryder, l. h. b. r. h. b., Temple.
 Osborne, r. h. b. l. h. b., Halligan.
 Allen, f. b. f. b., Van Etten, Withington.
 Score—Newton High School, 5; Boston Latin, 5. Touchdowns—Hopkins, Temple. Umpire—Woodcock. Referee—Hoey. Field Judge—Scannell. Linesmen—Wood and Johnson. Time—20 and 15-minute periods.

Malden, 29; Newton, 6.

The Newton boys made a trip northward in the hope of winning a decisive victory from the boys in blue and gold. How their fond hopes were rudely shattered

is best known by those who witnessed the game.

Newton received the kickoff and for the first few rushes showed signs of "real class." Soon, however, Newton made two costly fumbles and Malden, by steady, hard plunges, carried the ball over our goal line. Malden kicked the goal and again the teams faced each other on the kickoff. Beatly and Allen both made good gains and Hopkins "got off" a long punt. Here Newton's aggressiveness stopped and the wearers of orange and black began to play a disheartened game that lacked the life and enthusiasm that has been so evident in their previous struggles. At the end of the first half Malden had accumulated eighteen points, while Newton's score does not bear repeating.

The second half was almost a repetition of the first; Malden's heavy backs going through Newton's line for long gains. Eleven more tallies were annexed to Malden's score in the second section of the contest. Lloyd Marshall did a good share of Newton's tackling and made a substantial gain on one of Newton's few successful forward passes. "Gall" kept things moving on his end, while Ryder, Allen and Osborne played well in the backfield. Weaver gladdened Newton hearts by recovering a fumble and dashing over the necessary ground to place the ball between Malden's goal posts. Barber kicked the goal and the disgrace of a "whitewash" was thus averted.

Newton High.
Hopkins, c.
Clancy, q. b. (Barber)
Barber, l. e. (Vinal)
Beatty, l. h. (Ryder)
Osborne, f. b.
Allen, r. h.
Marshall, l. b.
Roquemore, l. g. (Noonan)
Taylor, r. g.
Weaver, r. t.
Gallagher, r. e. (Forte)

Malden High.
c., Breslin.
q. b., Letherman.
l. e., Miner.
l. h., Milliken.
f. b., Miner.
r. h., Wescot.
l. b., Anderson.
l. g., Marston.
r. g., Reaves.
r. t., Benoit.
r. e., McKennis.

Score—Malden, 29; Newton, 6. Touchdowns—Weaver, Wescot, Miner, Milliken, Letherman, A. Miner. Goals from touchdowns—Barber, Wescot, Anderson, Miner, Letherman. Umpire—A. J. Woodlock. Field Judge—McCaffrey. Linesmen—Barrows and Farley. Time—20 and 15-minute periods.

Girls' Tennis Tournament.

A Girls' Tennis Tournament was announced September 16, 1909, with Misses Wing, Ganse and Flanders acting as Executive Committee. There were forty-eight entries, and the tournament proved to be an interesting one, as was shown by the crowds which gathered around the bulletin board each day to watch the results. The last three rounds resulted as follows:—

Fourth Round—M. Robbins '12 beat D. Robinson '11; I. Brown '11 beat M. Paine '11; C. Ulmer '10 beat G. Flanders '10.

Semi-Finals—M. Robbins '12 beat I. Brown '11; R. Ivy '10 beat C. Ulmer '10.

Finals—M. Robbins '12 beat R. Ivy '10.

Miss M. Robbins' 12, winner of the 1909 Tournament, is Tennis champion of the school.

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Increase of knowledge without increase of wisdom adds to our misery.

Many people in the world can do nothing gracefully or becomingly, and nothing would become them so well as to leave it.

A very sleepy little boy was saying his prayer—"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

"If," his mother prompted. "If"

"If he hollers let him go, eenie, meenie, minie, mo."

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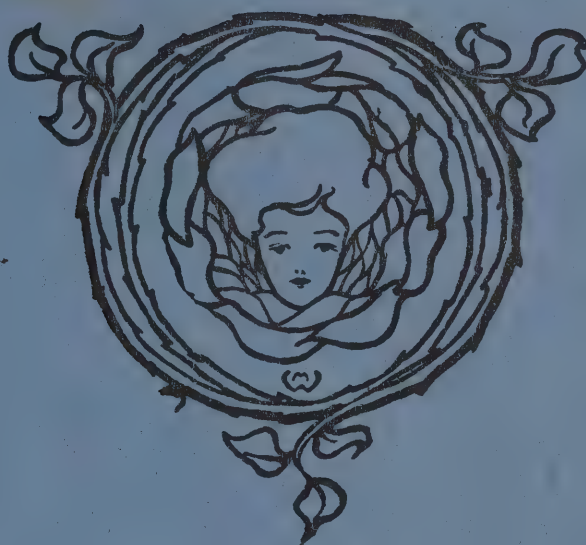
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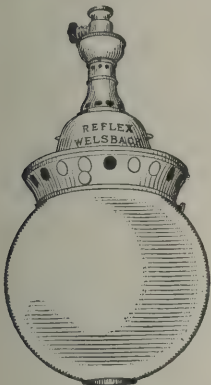
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVIII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER, 1909

No. 3

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We refuse to be responsible for the opinions of our contributors.

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The Naming of Lake Marinuka

By DOROTHY S. EMMONS, 1910

By the shores of Marinuka,
By the shining Smooth Pond Water,
Lies a princess of the Red Skins,
Lies the daughter of Dacota.
And the day was dark and dreary
And the sky was weeping softly
When the maid was brought for burial,
Brought to sleep and rest forever.
With their roughly hewn stone shovels
Turning up the turf below them,
While they moaned and sang together,
Two of old Dacota's bravest
Hollowed out a grave, and lined it
With the fallen leaves of Autumn,
With the yellow leaves and scarlet.
Then they raised the maiden gently
Bore her to her bed of colors,

And 'midst wails and chants of mourners
She was covered o'er with bright leaves.
And the skies were gray with weeping
And the wind was sighing softly
Through the trees above the Princess.
Next with earth the leaves were covered,
Making for the maid a blanket,
Blanket warm and dry in Winter
When the cold North Wind should whistle,
When the winter snows should glisten.
Then the sorrowing tribe departed,
All save one, who stayed to mingle
His sad tears with those of Heaven.
'Twas the maiden's fairest suitor,
Bravest of Dacota's warriors.
As he knelt beside the earth-mound
He was shaken o'er with sobbing;
But at last he rose, and murmured,
"Marinuka, O my Dear One,
Fare-thee-well, my Indian Princess,
Till we meet in the Hereafter,
In the land where dwell the Blessed."
Then he faced the misty water.
"Be thou christened Marinuka,
For the one now journeyed onward,
Journed to the land of Sunset.
Be thou calm and peaceful, always,
Never boist'rous, never raging,
And when come our people hither
To bewail their much loved Princess,
Whisper ever 'Marinuka,'
For the name will bring them comfort."
Saying this, he listened closely,
And the gentle ripples breaking
On the yellow sand below him
Seemed to murmur "Marinuka."
Calm and quiet, then he turned
To the grave, with head bent downward.
Stood there for a moment silent;
Then he strode into the forest,
Vanished in the deep, dark forest;
And he ne'er again was heard from
'Mongst the warriors of Dacota.



IN this country and in other countries there are many national holidays. Certain days are set aside because of some great and important significance that they bear to the national life of the country. Each nation and each section of every nation has days which it rejoices to celebrate and commemorate. There are many of these national holidays, but there is only one that is universal. At Christmas time the whole Christian world celebrates and rejoices for the same common reason. Almost two thousand years ago an event happened that was destined to change the whole attitude of nations to one another. The birth of Christ was heralded by angels singing "Peace on earth." For nineteen centuries this idea of Peace has struggled, and slowly overcome all obstacles. Each year we celebrate its beginning. We celebrate it with no partisan feeling. No feeling that we, one body of men, have triumphed over our fellow men, ever mars this holiday season. It indeed is a time of universal rejoicing. This present year it is a time of almost universal peace. It is this universality, the general application to all races of men, and the very spirit of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," that makes Christmas the greatest day of all the year.

For four consecutive years Newton has won the football championship of the Preparatory League. It is not our object

to extol the members of team, or to give unwarranted praise. We have not had a series of unbroken victories. There have been disappointments. At times we have been beaten, we have been tied. In thirteen games we have won six, tied three, and lost four. This record shows that our team has been victorious in the majority of cases. Of the four games lost none were league games. Playing the way the team was in the Waltham game we never could have won the league; but shortly after this game things took a decided turn. Coach McDevitt, after completing a successful term as coach of the victorious Colby eleven, joined the Newton team three days before the first league game. By hard, consistent work he instilled into the players the rudiments of the game. To Coach McDevitt, more than any other person, belongs the credit of the victory over Brookline, and subsequently the winning of the league. It is not our purpose to summarize the work of the team here. That will appear in a later issue. It is merely our desire to state things as they are and to give praise where it is due. The scholars here express their appreciation of the work done by Mr. McDevitt as coach of the victorious team that has won the Preparatory League Championship for the fourth consecutive year.

It must be remembered that the success of such departments as Base Hits, Alumni Notes and School Notes depends entirely upon the school. The Editors cannot see and attend to all that takes place in the school. Let us see if we can't have three instead of two pages of Base Hits in the next issue. This depends upon you. We also need more stories. More long ones, as well as short ones. We cannot have a representative Review without having three times as much material submitted each month as can be used.

Vesta; a Modern Spartan Maid

By K. P. MILLER, 1910



HE girl crouched, a motionless figure, behind the bushes at the foot of the rocks. She was young, not more than seventeen. Her rich, dark brown hair hung in a heavy plait down her back. Her face, usually so ruddy, was white; and in her black eyes was a wild, hunted look. She knelt on one knee, one hand resting on a rock, breathing in short gasps. She seemed to be listening, and every now and then, she held her breath as she strained to hear some distant sound.

That night as she had gone to the spring behind the house for some water, she had heard a low whistle in the bushes, and then another whistle in answer. She had turned quickly and seen through the bushes the unmistakable form of a man, and the glitter of a weapon. To preserve her presence of mind, and to act as if she had heard nothing was her first thought. So she glanced at the moon, turned back to the well, filled her pail and slowly moved towards the house. But as soon as she was out of sight of the well, she broke into a run, regardless of the heavy pail bumping her knees, and the cold water splashing over her bare feet and ankles. Of only one thing did she think, to get help and capture the men, for she knew them to be the hunted outlaws who had robbed the village bank. She also knew why they were there. Gilbert Foster, her lover, had been the night watchman at that time, and he it was who had gotten help, and arrived on the scene in time to shoot two of the thieves, and capture one. Nothing was learned from the prisoner as to the other robbers, but Gilbert had found a warning fastened to the door the next morning which read:

"Arm yerself; we'll kill yer ef we can. We'll teech yer how ter shute American citizens."

At first Gilbert laughed, and resolved to say nothing to anyone; but every morning he found a notice somewhere, and soon people learned about it. It had reached Vesta Emery, and she had asked Gilbert about it.

"Oh, Bert," she pleaded, "don' come here no more. They'll kill yer sure thing ef they can. Promise me yer won't come."

"No," he asserted sturdily; "I shan't promise. No one'll hurt me, darlin', and I couldn't stand it without a peek at yer every Sate'day night."

In vain she had argued and coaxed. He would not be persuaded. So he had continued coming; and as nothing had happened, Vesta's fears had been allayed.

But now they had returned a hundred-fold; and as she hurried along, visions of Gilbert, her handsome Gilbert, walking eagerly towards the house of his sweetheart, her home, She hears a rifle-shot. She sees her lover stagger and fall.

So like some hunted animal, she fled on, looking fearfully back, from time to time.

After what seemed to her ages, she reached her house, and staggered into the kitchen.

It was empty.

Then Vesta remembered that everyone had gone to the barn-raising on the other side of the mountain. She dropped into a chair, sobbing bitterly. What could she do to save her lover? She must think.

Like a flash it came to her. She must run down, below the waiting ambush, and warn him.

Trembling like a leaf, she snatched her father's pistol from its brace and hastened from the house.

To go the way she had come would mean death for them both, and the only way left her was down the black ravine at the other side of the cabin.

She did not hesitate, but plunged off to

the right through the bushes. The stones cut her feet, and the branches lashed her face and caught her hair, but she freed herself and hurried on.

Then she came to a steep cliff, down which she must climb to reach the road below. Her feet bleeding and her whole body aching from bruises, she crawled down the steep rocks. Near the bottom she slipped, and would have fallen but that a tree caught and held her fast. Her breath was almost spent and tears streamed down her cheeks, but she kept on.

Finally she reached a large tree, behind which she could hide unseen.

So she was crouched, awaiting her lover.

To her strained nerves every snap of a twig or rustle of a leaf seemed an impending danger.

Would he never come? Had they plotted to kill him nearer his own home?

Her senses reeled; she was near fainting.

And then he came.

She saw his approaching form in the distance.

It was he; coming to her.

As he neared the tree she stepped forth.

Instantly his hand flew to his hip and something flashed in the moonlight.

"Halt!" he cried, "if ye move ye're—My God! It's Vesty! What's the matter, darlin'? Be ye sick?"

The pistol had fallen between them. He clasped her in his arms, but she gently freed herself, stooped, picked up the pistol and drew him behind the tree.

"No, Bert," she answered, "I'm not sick. Listen!"

He listened, and far up above them he heard a sound as if some one were coming down the rocks.

"Oh, Bert! It's the outlaws. They've been waitin' to kill ye. And I run down to warn ye. Here's yer pistol. I've got dad's. May be, if we're still, they'll not see us."

The two waited silently. The man with his left arm around the girl's shivering frame, his right hand cocking the pistol.

The girl's right arm grasping her weapon hung nerveless at her side.

And now in the moonlight they saw one—three—seven figures climbing down the rocks. At the foot of the descent they gathered in a group, about thirty feet from the bushes which concealed the trembling pair.

The leader spoke in a harsh voice.

"'Tain't no use; we've missed him this time. Anyway's we'll have him yit. Next week at the same time."

And the group dispersed.

Within the bushes the pistols had dropped simultaneously, and the girl lay in her lover's arms, while he rained passionate kisses on her pale face, whispering between times words of endearment. After she was calmed he whispered to her:

"Darlin', ye're the bravest girl I ever see. We'll go away, darlin', this week to Canady, where I've got a position offered me. Parson Wheeler'll marry us afore we go, and we'll live in Montreal."

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Oh, Fashion, how the public slaves to you!
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And huge and often hideous bonnets, too,
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found.

For many hats are trimmed with such
great skill,
That on them whole orchards and gardens
grow

While others have great plumes with which
to kill,

Or tickle as they waver to and fro.

Still others are so huge that through a
door

Folks cannot go without removing them;
And sticking out are hatpins by the score,
To stab the near-by women and poor men,
For you, Dame Fashion, mortals look their
worst,

And in their thoughts you always figure
first.

M. W., 1910.

Aunt Rebecca's Home-Coming

By JULIA R. SCHMALZ, 1910



HE little cottage on Maple Lane was the scene of excited preparation. All the windows and doors were wide open, and hurrying to and fro within, white-capped heads could be seen, and the sound of hammering mingled strangely with the drowsy humming of the bees.

In this quiet, simple country home the McGregor family had lived for two generations. Mother McGregor, as she was called in the village, came here from her wedding-trip, and here had reared a promising family. The two sons, sturdy, plodding youths, had years ago gone to "the city" to occupy good positions in a paper-mill. The elder daughter, Rebecca, had remained unmarried, and as the long monotonous days dragged on, she tired of doing the family mending and making the Sunday "goodies." Her younger sister was now married and had come with her two little children to live on Maple Lane, which added greatly to Rebecca's cares. She had been her mother's right hand since childhood; she it was who watched the cake while her pretty little sister had a music-lesson; she it was who amused the children on winter evenings with her stories. She was a good soul. One of the sacred duties of her life was the reading aloud from the Bible on Sunday afternoon, and her sole diversion was playing the wheezy little organ for the Sunday-school children at the parsonage.

Thus it was that when Rebecca McGregor accepted a position as "fitter" in the Misses' Department of a large Boston clothing store there was great consternation in Stampton. Many of her mother's friends shook their heads sadly and said, "I am sure you will regret this, Mother! She can never stand the work and so lonely she'll be! The poor dear, my heart

goes out to her." But in spite of tears and protestations, Rebecca, in a transport of delight went away.

She wrote often at first, and seemed well satisfied with her choice—but very homesick. But after several months the letters were shorter and less frequent, and apparently carried with them an air of despondency. The people at home, of course, decided that the work was becoming too much for her. "Just as I said, you know." Yet she did not come home and the years rolled on with little news of "the good soul."

But what could be the cause of the unusual aspect of the McGregor house, on this sunny, lazy day in June? The green shutters of the low whitewashed cottage had been newly painted, and seemed all the greener from being so near the bright crimson rambler which climbed over the side of the house. The broad gravel drive had been newly raked, and out in the orchard under the trees shone in all its bright green splendor the twin to the shutters—the well worn and familiar oak settle, which had not been seen for years. The children running about in the yards wore spotless pinafores and seemed almost too excited to play. The whole place seemed alive with suppressed expectation. It must have been some great event that had worked this change in the placid life of the McGregor household. It is explained in the reply which little Maria made to the query of a neighbor:

"My Aunt Rebecca is coming home to-day. We haven't seen her since we were babies and maybe she'll bring us something nice from 'the city.' Anyway she—"

Before she could finish, they heard the sound of wheels and in a minute heads were thrust questioningly from upstairs windows. This was surely the family

wagon and that was Mr. McGregor on the front seat holding the reins in a dazed manner. But who was that on the seat beside him? Old Mr. McGregor got down, gingerly assisted the young woman at his side to alight and began to unload the baggage. Two trunks, three hat boxes and a suit case! Who *could* be dropping down upon them? It couldn't be Rebecca. This young woman might be about twenty-five. Her trim blue traveling suit and severe black hat were of the latest style. Her face was flushed with excitement and her tastily arranged hair just a little loosened, which only added to the attractiveness of her appearance. She carried her head erect, and from her whole person breathed an atmosphere of reliance and strength.

Mother McGregor was the first to recover from her surprise. After gazing intently at the face of the strange lady through the parlor window a minute, she ran as fast as her old legs would carry her to the door and cried:

"David, man, where is Rebecca, my girl Rebecca?"

"Here I am, mother, it is I, it is I." She rushed into her mother's arms and clung to her with kisses and sobs. By this time, the rest of the family had come out, and had to be assured again and again that this was indeed their Rebecca and not some fine lady from the city. Father McGregor relieved the trying scene by leading the way into the long, low-ceiled dining room, where a simple meal had been prepared with great care, and here we leave the McGregor family to get acquainted with the new Rebecca.

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The effect which the return of Rebecca, in her present rejuvenated state, produced was electrical. It immediately became the theme for conversation and gossip throughout the village. Wonderful stories were circulated about her, and unique ex-

planations given for the changes for the better in her appearance. It was even rumored that she had a "beau," an unheard of thing for the prim, sad-eyed Rebecca of old. There were also some harsh criticisms, but nearly everyone was obliged to admit that "the city" had been the making of her. The little cottage on Maple Lane kept "open house" for a week, and every inhabitant of Stampton came to pay his respects to "Miss McGregor," as she was now unanimously spoken of, and incidentally to satisfy his own curiosity. The women fingered lovingly the pretty clothes, and went into ecstasies over the "grand" presents she brought to the family; the men turned over in eager delight the leaves of the latest magazines, which were luxuries almost unknown to them. She herself underwent very close examination. She was viewed by them near to and from afar, as they tried to find some of the traces which time would naturally leave in seven years of hard work. But none were to be found. As for the work it had been hard but interesting. Combined with this had been the invigorating and intellectually stimulating influence of busy city life, which had filled the great gap in her monotonous existence.

From this time on Rebecca was the pride and boast of her village. She had realized the object for which she had striven during the years of her absence — to be able to come back a credit and a joy to her parents. After her taste of the busy life of the world, with her mind broadened by intercourse, she was ready to spend the rest of her life in the dear old hamlet of her birth, where she always remained, a personage of high respect and admiration.

"As nothing reveals character like the company we like and keep, so nothing foretells futurity like the thoughts over which we brood."—*Hillis*.

A Country Gentleman

By MILDRED CLARK, 1910

THEY watched her ride away, a lithe figure, gracefully sitting the spirited black horse. After she had disappeared around the curve of the driveway, the idle amusements and aim'ess chatter began once more on the piazza.

The gir', as she rode along, thought with disgust of those she had just left behind her. Purposely she had ridden alone. Virginia Duncan was the only daughter of a rich New York broker. In the fall she was to enter upon her last year in college. It seemed to her vigorous nature that no one on this house-party had a particle of purpose or energy in living. For Virginia, young as she was, had serious views of life and work. She was weary of the commonplace talk and amusements of the society into which she was thrown, and yearned for a companion with vigorous red blood in his veins. Were the real, interesting people always in the stories, she wondered, or simply hadn't she met them. The women back there aren't so bad, only idle and without purpose or work, because everything is done for them. But the men, they haven't a spark of manhood in them. Nothing but high collars and sporty clothes without an ounce of brain or muscle. I have met *real* girls at a college, but a *real* man I have yet to see. Her thoughts rushed on as she rode.

Just then she came to a long, smooth stretch of road. The underbrush and bushes grew thick on each side of the soft country road, and the branches met overhead. Patches of blue sky were visible through the leaves, and somewhere a meadow lark was singing. The afternoon sun shone lovingly on the scene, bringing out the gold in the girl's hair, which was loosely coiled under the sober black hat.

Virginia drew a deep breath. Her face relaxed, and the dark brown eyes lighted. She gave herself up to the joy of living amidst such beauty, all forgetful of her previous discontent. Surely no one could be unhappy this afternoon, and riding a horse like Cæsar. "Come boy!" she chirped, and the beautiful animal broke into a canter. Her spirits rose under the influence of the motion. Faster and faster they flew, and the girl gloried in the horse's strength, the rushing wind, her own youth and the beauty of the day. Cæsar caught her mood and stretched away in a swift gallop. The shady road had been left behind and now they were surrounded by hilly rolling country.

Suddenly, without a warning sound, a huge automobile, going at a high rate of speed, plunged around a corner, an instant and the flying animal and machine would meet. The girl tugged at the reins and with a quick strong pull, turned the horse into a field. Thunk! Thunk! They went through the tall sparse grass. The thoroughbred, half crazed with fright, rushed madly up a small hill, paying no heed to the girl's soothing voice or restraining touch. Up, up, and then! A chasm yawned beneath horse and rider. The girl closed her eyes, instinctively kicking her feet free from the stirrups.

When Virginia regained consciousness, she found herself sitting on a sand pile. Looking up she saw that a part of the hill had been dug away for the gravel and fine sand. She shuddered at the thought of the plunge she had just taken. Her next thought was of "Cæsar." She caught sight of him standing by a tree trembling with fright, all the fire gone from his eyes. She rose and walked over to him, conscious of a curious shaky feeling. Cæsar pushed his soft muzzle into her hand and

whinnied softly. Gently the girl ran her fingers down his leg, searching for an injury. He had sprained his right front leg badly.

Virginia's next thought was, how shall we get home? Her quick ears caught the sound of someone running. Turning, she saw a man in working clothes hurrying towards her. As he approached her, he touched his torn felt hat and said a little breathlessly: "I saw you go over the hill. Thank Heaven! you're not injured! It was pure luck. That hill is dangerous, but very few people come here, and we didn't foresee an accident of this kind."

"My horse took fright at an automobile. I don't know how in the world I can get back home," she explained hastily, brushing the dirt from her habit.

"There is a buggy in the barn and an old farm horse that I'm using in the hay field, so if you don't mind traveling a bit slow, I can drive you home and lead your hunter behind." As he spoke he stepped up to Cæsar and ran his hands over him in a practiced manner that bespoke a knowledge of horseflesh. "He's got a bad sprain but I guess he'll be able to trot home. By the way, how far is it?"

"Eight miles," the girl replied briefly.

While he went to harness the horse, she pictured to herself the sensation she would make when she arrived at the house.

In the midst of her reflections, he arrived, and at the sight she had to bite her lips to keep from laughing. The old gray horse, with his immense hoofs and hipbones, was mirth-provoking, but added to him a rickety old carriage, the wheels of which went every which way, made an excruciatingly funny picture. On looking at the man, Virginia saw that he was openly smiling, revealing firm white teeth. Then they both burst out laughing. Well, he's got a sense of humor, anyhow, she thought, as she climbed in beside him, holding Cæsar's bridle reins. That laugh had

broken the ice and they entered into conversation naturally and easily. Now and then she stole a glance at him, taking note of the strong, clear-cut profile and the humorous gray eyes. She noticed that he had put on a straw hat, and that his hands were scrupulously taken care of. She liked the way the collar of his gray shirt turned down, revealing the strong bronzed throat. His purity of diction had at once stamped him as more than a farmer's son, if refinement of feature had not already done so. An unconscious bearing and gallantry of a gentleman could not be hidden by his rough clothes. His words carried an elemental force and conviction.

At length they reached the driveway that led by devious windings to the house.

"Drive round to the stable first," said Virginia.

A groom led the horse into the barn and after giving him a few simple directions for the treatment of the sprain, the girl climbed back into the wagon, and was driven around to the door. As the queer looking rig drew up before the house, a dozen men sprang from their seats on the piazza to help Virginia from the carriage, but they were forced to stand back, while the young man handed her to the step. Before them all she gave him her hand, and thanked him for his services. But his manner was far from servile, for as he touched his hat, the gray eyes looked straight into hers. An instant, and she turned from him up the steps. She immediately was surrounded by a group, curious as to what had happened, but she waived them all away, saying that she would explain later. Meanwhile, the young farmer drove out of sight, leaving a curious and speculative group on the piazza.

It was Christmas night. A large dancing party was being held at the Duncan's. Carriages and automobiles rolled up before the door, bearing gorgeously dressed people

to the brilliantly lighted house. Virginia was a vision of loveliness. Her green dress with the holly in her bright hair gave her a festive appearance, and her bright face and winning manner made her altogether charming. She was receiving under the big chandelier in the drawing-room, decorated with Christmas greens. She met each guest with gracious smile and a word or two of pleasant greeting. Looking up she saw Arthur Wilcox coming towards her. He was a Harvard senior and a very good friend.

"Hullo, Jinny!" he cried, as he took her hand. "My! but you look swell. Be sure and save me a dance." Then turning to a tall young man next him he said:—

"Morgan, I want you to meet Miss Duncan. Virginia, this is Mr. Brooks. You know you told me I could bring any friend I wished, Jinny. Well, here he is."

Virginia found herself looking into a pair of gray eyes, as an earnest voice said: "I'm very glad indeed to meet you—again" the last word was spoken very low. The girl started but there was no time for words, as the other guests were claiming her attention.

The music for the first dance was playing softly. Virginia opened the party with Arthur Wilcox. After a few common-places, she said:—

"Tell me about your friend. He interests me. Is he the son of Mr. John Brooks, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court?"

"Yes, and he's the best chap ever," exclaimed Arthur enthusiastically. "An all round fellow! Why, he's got brains enough to stack—well, most anything, and as for muscle, why he rowed stroke on the crew when he was in Harvard. He went through the law school and has been practising for a year or so. Already he has won a name for himself. I never saw such a chap! A fine athlete and bright as a button! At college he raised the very dickens, but I never heard of his doing a mean or dis-

honorable act. He's the cleanest man I know, and the truest gentleman! I dare say you think me a guy to go gushing about anyone this way."

"No, indeed! Go on. I'm really interested," protested Virginia.

"I could hardly get him to come tonight," continued Arthur, "for he hates society doings, and thinks it's a frivolous waste of time. He's crazy about work. He's a corking rider and swimmer and what he doesn't know about birds and flowers isn't worth knowing. Hullo!" as he caught sight of her dance card, "you gave him the intermission dance. Good for you, Jinny! I promise you won't find him dull" prophesied Arthur as their dance ended and he left her.

Several times during the early part of the evening Virginia's eyes followed the tall figure that danced so well despite his bulk. Then their dance came. He certainly can dance, was the girl's mental comment. After he had brought some refreshment, they moved over to a cozy corner behind an immense palm. He made a laughing remark about their first meeting, and apologized for frightening her so in the receiving line. He explained that he was fond of nature and happened to have been working on his uncle's farm, as a rest from his winter work. Virginia, with her tact, drew him out, and their conversation consisted not of conventional small talk, but of deep questions and opinions. Each was surprised to find how many ideas and tastes they had in common, and the time passed quickly. As he rose to leave he said with a steady purposeful look in the gray eyes:—

"May I come to see you?"

Virginia's answer was a smile and a flash of her brown eyes, but he appeared satisfied.

"Noble feelings, like great thoughts and deeds, are things of inspiration."—*Wagner*.

Almost a Calamity

By HELEN F. KENT, 1911

THE night was very warm, and the atmosphere very oppressive. Betty Martin sat at the window of her room looking out into the darkness, up at the gloomy sky and at the thick, dark woods beyond.

She was unable to sleep and had been sitting at the window an hour or more, thinking of where she had been that day.

She was an expert horse-back rider, though only sixteen years old, and since her father kept a large ranch and many horses, she had plenty of chance to indulge in her favorite pastime. So that day she and a girl friend had ridden for several miles, and perhaps it was because she was over-tired that she could not sleep.

She heard the clock strike, and counting the solemn dismal tones, realized that it was midnight.

Suddenly glancing towards the east, through the woods, she perceived a dull red lighting up the sky. An awful sensation came over her. Could it be possible that the Wellington Bridge was afire? And the train which was due to pass over that bridge at twelve forty-five—what would become of its passengers? For if an alarm had already been given, surely she would have heard something of it, and each minute the glow was becoming brighter and redder!

Something must be done, and quickly. Would she rouse her father? No—a wild desire to save that train *herself* passed through her mind, and the tiny railroad station was eight miles away. The bridge was about a quarter of a mile farther up, around a curve in the track.

In less than five minutes she had slipped on her clothes, and hurrying downstairs, ran out to the long, low barn where the horses were kept. Instead of taking her pony, on whom she had ridden the greater part of the afternoon, she wisely selected

a wiry, little horse, the fastest her father owned.

Hurriedly mounting, she urged Fleet to a gallop, and with her skillful hand, guided him down the narrow road which led through the woods.

On and on fled the little horse and rider. Would she ever be able to reach the station in time? Why did her heart beat so wildly at each rustling leaf, crackling twig, or even at the echoing footsteps of the horse?

But bending her head she coaxed Fleet with, "On, on, Fleet! Faster! We'll make it!"

And though the miles in reality fairly flew by, it seemed hours till the girl was far ahead, the bright light of the little station.

"We're almost there!" she cried to the pony. "Do hurry, dear, dear Fleet!" And as if he understood her, the little horse strained every muscle to win the race for life.

At last, the station was just ahead, and already she could hear the distant rumble of the approaching train.

Throwing herself from the saddle she ran to the door of the station crying, "Jake, Jake, the bridge, the bridge!" and sank to the steps.

"Great God!" exclaimed the old station master who had been dozing in the waiting room; and grasping a red lantern rushed out just in time to wave it in front of the oncoming train.

The train which had been going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, slowed up with a jar which aroused all its passengers.

But they had only to look ahead at the now illumined sky to realize with horror what might have been their fate.

"All honor is due to this brave girl!" cried the old man with a trembling voice. And turning to the steps— But where was Betty?

The echoing hoof-beats of the horse were heard in the distance.

An Incident of the Civil War

By IRENE I. FOGG, 1910



At the outbreak of the Civil War, the Blair estate was one of the most beautiful in Virginia. The old colonial mansion, situated high up on the banks of the Potomac, overlooked acres of land which sloped gradually to meet the river, that wound majestically between the fertile plantations. Here General Blair resided with his daughter Betty and his son.

General Blair was a typical southerner, a "gentleman of the old school." He was a staunch supporter of the Confederacy and, as a general in the Southern army, showed great ability in upholding his worthy cause. Blinded by his belief in the principles of the Confederacy, he could never tolerate any arguments advanced for, or by, the Federalists. It was therefore a great shock when his young son Dick, who was barely eighteen, expressed his ardent admiration for President Lincoln and his policy. The general tried every argument to persuade his son to swear to the Confederacy, but to no avail; for he opposed a will as strong as his own. At last, overcome by disappointment and rage, he denounced his son as a traitor and turned him from his doors. Dick, thus thrown upon his own resources, hastened to join the Union forces. Shortly after, the general was engaged in active warfare at the front.

Those were lonely days for the twelve-year-old little Betty, who was left in the care of a maiden aunt. Too young to comprehend the political situation of the day, she was at a loss to understand the disagreement between her brother and father. Never would she believe Dick a traitor, though that fact was constantly forced upon her by her aunt, whenever she found courage to broach the subject to that stolid individual.

Four years had elapsed since the outbreak of the war. Betty had blossomed into young womanhood and, upon the death of her aunt a few months before, had assumed all the responsibilities as housekeeper. The Blairs, like many other southern families, were in the most reduced circumstances; but a few of their old servants had remained faithful and insisted on working without wages. Often during the war, General Blair was able to spend a short time with his daughter, when duty brought him near his old home.

A long interval had elapsed since her father's last visit, and it was with the greatest pleasure that she heard one evening of his expected arrival. He had been sent to trace a spy who was threatening the whole Confederacy with his clever work. Day after day the Confederacy's movements were noted and reported to the Union army. Yet so perfect was the spy's knowledge of the surrounding country that he watched all manoeuvres without fear of capture. Only here and there could they find traces of him, and now they received word that the night before he had been seen within twenty miles of General Blair's residence.

As Betty sat on the broad side veranda making and rolling bandages, her thoughts reverted to this mysterious spy who was so efficiently aiding the Union Army. Twilight deepened and the shadows creeping closer, warned Betty that duties awaited her within.

Suddenly, she was startled by a sound from the grove. Looking in that direction she saw a man, muffled in a long blue coat, emerge from the thicket. On reaching the open, he tried to stand upright, as if preparing to run but staggered and fell face downward on the ground.

One glimpse at the man caused Betty's

face to blanch with terror and her heart to stop beating. To add to her dismay, at that moment a cloud of dust appeared in the distance. Running quickly down the steps, she called a trusty servant, Uncle Lige, and whispering something in his ear, helped him to carry the man into his cabin. They had barely succeeded in accomplishing this, when General Blair rode up to the gate. After an affectionate greeting, he inquired if she had seen any stranger pass. To which Betty tremblingly replied, "No, father."

"O, well, I suppose you know that Union spy is thought to be somewhere around here, and in fact Sambo says he thought

he saw a man hiding in the woods yonder a few minutes ago. Perhaps it was only his vivid imagination. However, we will make sure that he is not lurking about on the premises."

Saying this, he started in the direction of Uncle Lige's cabin. Betty, regaining her courage and strength, sped after him, hoping to overtake her father, but she was too late. Reaching the door, she paused for a moment fearing to enter, then cautiously pushed it aside. Could she believe her eyes! There on the floor knelt the general, holding the fugitive tenderly in his arms and murmuring through broken sobs, "Dick, my son!"

The Phantom Fiddler

THE last flap-jack had just disappeared, the freshly replenished camp fire leaped high against the great rock, and we, a brightly illuminated half circle around it, watched silently and expectantly as the guide, settling himself against a great log, prepared to begin his nightly tale. Nothing broke the silence of the forest except the crackling of the fire, the roar of the torrent below the cliff and the sighing of the great firs on the opposite slope. And so the tale began—the tale of the Phantom Fiddler

"A dozen years ago, more or less, as you have perhaps heard, one of the musicians at the Tiptop House was lost in a storm, probably somewhere near the head-wall of the Great Gulf. Careful search was made, but no trace of him was found, until one summer, some four years later, a French-Canadian, Jacques Lebrun by name, was up here fishing on the West Branch. He had been a friend of the lost fiddler, and while he was in this region made a pretty careful search, for he believed the tragedy must have occurred not very far from here.

"Well, one hot night in late July, he

camped right across the stream here, only a little higher up. The night was very oppressive and the black flies as bad as—well, as bad as black flies; nothing else comes near them. So he rolled himself in his blanket, after seeing that his fire was all right, and tried to go to sleep. But the heavy air seemed to intensify the great silence, so that it got on his nerves and it was late before he finally fell asleep.

"About one o'clock he woke up suddenly, found his camp fire out, and heard the distant rumble of thunder—and something else, too, he fancied. What could it be? Not the torrent, surely. He listened intently. The sound became more distinct every minute—a weird, strange sort of melody, it seemed, that made his flesh creep—and he was suddenly very much awake. Nearer and nearer, nearer and nearer. He sat there as one petrified. The melody soared clear and shrill above the continual bass of the torrent and the occasional echo of thunder.

"Suddenly a great violet flash of lightning cut like a knife through the heavy darkness, and by its light, coming towards

him through the forest not five yards away, he saw a shadowy form. As white and substanceless as a streak of mist it seemed, but he shuddered with horror as he recognized the features of his lost friend, saw the little brown fiddle tucked under its chin, and the rapid motions of its right arm as it fiddled the weird, weird song.

"Another great flash. The spector had stopped, and, nodding wildly in time with the music, turned, speeding away through the forest. Jacques sprang to his feet. A wild impulse seized him, and he rushed after the white form. On they went through the night, Jacques with his eyes on the form of his ghostly leader, and seeing him clearly only when the strange violet light-

ning filled the forest. On they went, over rock and brook and fallen tree, till they reached the great boulders at the foot of the head-wall. Then, of a sudden, Jacques realized that the music had stopped, that the form was no longer before him. The weird lightning blazed again. Just at his feet, fitting tightly into a crevice of the rock, lay a little old fiddle. That is all—no other trace of the lost man has been found to this day."

The camp fire had all but flickered out, and as it rose and fell, it cast strange shadows beyond the circle of listeners into the dark forest beyond. Nothing broke the silence save the perpetual bass of the torrent and the whispering and sighing of the old firs.

—1911.

Technical High School Notes

On Wednesday morning, Nov. 3, the sophomore class assembled in the hall to elect their officers. The president, George Kyte, was the only one elected on account of a short period.

On Wednesday, Nov. 17, the whole school met in the hall. After the usual singing by all of the pupils and the prayer, two selections on the piano were given by Miss Featherstone.

The cooking classes, to be held in the Newton Technical High School will begin the week following the Thanksgiving vacation.

The pupils in the Art Department are learning to print with indelible ink so they can mark aprons and household linens.

The commercial class, II D 6, will have the honor of being the first class to take the first lesson in cooking in the Technical School.

Classes for hand-sewing and dressmaking will be held the first and second periods on Fridays, while the cooking classes will meet the fifth and sixth periods on the same days, Fridays.

On November 10, Mr. Bothfield addressed the school. He told of the two years spent in investigating the best technical schools of the country.

Alumni Notes

Charlie Paul, '08, played tackle in the Harvard-Yale game and was awarded his Y.

Lucy Robbins, '08, is secretary of her class at Smith.

Ed. Vose and Clarence Stuart wrote the coming Tech play.

John Whittelsey, '08, played centre this fall on the Tech 1912 team and did most of their punting.

Miss Farley of the French Department is an alumna of the school class 1903.



School Notes



SENIOR CLASS MEETING

In a final and successful effort, the third meeting of the senior class was held in the Assembly Hall at the close of school on Wednesday, Nov. 10, Miss Whitely conducting the meeting in the absence of the president. The following officers were elected: Chauncey Doud, president; Esther Wing, vice-president; Stephen Hopkins, treasurer, and Mildred Clark, secretary. The meeting was then adjourned by the vice-president.

GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB

A meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held in the Assembly Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 1.30 o'clock. The president, Miss Gilmore, opened the meeting and the roll call was read. Several names of new members were received into the club. The president announced the executive committee as follows: Helen Gustin, '10; Helen Ganse, '11; Dorothy MacClure, '12, and Helen Ames, '13, with vice-president as chairman. It was announced that at the next meeting there would be a general debate and that the decision would be determined by a vote of the Club. Then followed a debate on the question, Resolved that Cook reached the Pole. Edith Jamieson and Dorothea Shute argued for the affirmative and Helen Ganse and Dorothy Gore for the negative. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

BOYS' DEBATING CLUB

A meeting of the Boys' Debating Club was held Friday, Nov. 19, at 1.30, in Room 14. The president opened the meeting. The Committee on the Brookline and Everett debates reported. After much dis-

cussion it was finally determined that the question to be argued with Brookline should read as follows: Resolved that the United States should adopt a policy of gradual naval disarmament except of such departments of the navy as are used for police purposes. It was also determined that the trials should be held in the hall Dec. 3d, and that they should be public.

JUNIOR CLASS MEETING

At a meeting of the Junior Class the following officers were elected: President, Rider; vice-president, Kathryn Tewksbury; treasurer, West; secretary, Ruth Clark.

On Friday, Nov. 19, a meeting was held in Room 23, for the purpose of electing a captain and manager of the 1910 class football team. Clark was elected captain, and Smart, manager.

ADDRESS BY DR. MCCLURE

Wednesday morning, November 10, the school was given the pleasure of hearing an address by Dr. McClure of Newton. The subject was appetite. Dr. McClure said in part that appetite was an important thing in life. People who have no appetite get nothing out of study, and teachers should be able to kindle appetite. Dr. McClure spoke of the hookworm disease, predicting that an intellectual hookworm disease would soon be discovered. He also said that many people who know what is right are moral failures. His solution or explanation of this was that there is a depression afterwards. Dr. McClure enforced this solution by giving several examples.

EXCHANGES



Our list of exchanges has been enlarged this month. We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: Meteor, Rugby School, England; Red and White, Rochester, N. H.; The Harvard Crimson; Tattler, Nashua High School; Megaphone, Dean Academy; Review, Lowell High School; Red and Black, Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.; Argus, Gardner High School; Magnet, Leominster High School; Allen Tattler, Allen School; Student, English High School, Providence; Distaff, Girls' High School, Boston; Mirror, Waltham High School; Artisan, Mechanic Arts High School, Boston; Pinkerton Critic, Derry, N. H.; Minute Man, Concord School; Grotonian, Groton School; The Commerce Caravel; Review, Hamilton High School; Orange and Black, Spokane, Washington; Vexillum, Volkmann School; Old Penn, University of Pennsylvania.

The Orange and Black is by far the best exchange we have received this fall. It has an effective cover design as well as an interesting contents. It is to be congratulated upon its large number of subscribers. Few high-school papers ever attain so high a mark.

The Grotonian is another paper that has a good cover. This paper is in a

fortunate position, being able to exist without the aid of advertisements.

The Hamilton Review has a fine exchange column, and an amusing heading for this.

The Lowell Review is to be complimented upon its sixteen pages of "ads."

Artisan, you might improve in this line.

The Tattler might be enlarged and a better grade of paper used.

In the Argus we fail to find any long stories. Aside from this your paper is excellent.

The Red and Black has a neat cover design.

The Dean Megaphone still uses fine print.

Some minds are like the Fourth of July pin-wheels, they run rapidly enough, but go nowhere; their light is sufficiently bright, but it cannot be utilized; their heat serves only to consume themselves.

Justice—"What is your name, sir?"

Prisoner—"Casey, your honor."

Judge—"Your full name."

Prisoner—"Just the same, yer honor, full or sober."



IV C'lassica! English (discussing Mar-mion).

Miss W—"Did the Palmer have a knightly dress on?"

Irish—"No, he had the dress he wore in the day time on."

In 3d Class German. S. (trans.)—"Sa peau de mouton fut soulevée."

"His skin of mutton was raised."

Miss M—"Who was Marco Polo, Beatty?"

Beatty—"I don't know who he was, but he was a man who travelled all over Asia."

Miss C—"Who was Jason?"

Freshman—"He was the leader of the Argonautic Exposition."

At last a trace of the first "World's Fair"!

How dear to our heart is cash on subscrip-tion,

When some gentle reader presents it to view,

The man that won't pay, we refrain from description,

Perhaps, gentle reader, that man may be you.

(Senior French).—"Je ne sais quel jour de souperail éclairait habituellement son âme."—I don't know what kind of ventilation his soul had.

Fresh.—"Pa, what is the Board of Education?"

Pa—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."—*Ex.*

Quotation from English Composition—"Longfellow had many fast friends; among them were Alice and Phœbe Cary."

Hillibus icibus

No rubberorum

Futibus slippibus

Cocoanut sorum.

Teacher—"How did Thomas A. Becket meet his death?"

Pupil—"He was excommunicated by a bull."

Miss C—"What Chinese religion was founded by Confucius?"

Smart Freshman—"Confusion."

Miss G., Sen. French—"Il songe aux aventures ténébreuses, etc." He dreams of shady adventures." "Comment, comment, mademoiselle?"

Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,

Pore ower the devil's pictur'd beuks.

Mr. T—"Explain 'devil's pictur'd beuks,' Styles."

Styles—"It means fashion books."

My bonnet spreads over the ocean,

My bonnet spreads over the sea,

For a bonnet that spreads o'er the side-walk

Isn't half enough for me.—*Ex.*

"Il commença par se juger lui-même."

He commenced to juggle himself!

Miss C—"What happened in 1776?"

Freshman — "Columbus discovered America."

After the game is over,
After the field is clear,
Straighten my nose and shoulder,
And help me find my ear.—*Ex.*

Three popular songs:—
Washburn (overheard from rumble of a
Cadillac)—“Cuddle up a Little Closer.”

Hopkins—“Girls, Girls, Girls, Forever
and Ever it's Girls.”

Miss Whitley's latest—“When I go
Afloating on a Marcel Wave.”

Teacher—“Johnnie, what figure of speech
is this: ‘I love my teacher’?”

Johnnie—“Sarcasm.”—*Ex.*

We had a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
We dreamed that each subscriber
Came up and paid his bill.

Teacher, getting the Freshman settled,
to small Freshie—“What is your name?”

Freshie—“John.”

Teacher—“Anything else go with it?”

Freshie—“Yes, Room 9.”

At the notorious Waltham game there
was a grandstand, but not enough of one
to prevent a grand stand (ing).

Teacher—“What was the knight's oath?”

Freshman—“That he must love a
woman.”

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed:
“—?—! !—?—! !—z!”

She—“Do you like tea?”

He—“Well, er-I like the next letter
better.”

Senior French. Proctor—“Pour ré-
sumer, en terminant.”

“To continue in stopping.” “Oh, Mon-
sieur Proctor! tiens! tiens! tiens! tiens!”

Miss P—“What do they use Horticul-
tural Hall for?”

Bright Freshman—“To exhibit cats in.”

Mr. A—“What other fruits are raised in
this section?”

W—, 13—“Why—wine!”

There was a young senior named “Ray”
Who had always a great deal to say,

But as for its sense
Tweren't worth thirty cents,
I'll wager that much any day.

Teacher—“What do we call a man who
pretends to know everything?”

Freshman—“A professor.”

(Heard in English class)—“How long
was the Knight's Tale (tail)?”

When you see a bumble bee
Bumming o'er the lea,
The thing that you had better do
Is let that bumble be.

School Teacher—“Who can make a sen-
tence using the word ‘indisposition’?”

Tough Pupil—(assuming a pugilistic atti-
tude)—“When you'se wants ter fight, you's
stands in dis position!”—*Ex.*

Flo was fond of Ebenezer,
Eb, for short, she called her beau;
Talk of ‘tides of love,’ Great Cæsar!
You should see 'em, Eb and Flo.

—*Ex.*

The rain it falls upon the just,
And, too upon the unjust fellows;
But more upon the just, because
The unjust have the just's umbrellas.

—*Ex.*

I Latin—“Et fidum capiti subduxerat
ensem.”

Miss G—“And she cut off my head
with my trusty sword!”

Ques.—“What is steam?”

Ans.—“Water crazy with the heat.”

Rock-a-bye, Seniors, on the tree-top,
As long as you study your marks won't
drop;

But if you stop digging your mark will sure
fall,

And down will come Seniors, diploma and
all.



Newton, 0; Tech, 11.

On October 27 Newton High School bravely faced the Technology Sophomores. Our opponents outweighed us by many pounds, yet the victory was not so easily gained but what the interest was keen through the whole contest.

The collegians' first touchdown came on a "fluke" punt that was luckily recovered by their left end. This was their only tally in the first half.

In the second half the superior weight of the Tech team was responsible for their second score. Rider and Osborne gave fine exhibitions of real football, while Clancy "wafted" three long punts over the Tech goal line. Allen was Newton's "bright and shining star" and the two long runs he "reeled off" made Coach Tufts of Waltham "sit up and take notice."

Newton put in many substitutes toward the end of the game and although we had the ball on our opponents' two-yard line we were unable to score.

Tech, 1912.	Newton H. S.
Robinson, l. e.	r. e. Forté.
Kimball, Crosby, l. t.	r. t. Weaver, C. Hickox.
Shuttleworth, l. g.	r. g. Taylor.
Whittlesey, c.	c. Hopkins.
Robertson, r. g.	l. g. Fiske, Noonan.
Swanson, r. t.	l. t. Flanagan, Marshall.
Woodward, r. e.	l. e. Clancy, Beatty.
Roberts, Eicher, q. b.	q. b. Barber, Blue.
Raymond, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Osborne, Wilson.
Barnes, Bushy, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Rider, O. Hickox.
Beale, f. b.	f. b. Allen, Cady.

Score, Tech 1912, 11; Newton H. S. 0. Touchdowns, Robinson, Barnes. Goal from touchdown, Eicher. Umpire, J. D. O'Reilly. Referee, A. J. Woodlock. Linesmen, Wood and Vinal. Time, two 15 minute halves.

Waltham, 41; Newton, 0.

For the second time this season the Newton team was badly beaten. This time Waltham High administered the defeat, the score being 41 to 0.

Newton was outplayed from start to finish and the Waltham goal was never in danger. The victors tried many long runs, forward passes and delayed passes, most of which were successful. The close of the contest was almost a burlesque, the Waltham team being almost entirely substituted.

For Newton, Marshall, Blue, Allen and Hopkins played the best game. We will refrain from saying more concerning this game.

Waltham High.	Newton High.
Stankard, l. e.	r. e. Gallagher, Forté.
Cobb, l. t.	r. t. Weaver, Kelly.
Metz, Bowler, l. g.	r. g. Taylor.
Thomas, c.	c. Hopkins.
S. Smith, r. g.	l. g. Noonan.
Albro (Miller, Dent, McAllister,	
Burker Mulcahey), r. t.	l. t. Marshall
Evans (Filton, Ryan,	
Rayner, Swain), r. e.	l. e. Clancy (Blue)
T. Smith, q. b.	q. b., Barber
Barry, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Osborne, (Wilson)
Leary, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Ryder, Beatty
Sanderson (Ross), f. b.	f. b. Allen

Score—Waltham High, 41, Newton High 0
Touchdowns—Leary 2, Stankard 3, Barry 2.

Goals from touchdowns—Sanderson 5, Ross. Umpire—Bentley of Leominster. Referee—Schwafeld of Brown. Linesmen—Handrahan, Wood and Vinal. Timer—Handrahan. Time 25-minute halves.

Newton, 6; Brookline, 0.

The first championship game of the season was played on November 11th on Claflin Field before a large assembly of football enthusiasts.

The two teams were very evenly matched and each had a well coached team with plenty of plays to keep the spectators on the *qui vive*. The ball seesawed back and forth across the field; the line plunging of the Brookline backs being a trifle better than that of our own.

The decisive play came early in the first half when Capt. O'Hearn fumbled a short pass and instead of falling on the ball attempted to pick it up. The crisis was at hand, opportunity was waiting, fame was sure to come to the one who seized the chance. Hopkins, who is always on the lookout for sensational plays, tore through his opponent's line and recovering the elusive pigskin made a fifty-yard run for a touchdown "Puck" Barber kicked the ball squarely between the posts and Newton was credited with six points. For the remainder of the first half the ball stayed mostly in Newton territory.

The second half went smoothly for about five minutes, then things began to look rather dubious for Newton. Brookline carried the ball, by steady gains to Newton's goal line, but Newton met the emergency and held them for downs. Clancy punted out of immediate danger, yet again the Brooklinites took up a steady march toward our goal. Newton made a desperate fight on her very goal line and thus saved the game and practically won the 1909 pennant.

By a series of well-executed rushes, forward passes, and onside kicks, in which Clancy, Forté, Marshall, Allen and Barber

figured conspicuously, the ball was carried to Brookline's 5-yard line. Newton was, however, unable to penetrate the Brookline ranks for a second score and the game ended with Brookline 0 and Newton 6.

Much improvement was seen in this game compared with the Waltham game.

Newton High.	Brookline High.
Clancy, l. e.	r. e. J. O'Hearn
Marshall, l. t.	r. t. Rowan
Noonan, l. g.	r. g. Kimball
Hopkins, c.	c. Dexter
Taylor, r. g.	l. g. Henderson
Weaver, r. t.	l. t. Nowell
Gallagher, Forté, r. e.	l. e. Capper
Barber, q. b.	q. b. Harvey Mason
Osborne, l. h. b.	r. h. b. F. O'Hearn, Harry Mason, McGrath
Rider, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Emerson
Allen, f. b.	f. b. Head, F. O'Hearn

Score, Newton 6. Brookline 0. Touchdown Hopkins. Goal from touchdown, Barber. Field judge, Al McCormack. Umpire, F. J. Hoey. Referee, J. J. Hallahan. Linesmen, Wood and Kimball. Time, 20-minute halves.

Newton, 6; Cambridge, 0.

Newton's title to the Preparatory League Championship for 1909 was conclusively proven on November 18th, when Cambridge Latin received defeat at the hands of the Orange and Black team.

Over confidence nearly upset Newton's plan for victory, as Cambridge Latin played "all around" the home team in the first half.

McDevitt, besides being an able athlete, is evidently quite a persuasive orator as well, for an entirely different spirited squad of men trotted into the "lists" as the whistle blew to renew the battle.

Newton's line held like iron, and Newton's backs pounded the Latinites' line fast and successfully. The transformation in Newton's aggressiveness fairly stunned the Cambridge boys and before they had time to recover from the shock Allen and the ball were lying behind their goal posts. Barber kicked the goal.

The remainder of the game we had the advantage in matter of ground gaining. Marshall and Forté were stars in the line,

while Allen was unexcelled in the back-field.

Newton H. S.	Cambridge Latin.
Flanagan, l. e.	r. e. Doe
Marshall, l. t.	r. t. Coleman
Noonan, l. g.	r. g. McVicar
Hopkins, c.	c. Grunberg
Taylor, Fiske, r. g.	l. g. Harriman
Weaver, Kelley, r. t.	l. t. Stevens
Forté, r. e.	l. e. Davis
Barber, q. b.	q. b. Boynton
Rider, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Petterson
Osborne, Beatty, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Grant
Allen, f. b.	f. b. Bool

Score, Newton 6, Cambridge 0. Touchdown Allen. Goal from touchdown, Barber. Field judge, A. J. Woodlock. Umpire, F. J. Hoey. Referee, J. J. Hallahan. Linesmen, Wood and Vinal. Time, 20-minute halves.

Brookline, 0; Newton, 0.

Owing to the unfavorable weather conditions, the historic Thanksgiving game between Brookline and Newton was postponed until Saturday, the 27th of November.

The previous exhibitions of both teams predicted an extremely close and exciting contest; nor were the predictions in error. From the moment O'Hearn's toe touched the ball on the kickoff till the final whistle blew every inch of ground was hotly contested. Brookline gained more than Newton by line plunging, yet the forward pass "stunts" exhibited by Forté and Flanagan were surely of sterling quality.

Brookline never allowed Newton to penetrate her territory farther than the 20-yard line, while the boys in blue and white carried the pigskin to Newton's 5-yard line, where, but for the brilliant work of Rider they might have scored against us. Marshall starred for Newton.

This game closed a very successful season, in which Newton has again won the primary honors. Newton High School can well be proud of Capt. Gallagher and the other men who battled for her honor.

Newton High	Brookline High.
Flanagan, l. e.	r. e. J. O'Hearn
Marshall, l. t.	r. t. Rowan
Noonan, l. g.	r. g. Kimball
Hopkins, c.	c. Dexter
Taylor, Fiske, r. g.	l. g. Henderson
Weaver, r. t.	l. t. Nowell
Forté, r. e.	l. e. Capper
Barber, q. b.	q. b. Mason
Rider, l. h. b.	r. h. b. F. O'Hearn
Osborne, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Emerson
Allen, f. b.	f. b. McGrath

Score, Newton 0, Brookline 0. Field judge, A. J. Woodlock, Umpire, F. J. Hoey, Referee, J. J. Hallahan. Linesmen, Wood and Vinal. Time, 20-minute halves.

Freshmen, 0; Sophomores, 0.

On November 19th, the Freshmen and Sophomores played their annual football game on Claflin Field. Neither side was able to score; but throughout the entire game the Sophomores had a decided advantage.

Sophomores, 17; Freshmen, 0.

On November 29, the tie game between the Freshmen and Sophomores was played at Claflin Field. The Sophomores proved themselves to be the better team. They scored once in the first half, and twice in the second. The Freshmen at no time threatened the 1912 goal line.

Seniors, 12; Juniors, 0.

On Thursday, December 2, the Juniors met the Seniors at Claflin Field for the annual football game. From the kickoff to the end of the game the Seniors demonstrated their superiority in every department of the game. In the first half 1910 scored a safety and three points as a result of a pretty drop kick by Woods. Later another safety was scored after a blocked kick.

In the second half the Seniors advanced the ball the entire length of the field in seven successive first downs for a touchdown. Woods failed to kick the goal from a diffi-

cult angle. Again, after receiving the kick, 1910 battered the 1911 line until the ball rested on the 2-yard line, when time was called. 1911 gained but one first down in the entire game.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

The girls' hockey season came to a close about December 1st after a fairly successful season of two months. Two school teams and three class teams were chosen as follows:—

First School Team	Second School Team.
c. c. Ruth Anderson	Dorothy Fairbrother
r. i. f. Nellie O'Neil	Winifred Adams
l. i. f. Kathryn Tewksbury	Mildred Bouvé
r. w. Marjorie Holmes	Emily Proctor
l. w. Beatrice Allen	Helen James
c. h. b. Ruth Clark	May Neagle
r. h. b. Helen Rice	Mabel Pratt
l. h. b. Virginia Hoffman	Phyllis Caldwell
r. f. b. Elizabeth Leavens	Ruth Colloghan
l. f. b. Winifred Smith	Agnes McLaughlin
goal, Clyde Carpenter	Marjorie Taylor.

Junior Team, 1911.	Sophomore Team, 1911
c. c. Barbara Keith.	c. c. Harriet Thayer.
l. i. f. Mildred Bouvé.	r. i. f. Helen Mitchell
r. i. f. Fanny Bacon.	l. i. f. Kathrine Wakefield.
r. w. Lena Hovenden.	l. w. Winifred Adams.
l. w. Dorothy Willis.	r. w. Emily Clapp.
c. h. b. May Neagle.	r. h. b. Mabel Pratt
l. h. b. Ruth Hammond.	l. h. b. Louise Newhall
r. h. b. Marjorie Holmes.	c. h. b. Ernestine Hunt.
r. f. b. Anna Webster	r. f. b. Margaret King.
l. f. b. Marguerite James	l. f. b. Edith Thomas
Goal Lucy Hawkins.	Goal Helen Cunningham

Freshman Team, 1913.	
c. c. Dorothy Seccomb.	
r. i. f. Hylda Haynie	
l. i. f. Phyllis Ungerwood.	
l. w. Helen James.	
r. w. Emily Proctor (reg.)	Vera McKeen (sub.)
l. h. b. Phyllis Caldwell.	
r. h. b. Margaret Dewey.	
c. h. b. Marion Bouvé	
r. f. b. Mary Bacon.	
l. f. b. Marion Taylor	
goal, Marjorie Taylor.	

In the first game with Radcliffe the first score was 2 to 1 in favor of the College.

The Sophomores defeated the Freshmen by a score of 1 to 0.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Basketball began the Saturday after Thanksgiving and the Freshmen present numbered over sixty, but only nine were

acquainted with the game. However, such a large number must contain an abundance of good material.

The general call for all the classes was given the following Wednesday and a very large number responded. Great enthusiasm was shown, but practice had to be shortened because it grew dark so early.

"Only what thou *art* in thyself determines thy value, not what thou *hast*."

"The happiness of work is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.

—Wallace.

"To look backward without regret, to look forward without fear—this is happiness."

Old Maid (purchasing music):—"Have you 'Kissed me by Moonlight?'"

Clerk—"Why-er-no! I guess it was the other clerk."—*Ex.*

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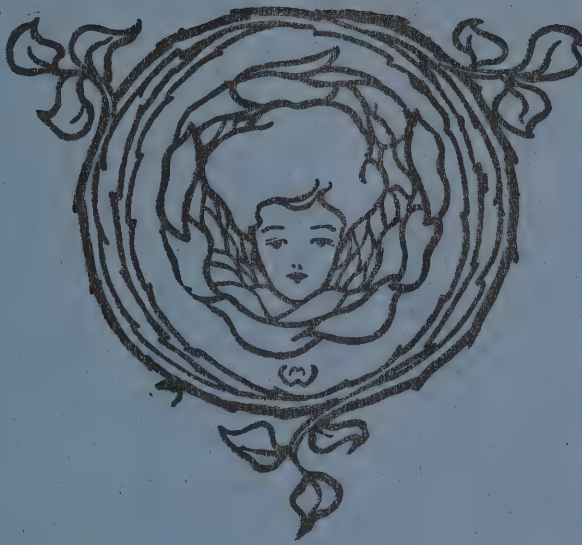
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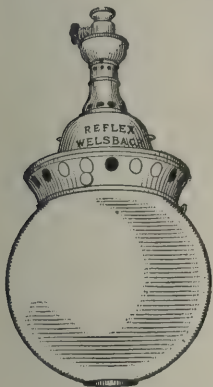
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Newton High School Review

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NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY, 1910

No. 4

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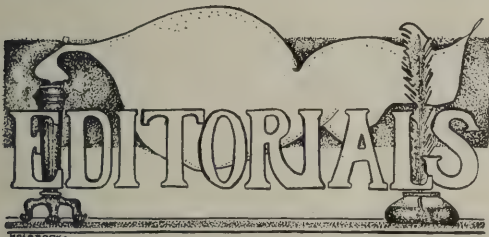
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THE beginning of the New Year has always been deemed a fitting time for the formation of new resolutions and new ambitions.

At the beginning of our school year, the Review formed resolutions and had ambitions. We can only say that we have tried to live up to them, and it is for you, the subscribers and readers, to judge how worthy these resolutions have been. We have ambitions for the future and now, at the opening of another year, we also are forming new resolutions. At the beginning of the school year we resolved to have a

larger school paper. With this in view we made a contract with the printer calling for a twenty-eight page issue each month. In former years the contract called for twenty-four pages. Perhaps you have not noticed that the Review contains four more pages than in former years, except when former editors had special numbers. To do this has, of course, been an added expense. Thus our first resolution has called for a larger subscription list. We hope to continue this twenty-eight page issue for the rest of the year and, according to present indications, the Graduation number will be larger still. To carry out our ambitions we *must* have a larger subscription list. This is not an unreasonable request or expectation. Among our exchanges we find schools of our size and some smaller, with almost double our number of subscribers. Surely we have as much school spirit. Then let us show it. We should have two hundred more subscribers from this school, and even then the subscribers would not be paying for printing alone. Subscription to the Review for the rest of the year beginning with the February number, and including the Graduation number, will be fifty cents. Make a New Year's resolution and subscribe to the Review.

At the last meeting of the Advisory Committee of the Athletic Association action was taken relating to the various managerships which should interest every person in the school. This is one of the most radical changes which has taken place in the school athletics in years. This action can be found in the second report of the Secretary of this committee printed under Athletic Notes.

Blessed Are The Merciful

By DOROTHEA A. SHUTE, 1910



AS Herman Ernst came near to the huge stone steps of Trinity church, he felt in his pocket for the vestry key. Then he remembered that O'Sullivan, the janitor, had told him to leave it with him, and that the side door would be open, and thus save Ernst the necessity of going the length of the church proper to the organ. Accordingly he walked around to the front of the edifice, and was just about to open the heavy oak door, when he stopped, arrested by the utter wretchedness of a face turned towards him. A man was sitting on the low stone step; a man with a pale, thin face, shabby clothes, and still an air of having once seen better times.

"Excuse me," he said in a voice surprisingly void of all feeling of any kind, "I was dead tired, so rested here a moment."

Ernst never could tell what impulse made him say kindly, "Well, come in with me. It's warmer in there, and I'll be practising an hour or two, so you can rest awhile."

Once at the organ, he practically forgot the haggard, bent figure seated, by the irony of fate, in the Van Smythe's pew, second from the front. Somehow the organ did not respond to the organist's touch as it usually did, and Ernst stopped after an hour of what seemed to him a mere mechanical pressing of keys and pedals.

"And that's just it," he thought moodily, pulling on his gloves, and starting to descend the platform stairs, "here it is, Saturday morning. Every other man is out in business, earning money for some one else, interested in some one else, and I sit here twiddling organ keys, doing absolutely nothing. Now, my music is falling flat, and I know it, and I can't

help it. I'll stop! I'll resign! The fates know what I'll do then. I don't. At least, I can stop torturing the ears of fashionable Chicago!"

Just then, a sob fell on his ears. Looking about, startled, he saw the man whom he had admitted to the church, leaning forward, his head on his hands, sobbing convulsively.

Ernst hesitated a moment, then stepped up to him, and laid a gloved hand on the man's shoulder.

"See here," he said, "I can see easily enough that you are done up. I don't care who you are, or what's the matter with you. You're coming up to my apartments, and after you've rested and cleaned up, you're going to have something to eat. No, I don't want you to tell me anything. I don't think you're a 'fake,' and really, I wouldn't care if you were."

In spite of the man's half-coherent protests, Ernst carried out his purpose, and two hours later, a very different looking man was seated in the cozy den of the organist. He had been cleaned, clothed and fed, and presented an almost distinguished appearance; so much so, in fact, that Ernst was not so startled as he might have been when the stranger said, "See here, sir, you said you didn't care who I was, but I'm going to tell you. Five years ago, I was the eminent scientist, Belkner, I staked my reputation, and my money, all that I possessed, on the chemical electricity project, and you know yourself what a crash came in that affair. I was left absolutely penniless, and despised by my fellow scientists. The hardest thing of all, however, was that my friends influenced my wife, with our little two-year old boy, to leave me. Then, I think, I went nearly crazy. I dropped out of

sight, and sank lower and lower." The man hesitated a moment. "Well," he said, "I might as well tell you that this morning I decided to kill myself, but — chancing to rest on Trinity steps, well — you know the rest. It was your kindness that first touched me, and then —," the scientist stopped, overcome with emotion, "and then — you played Bach's fugue. My wife used to play that, and," he could go no further. For the second time that day, sobs shook the poor, weak body.

That night, Hermann Ernst lay thinking — of his hour of futile practise, of his finding Belkner, and lastly of a call he had made upon a lady, dressed in black, who had fainted when he told her that her husband, believed dead, was alive. "Oh, how can I repay you?" she had said later; "Oh, Mr. Ernst, take me to him, at once. You can't know the remorse, the despair, that I have suffered."

Suddenly, the face of the lady changed to that of a beautiful young girl. She smiled, and seemed to say, "Hermann, it is twenty years since you have seen me, but I love you here, as I loved you there; the more so on account of your deed today. Oh! Hermann, blessed, thrice blessed, are the merciful!" Ernst turned in his sleep, murmuring, "Hildegard, Hildegard," then sighed and lay still.

* * * * *

The bright Sunday following was one

long remembered by Ernst, and others as well. In the great church the light streamed softly through the stained glass windows. The rector had come to the end of the reading and all turned expectantly towards the great organ, towering up in the soft darkness of the huge alcove. Softly, a sweet thin air was heard, an air which seemed to come from heaven itself. It stilled the atmosphere, and the hush was almost deathlike. A crash of chords, and the same theme grew louder, until it swelled into a melody, so grand, so noble, that the congregation as one person caught its breath with wonder. A pushing in of stops, a softening, a dying away of the sound, and, with a note like a sob, the "Fugue" was ended.

A hush fell over the church. Even the rector seemed reluctant to break it. It was an ovation to the genius of a great organist.

As for Ernst, he did not notice the silence; the hush, with its tribute did not bring its full meaning to him, for it seemed to the organist that out of the dusk in which he sat, an angel's face, a face long, so long, familiar to him, appeared, and the sweet lips murmured "Hermann, it is twenty years since you have seen me, but I love you here, as I loved you there; the more so on account of your deed. Oh! Hermann! Blessed, thrice blessed, are the merciful!"

Little Cousin Bobby

By HELEN LOUISE GUSTIN, 1910

"OOD-MORNING, Papa! Why didn't you call me in time to eat breakfast with you?" The doctor who was getting into his linen-duster, looked up at the slim, bright-haired girl of eighteen, who ran lightly

down the stairs with her morning greeting. "You know I'm keeping house this week, and mamma always comes down with you," she said reproachfully.

"Well, dear, I had a hurry call, and there was no need of waking you. But,

daughter, I did want to speak to you. I got a letter from your Uncle Dan, — yesterday, I think it was — and he said he was going to send his youngster Bob out to spend a few days with us. You remember your Uncle Dan, whom I visited several years ago? He has come East on business, and thought he'd send the boy out to see us and our fine country."

"Yes, I remember. But when is Bobby coming?"

"Why-er-let me see — this afternoon, at four o'clock," he answered, consulting the letter. "I am sorry that your mother is not at home; can you manage the little rascal alone?"

"Oh, surely, It will be a lark. I have always wanted a brother, you know. The only thing is, that I wish you had told me sooner. What—?" But the busy country doctor had gone.

"A young scapegrace! For several days, and mother away!" murmured the astonished girl. "Never mind, Bobby, I'll do my best for you. And, first of all," she added grimly, "the news must be broken to Alvira."

This required delicate manoeuvring; and it was not until she was up to her elbows in the soapy water, washing her belated breakfast dishes, that she dared to tell "the household treasure" of their prospective visitor. For a few moments the woman stood with arms akimbo, looking at her in the utmost amazement; and then, perhaps because she liked the picture before her as well as did the morning sunshine which poured in through the open windows, she merely said:

"Waal, Ruth, ye'll have to look after him_yerself, but — I guess I'll be making some fresh doughnuts today." And Ruth knew that she had conquered.

"Now to get ready for him," she thought, as she hurried about her morning work. "I would not dare to put him in the guest-room, for he'd work havoc with the place;

and besides, he'd be so lonesome in a big room like that. No, it must be the nursery."

Several years had passed since this little back room had served its original purpose, several years since the merriest little fairy that ever was called a tom-boy had spent long rainy days here amongst her treasures. At present it contained only a big old-fashioned bed and some spare furnishings, and often it accommodated four girls, when the house was overrunning with company. Still, however, the childhood memories greeted her now as she entered the place. She threw open the window and breathed in the fresh, cool air. The long village street was a shaded archway beneath its double row of elms, oaks and maples; but on either side the fields with their heaps of new-mown hay were basking in the warm sunshine. She buried her nose in the fragrant cups of the honeysuckle vine, which climbed up over the back piazza; while opposite her the side of the barn was covered with delicate morning-glory. As her eyes feasted upon the familiar prospect, and her heart filled with the joyous sounds of a sweet summer morning, she caught sight of ten-year-old Billy Babcock trudging along the road with his little sister Dolly. This recalled Bobby to her mind, and startled her from her reverie.

"Billy," O, Billy Babcock!" she called, but all in vain. Then suddenly she climbed easily out onto the limb of a cherry tree, which grew close to the house, and slid down to the ground.

"I hope nobody saw me: but I just could not help it, it was so natural," she said to herself, as she sped over the lawn. Then she called Billy.

At first she had merely intended to ask the boy to come and play with her cousin, while he was visiting her, but Dolly's presence helped along the youngster's cause. Soon they were planning a big lawn-party; and as Ruth was ready for

anything now, she empowered the children to invite to it all the younger generation of the village. Finally, she took them both up-stairs with her, to talk over the affair, and to help her fix his room.

"In the first place," she began, "that bed on which you two are sitting, having been known to hold six huge persons like myself," Billy giggled, for "Miss Ruth" could boast hardly three more inches than himself, "is entirely too large. The boy would be utterly lost in it. And so," she continued, when the monster had been banished, and a little old bed of hers substituted, "I imagine this will be better. You do fit rather tight, Billy, but I don't imagine he is as tall as you are. However, we have lots of space to fill up now, so let's set to work."

They began by cutting out all the bright, gay-colored pictures they could find to cover the walls, and Ruth brought a brilliant jockey picture from her own room to hang over his bed. Then things began to move quickly. A small bookcase was set up, and the children were allowed to select volumes from all that the house held to fill up its shelves. Some quarrels arose over this point, for tastes differed; but finally all was settled peacefully by Ruth's finding room for the whole strange assortment, which ranged from Miss Alcott's "Flower Fables" to Cooper's "Deerslayer." Then they placed a small rocker before the window, puzzles and games appeared from the depths of the closet, and a complete toy theatre was set up on the table. Next Ruth produced some dumb bells and Indian clubs from some safe hiding place; and these Billy scorned, for small Dolly could handle them with comparative ease. The crowning delight to the Babcocks was Ruth's own beautiful little bow and arrow, which hung over the bureau with the gaily-painted sign above it, "For Small Boys to Look at, but not to Touch." At last all was in readiness

for Bobby, his future playmates had gone to have a swing and trapeze put up in the orchard, and his tired cousin curled up in the hammock to read her new library book.

Not long after lunch that afternoon, Ruth was driving leisurely down a woody road with some fresh strawberries for Auntie Winslow, a dear old lady, whom the girl loved to visit. Secure in the knowledge that her cousin would not arrive until four o'clock, she was walking her pony slowly, enjoying the cool shade after the heat of the high road. But "the best laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft agley," and Bobby suddenly decided to take an earlier train. When he reached his uncle's house, he was met by a small girl, whom he at first supposed to be Ruth. The information that she was Mary Ellen did not enlighten him much; but the remark that "Ruth was comin' soon, and he was to stay there until she came," was more pertinent. As "there" happened to be the nursery, he looked about him curiously, grinned broadly, dumped his suitcase and a large bundle in the middle of the floor, and proceeded to examine his surroundings more carefully.

Meanwhile, Mary Ellen had returned to the kitchen, and there Ruth found her when she stopped in on her way to the station. She was not surprised; for Alvira often summoned her niece from the little brown cottage at the foot of the field, when she wished to visit some friends in the afternoon. Mary Ellen was capable; but of a laconic disposition. Therefore, her remark that "Bob was here," sent Ruth to find her young charge without further question.

"Poor child, he's probably hungry!" thought she as she went through the pantry. True to her promise, Alvira had filled the crock with crisp, sugary doughnuts, and Ruth slipped her fingers through several of them.

"He'd feel strange if I took them up to

him on a plate," she thought, as she ran through the hall. Then she suddenly stopped. Through the open door of the little back room, she caught a glimpse of a huge Gladstone bag, the perfume of a cigar greeted her, and she heard a deep voice humming a tune. She rushed to the door, and there standing beside the bed, and looking down at it with a most comical expression, on his tanned face, was a very tall, very broad-shouldered young Westerner.

"Pray who are you, sir?" she demanded, with all the sternness she could command, and trembling all over with surprise and fear.

At the sound of her voice, he turned, at the same time lifting from somewhere a large and stylishly dressed doll.

"I am Robert North," he said mechan-

ically, looking at her as if he thought she had suddenly appeared from the planet Mars. For a few moments they stood staring at each other, and then, almost simultaneously, light dawned on their faces, and the words burst out:

"The doctor's little Ruth!"

"Your Uncle Dan's boy Bobby!"

She held out a tiny hand, which he shook heartily; but still she seemed very much embarrassed. As she stood there, all ready to flee, and striving to [conceal her doughnuts, a deep voice, coming from the heights above her, where his head was, said:

"I say, cousin, you arn't going to deprive a fellow of those doughnuts, just because he's a few feet taller than you expected, are you? I'm still Dad's "youngster," you know."

Announcement

The "Freshies" (as *they* call us),
 Now stand here bold and strong.
 For all who want to know it,
 Just pass the word along!
 We're ready, all in armor,
 For any sort of fray;
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 To give the Blue the day.

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 Where our grand old class has been,
 We'll hear the echoes ringing
 The praise of our loved '13!
 They'll tingle in their sweetness,
 As, blown from far and near,
 They'll be in our remembrance,
 A thought that's ever dear.
 B. D. A., '13.

The Proving of "Mattherarnold"

BY DOROTHY MONRO, 1910



ONE sultry day [in June, a rickety cart drawn by a small gray donkey, came slowly along the dusty road from a distant village. The driver, a white-haired old negro, nodding over the reins, roused now and then, long enough to slap feebly at annoying flies, and mutter, "G'lang thar," then lapsed into drowsiness.

A ringing laugh startled the old man into wakefulness, and glancing up, he found himself in his own yard, confronted by a laughing boy.

"Say, Pete," he called, "can I get a drink here?"

"Sartin', sah, sartin', gourd's hangin' side de well,—fin' de watah jes' right dis kin 'er day."

He clambered stiffly down from the cart, unhitched the patient donkey and turned him loose. When he turned toward the house, he found the lad lying in the shade of a scrub oak, near the door.

"Great well you have, Pete," he announced comfortably, "never saw such clear water, must [be gold around near; it sparkles so."

The old negro's face beamed with pleasure at this praise, but at the mention of gold, his grin died away, and a queer little wrinkle furrowed his brow.

"Sh, Mas'r Jack!" he whispered, peering cautiously around, "doan' yo' say dat 'ar word. Hit's *cunjer*!"

"You don't say!" The boy's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Yassir," repeated Pete proudly, "hit am a *cunjer*! Dere's gol' roun' heah, suh! Gol'! Ah tells yo', but Ah ain' foun' hit yit. Nope, all 'count of dat good fur nuffin' Mattherarnold!"

"Who?"

"Dat 'ar mule."

"Great Scotland, Pete! How could you burden a poor innocent donkey with a name like that?"

"Ah was 'vised, Mas'r Jack! Yo' doan' recolec' dat 'ar perfessin' man wat come heah once 'bout fo' yeahs ago. Ah was bringen de mule home, an' he said, 'Say, Unc', hab you got him a name?' 'No, sah,' ah ses, 'ah ain'.' 'Yas, sah!' say de perfessin' man, 'yo' mus' hab de name w'at'll bring yo' good luck.' Mah lan', suh! de words wat he roll offen his tongue! Ah din' no how onerstan', an fin'lly he says, 'Come, Unc' Pete, sposin' we win' up dis yer christenin' party. Yo' won' hab "Milton" case yo' mas'r fo' de war was Mr. Milton Jones, an' yo' won' hab "Shake-speah," case yo' cain' pernounce hit, an' yo' won' hab "King Ed'ard," case dis yer am a free kentry, an' yo' won' hab Pres'dent Roosumfel' case yo' doan wan' de folks a-laffin' an' sayin' dat Pres'dent Roosumfel' am er mule."

"So now," he say. 'Ah's jes' gwine gib dat mule de name ob Mattherarnold, case he was allus habin' good luck, an' he ain' forgot yit."

"Den he say somepin' bout he ain' scared by de stillness roun' him, an' spite all de citement goin' on he ain' 'sturbed, no sah!"

"Dar!" ah says, 'ef dat ain' jes' lak dat 'ar mule!"

"He laf pow'ful an' den he says, 'Petè, yo' hab done hit sho! Cain't no one tell 'bout de futur! Maybe dey's wiseness unner dose no'count yeahs o' hisn a'ter all. Some day, Pete, he's gwiner mak' yo' fortune. Er mule wid dat ar name jes' cain' 'scap hit."

"Well, suh! Ah wen ter de barn dat night, an' ah says, 'Ho! yo' mule, you'se Mattherarnold now, yo' is, Now yo's goin' bring luck sho!' Golly! ef dat ole

ting ain' stomp hisn foot, an' *slish* wid hisn tail, lak dat! an' — fer a fac', Mas'r Jack, I see dat he was er *mule*!

"Now, bout dat time dar come er man, an' ah done gib him fo' dollars fo' sayin' chahms ober de place, an' ober de gyarden, case he 'specs dey was gol' roun' dis yer place. Sho' nuff! de lil stick wat he was holdin', hop right outen his han's and he says, 'Dar! suh! is er spring er water, an' deys boun' ter be gol' w'ere deys er spring wat acts pow'ful lak dis yer.'

"Ah hitch up ol' Matt, an' Ah drag all de stones an' dirt, an' Ah dig de well, but Ah ain' seen no gol' yet!"

"But, Uncle Pete, you don't think Matthew Arnold has anything to do with it, do you?" protested Jack.

"Yas, suh, Ah does. Ef dat ar Mattherarnold was a-goin' er fin' hit, he mought of, long time 'go. De perfessin' man tole lots mo' po'try, ef yo' jes' maks up yo',min' yo' ain' gwine be no one but yo' se'f, an' if yo' is yo' se'f an' not some odder man, yo'se gwine get rid ob de rheumatiz, *rhat* off. Huh! Dat mule, he ain' nuffin'. Ain' nev' been de odder feller, let 'lone hisse'f, dese fo' yea's. Why? case he am er mule, an' he hab took er notion dat he ain' goin' fin' dat gol'. But Ah's sure gwine get hit sometime, case de man tole me de name was lucky."

Pete paused for breath and mopped the perspiration of eloquence from his forehead, with his old bandana. The sun was setting and a slight breeze stirred the leaves of the stumpy little oak.

"That, sure, is queer," agreed Jack, "shouldn't wonder, though, if the old fellow'd relent some day. Well, so long, Pete. I'll be over next week after graduation to rest my weary brains."

As the twilight deepened, Jack strolled

down the road, thinking more busily than he had for weeks. That evening he was unusually quiet; and he vanished to his room immediately after supper. His mother, seeing the light shining under his door till into the small hours, wondered if he were at last awakening to the beauties of Virgil and the English poets.

The next evening he took his father into his room, and nothing was heard, when the door opened, but "Good, son," and "Well, father, I couldn't think of any better way to spend Granddad's money than in purchasing the — the — complete works of Matthew Arnold." His mother, hearing this, rejoiced openly, but his father only chuckled.

About a week later, as throngs of fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles, sisters and brothers, assembled in the High School Hall, to attend the graduation exercises, an excited group of young people circulated the astonishing news, that that morning Pete, the old negro who lived yonder in the woods behind the school had discovered his queer little donkey grazing near the well, and on drawing up the bucket he found in it a gilded pot containing two hundred and fifty dollars in bills and gold.

Just then the strains of a march caused the audience to glance expectantly at the program. People noted with pleasure that the popular Jack Phillips was to read an essay on "Individuality," but to this day it remains an enigma to his friends why he paused for a few seconds in the very middle of his speech and bit his lip to keep from laughing.

Alas! the youthful orator stood near an open window, and as in ringing tones he declared, "Matthew Arnold says this," he distinctly heard a far-away, sarcastic bray.

Seeing Athens with Pericles

BY DOROTHY S. EMMONS, 1910

Thrice have I journeyed to Athens, as the
 guest of the honored Aspasia,
 Pericles' capable helpmeet, the teacher of
 artists and wise men.
 Many a bright summer morn have I walked
 with my host to the Agora;
 Leaving him occupied there, I have wan-
 dered at will o'er the city.
 Southward I go to Pnyx Hill, past the
 criminal court Areopagus,
 Pnyx Hill where the Assembly oft gather to
 listen in awe to their ruler.
 Far on the other side of the wide spreading
 walls of the city
 Gleams forth the snow-white Museum, its
 pillars of Parian Marble.
 Soon I am joined by my host and together
 we seek the Acropolis.
 Pericles proudly points out as we pass
 through the new Propylæa,
 Majestic in form and frieze, the Parthenon
 built for Athena.
 Phidias now is at work on the goddess of
 stature colossal.
 Already her golden robe and her helmet
 and head are completed;
 While nearby on the floor the tiny figure
 of Victory,
 Correct in minutest detail, awaits her place
 on the pillar.
 Neither the snake nor the shield are as yet
 even wrought in the plain wood.
 Thence we approach the Erechtheum which
 Pericles now is restoring
 We visit Poseidon's salt spring and the
 olive tree of Athena.
 Just a moment remaining, we hurry past
 the Theseum,
 Stop for a brief survey of the Odium now
 in construction.

Then we return to the house, where a
 bountiful luncheon awaits us.
 After a reading from Homer, I request to
 see the gymnasium.
 Gladly my kind host complies, and we
 reach the gymnasium of Hadian.
 Here the youth strive with youth, and men
 with men box and wrestle.
 Next we enter the Stadium where a chariot-
 race is in progress.
 The crowds go wild with excitement as the
 horses tear down the arena;
 Handsome animals they, the pride of some
 wealthy Athenian.
 Day is now fast slipping on, the sun from
 his bed of bright colors,
 Warns us it's time to depart; so bidding a
 chariot take us,
 Quickly we cross the great city, pass
 through the Dipylon Gateway
 And at length reach the old Cerameicus,
 where one of my ancestors resteth.
 Gazing over the mounds, as the sun sinks
 beneath the horizon,
 Leaving an after-glow of purple haze in the
 twilight,
 This is the thought that flashes in letters of
 crimson before me;
 "Knowest thou that this man by whose
 side thou standest this moment
 Is one whose name will descend through
 countless ages, forever?"
 Turning, I meet his gaze, purposeful, strong
 and far-seeing,
 A moment his eyes seem to ask, "Is this,
 then, the end of endeavor?"
 Thoughtfully now we retrace our way to the
 city of Athens,
 Whose buildings loom white, like ghosts in
 the gathering darkness.

The Mysterious Box



I have a friend who is one of the wealthiest girls in her set and as sweet and good-natured as she is rich. Inez de Lanza's American ancestors and her training as an athletic New England girl have almost obliterated the Spanish in her character. Her glowing eyes and dark hair are the only indications of the long line of haughty Dons from whom she is descended. In her dainty sitting-room is an object that always seemed to me incongruous in its surroundings of satin-wood and damask. It is a chest originally, perhaps, of the glowing red of San Domingo mahogany, but turned by age to a dull black. On its corners are oddly-shaped reinforcements of brass, corroded by time, as are also the many round-headed nails, to varying shades of green and brown. One day I ventured to ask my fair hostess the reason for the presence in her room of that battered and mysterious-looking chest.

"My dear child," she said, "that is a family possession, and old and insignificant as it is, it stands between me and happiness. I don't wonder that you look surprised, but when you know its story you will see how true that statement is. An ancestor of mine was, hundreds of years ago, a wealthy and influential noble of Spain. He had a daughter, whose name, by the way, I bear, whom he loved more than all his possessions. He had destined her to be the wife of his ward, a young man to whose faults the old Don was blinded by the love he bore him. Inez, however, hated the youth with all her heart, and to avoid marrying him, entered a convent, despite her father's wishes. Don Carlos, maddened by his daughter's disobedience, and his grief at losing her, put a clause into his will by which he consigned the eldest daughter of the eldest son to celibacy, throughout all generations. The only condition was that, if one of the

number opened this box, freedom to marry was her's and her descendants' thereafter. What was the forfeit for marrying, you ask? Why, the fortune, of course. Naturally I should prefer freedom to riches, but the millions are my father's and I have no right to make him a poor man. For hundreds of years maidens of the name de Lanza have striven in vain to open the chest. I have never tried because, until today, the promise has never seemed irksome. But now—, Oh, I must find some means of opening it!"

Full of pity for my unfortunate friend, I determined to help her. We sat down on the floor beside the chest and tried to find some way of forcing up its blackened old cover. Constant search for more than an hour failed to find secret springs or hidden locks. At last Inez threw herself down on the dark box which kept so stubbornly closed on its secret. Her despairing cry was not loud enough to hide a clicking sound from my ears. "Get up, dear," I said, breathlessly, "I think you've found the spring." She stood up, as excited as I was, and, sure enough, the lid flew up. Inside the mahogany chest was a cedar box bound with silver. I stood on tiptoe and gazed over her shoulder, as she opened the tiny lock. I could not forbear a breath of ecstasy as she drew out a chain of diamonds, the light rippling and dancing in their clear depths. For one moment only did Inez stop to read the inscription in Spanish, "For the first bride de Lanza," then ran to her desk with a lack of dignity that would have shocked the donor of the gift. One word only, "Yes," was dashed across the sheet, which she folded hurriedly and thrust into an envelope. "Would you just as soon mail this when you go out, dear?" asked my friend. I forebore to glance at the superscription, but left her to her newfound joy.

—1911.

A Dream

BY ELLEN M. BURDETT, 1910



HAD been studying for over an hour, and was rather sleepy, lazily glancing out of the window,

I saw that the sun was setting, gilding the dome of the court-house, at the end of the street. My eyes travelled idly down the front and rested on the massive pillars which supported the roof of the porch. Why, how queer! The pillars gleamed marble and, yes, I was certain I saw a soldier in armor pass in through the door. Were they having a masked ball? I would go and see.

Down stairs I ran, out of the house and down the street. I paused at the court-house door; such splendor I had never seen. The audience-chamber was lighted up, and Roman soldiers guarded the door. Inside there was a motly throng. Black Ethiops and sturdy Swiss, Greeks and Persians, muscular and grizzled Gauls, daintily habited courtiers; and who was this? I caught my breath. In front of me there passed a barefoot man in a tattered suit. A battered hat covered his silvery locks and he carried a sack on his back. He seemed to be studying the floor attentively and every now and then he would shake his head and mutter, "Bad luck, bad luck!"

"Ameisler, Ameisler," I shouted.

He stopped, and gazed around. I ran up and shook hands with him.

"Oh!" he said, "so you're one of the hopefuls. Well, study hard and you won't find the story so difficult after all. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's so interesting," I exclaimed, but do tell me that the ending isn't true, it is so sad."

"I'm afraid it is only too true," he replied, mournfully shaking his head. "There's Xavier over there with his wife and children," and he nodded his head to

where a dark, haughty man with a pretty young girl on his arm, and two little boys beside him, was talking to a German Count.

I turned to ask him a question, but he was gone, and in his place stood Alcibiades with his toga looped over his shoulder. Two or three of the "young fops" of Athens stood near, with their togas arranged in like manner.

"So you really do set the fashion!" I murmured.

"Yes," he answered brightly, "and," lowering his voice, "old men and young follow my example."

"Were you really a traitor?" I asked, interested, in spite of myself.

"Oh no!" he replied, "but my medical adviser told me to go to Thrace on account of my health. I had phthisis."

"Oh!" he added, "very sorry to leave you, I'm sure, but I promised this dance to Cleopatra, and there she is waiting for me."

He bowed and hurried away, while I again turned my attention to the Pageant,

There was Queen Elizabeth talking with Mary, Queen of Scots; Xerxes walking arm in arm with Aristides, Dean Swift conversing with Gulliver, and,—but some one was speaking to me; I turned, it was Caesar.

"Very pleased to meet you, I'm sure; let me introduce you to Cicero and Vergil. Do you like poetry? no? I'm sorry to hear it. Nor oratory? Too bad; I must try my last resort. Are you fond of adventures? I am delighted. Come over here, and I'll introduce you to Publius Crassus Adulscens." Forthwith Cæsar launched into some of his Gallic adventures, with which I happened to be acquainted. In the midst he turned pale and hurried away, murmuring:

"Excuse me, I—"

I turned; Marcus Brutus stood smiling at me.

"Let me get you an ice, do. No trouble, I assure you."

And he hurried away.

As he was returning, he caught his foot in the train of Queen Victoria's gown. I rushed forward, too late, — a crash — It was dark; my Cæsar lay on the floor.

Athletic Accounts

NOTE:—Below are printed the accounts of the Manager of the Football team for 1909. Also the accounts of the Treasurer for the same period.

**Wm. L. Beckett (Mgr. F. B. T.) in account with
the Newton High School Athletic Committee.
Football Season, 1909.**

RECEIPTS

Sept. 29	Cash from Needham game.....	\$28.81
Oct. 1	" " Dedham game.....	31.05
" 6	" " Everett game.....	81.70
" 11	" " Season tickets.....	58.00
" 12	" " Roxbury Latin game.....	64.50
" 16	Guarantee from Malden Mgr.	15.00
" 19	Cash from Boston Latin game ..	69.91
" 22	" " Volkmann game	44.50
" 27	" " Tech., 1912 game	36.86
" 30	" " Worcester game	98.10
Nov. 6	Check from Worcester Mgr.	444.06
" 11	Cash from Brookline game.....	257.60
" 16	" " C. L. S. game.....	127.45
" 27	" " Brookline game.....	288.99

\$1,646.53

DISBURSEMENTS

Sept. 29	Umpire A. G. Woodlock.....	\$5.60
" 29	To N. H. S. Football Mgr. ex- penses.....	5.00
Oct. 1	Official A. G. Woodlock.....	5.30
" 1	To Dedham Mgr. for expenses ..	15.00
Oct. 6	Officials, Woodlock and Hoey ..	10.60
" 6	To Everett Mgr. for expenses ..	7.50
" 6	Gum for players.....	.25
" 12	C. D. Meserve, Treas.	85.25
" 12	Officials Woodlock and Hoey ..	10.60
" 12	Mgr. Roxbury Latin F. B. T.	1.50
" 13	C. D. Meserve, Treas.	75.00
" 16	Expenses to Malden.....	2.90
" 19	To Mgr. of B. L. S. for guarantee	34.20
" 19	Woodlock and Hoey, officials ..	15.70
" 22	Woodlock and Hoey, officials ..	10.60
" 22	Gum for players.....	.25
" 22	C. D. Meserve, Treas.	35.00
" 27	C. D. Meserve, Treas.	70.00
" 27	Officials, Woodlock and Hoey ..	10.60
" 27	M. I. T. '12, Mgr.	3.20
" 30	Officials.....	10.60
" 30	Worcester Mgr.	17.60
" 30	Incidentals.....	.45

Nov. 2	To C. D. Meserve, Treas.	95.00
" 8	" C. D. Meserve, Treas.	444.06
" 11	" B. H. S. Mgr.....	114.17
" 11	" Dr. Brown for officials	25.90
" 16	" C. D. Meserve, Treas.	98.00
" 16	" Dr. Brown for officials	25.90
" 16	" Mgr. C. L. S.	43.75
" 17	" C. D. Meserve, Treas.	78.06
" 27	" C. D. Meserve, Treas.	288.99

\$1,646.53

(Signed)

LAWRENCE BECKETT, *Manager.*

Jan. 5, 1910.

Correct

(Signed)

CHARLES D. MESERVE, *Treasurer.*

Treasurer's Account (Football, 1909).

RECEIPTS

Rec'd of Lawrence Beckett, Mgr.....	\$1,269.36
" " Boston Latin School (rebate) ...	12.55
	\$1,281.91

DISBURSEMENTS

Paid Lawrence Riley	\$75.00
" W. P. Holman	250.00
" Harry McDevitt	150.00
" William Hicks (care of field).....	114.50
" C. H. Batchelder & Co. (canvas)	100.00
" J. S. Conolly (official).....	.30
" Boston Latin School.....	1.50
" Newton St. R. R. Co.....	7.50
" F. M. Mitchell (police services).....	162.00
" M. C. Marston (marking field)	15.50
" Arthur Muldoon (marking field).....	16.75
" W. L. Marshall	7.70
" H. W. Orr & Co.	1.50
" G. A. Edmands	2.30
" John Temperley (printing)	38.00
" Wright & Ditson	77.93
" Horace Partridge Co.	10.60
" Higgins & Nickerson (labor and lumber).....	83.26
" Graphic Publishing Co.	2.00
" Newton High School (telephone) ...	.82

Paid Lawrence Beckett (personal expenses)	5.58
" Central Publishing Co.	2.50
" Jere. McMahon	3.00
" Wright & Ditson (sweaters)	75.50
Balance.....	75.47
	\$1,281.91

(Signed)

CHARLES D. MESERVE, *Treasurer.*

Examined, found correct, and properly vouched.

(Signed)

E. C. ADAMS
C. L. KIRSCHNER } *Auditors.*

January 5, 1910.

**Wm. L. Beckett, F. B. T. Mgr., in account with
the Newton High School for personal expenses.**

Stamps	\$1.24
Carfares	1.74
Telephone	.20
Cup	.25
Express	.40
Assistant Manager	1.75
	\$5.58

(Signed)

LAWRENCE BECKETT, *Manager.*

December 1909.

Football "Reform"

BY KATHARINE BARTLETT, '11

Once in every year or two
Comes a cry that makes us sad.
Men on every side arising
Say the football rules are bad.

And they talk about it loudly,
When they meet in street or hall.
Very free with wise suggestions,
For they think they know it all.

"Do away with all the mass plays,
Make it fifteen yards to go";
"Don't restrict the forward passes."
"Keep the game from getting slow."

"When the ball comes back to quarter
It should roll along the ground."
"Now I think in onside kicking,
Will the remedy be found."

"Forward passes are too dangerous,
They're the gravest fault of all."

"There should be no interference
For the man who takes the ball."

"They should make the game more open,
And more kicking would be fine."
"All the backs on the offensive
Should be five yards from the line."

"Make the game as it was
When I played in '81.
Make it simple; have no signals;
And you'll find it better fun."

"Mass plays really are not dangerous;
" 'Guards back' " was a gentle play."
"Tackling is too fraught with danger
" 'Tag' would be a safer way."

So it goes; but there's a question
Which you fans should keep in view,
Don't you think the Rules Committee
Knows a little more than you?



School Notes



We take this opportunity to thank those who organized and carried out the Candy Sale for the benefit of the Review and the Library. We can merely say that we appreciate the interest and concern for the advancement and benefit of our school paper which was so markedly shown by those who gave their time and efforts to the sale. We shall try to improve the Review to such a degree that they will find their reward in the increased pleasure that is derived from a better and larger Review.

Beginning with the February issue subscription to the Review will be fifty cents. This will also include the graduation number which it is expected will be the largest of the year. Further reference to this can be found in the first editorial.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN.

At a meeting of the Football Team James Gallagher, 1910, was re-elected captain of the team for 1910. Gallagher played quarter on his freshman team, and end on the school team for the last three years, being captain last fall. During the last year he has been "out of game" more or less due to injuries. Aside from playing football, "Gal" was captain of his Freshman baseball team, and has played on the regular team for two years.

BROOKLINE DEBATE, FEB. 25, 1910.

On Dec. 8, a committee representing the Newton Debating Society met one representing Brookline in the Library. Arrangements were made for a joint debate to take place on February 25, 1910. The debate is to be in our Assembly Hall. The question

to be discussed is, Resolved that the United States should adopt the policy of granting bounties and subsidies for the encouragement of the American Merchant marine.

GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB.

On December 1st there was a meeting of the Girls' Debating Club in Room 14. Miss Gilmore, president, called the meeting to order and disposed of the preliminary business. A general debate ensued on the question: "Resolved, that football should be abolished from the colleges and universities of this country." The Club was especially gratified and encouraged by the spirit showed by the under class girls in their debating. It is the Club's earnest desire to keep the interest of all classes in the school.

CANDY SALE.

On December 3d a candy sale was held in the Drill Hall. Much care was shown in the decoration of the tables, and a good deal of taste in the preparation of the eatables. Excellent music added much to the enjoyability of the occasion. The money thus raised was divided between the library and the Review.

BOYS' TRIALS.

The public trials in preparation for the debate with Everett, were held in the hall on December 3d at 1.45 p. m. The debating was a revelation to all who were so fortunate as to hear it. The first team was selected as follows: Raymond, '10, Smart, '10, Wilson, '10, and Clarke, '10; Atkins, Belcher and Harwood, '11, were chosen for the second team.

GERMAN CLUB.

The German Club held its first meeting

in the Assembly Hall at 3 p. m., December 10th. Brackett, president, conducted the meeting, at which a fair number were present. A game in which all joined was the chief feature of the program. The Club hopes to see a larger attendance at the next meeting.

HALL EXERCISES.

On December 15th the whole school assembled in the hall. After the opening exercises, all were favored by two violin solos from Miss Ruth Ivy, accompanied by Miss Dorothy Emmons and a piano selection by Damon. The selections were enjoyed and appreciated by every one present.

CLASS MEETING.

The seniors then held a special meeting to choose the photograph and social committees. The photograph committee was chosen as follows: Burr, chairman; Smart, Miss Whitley and Miss Ganse, Beatty, chairman; Hopkins, Miss Flanders, Miss Wing were selected for the social committee.

EVERETT DEBATE.

On the evening of December 17th a special car conveyed to Everett High School the Newton debaters accompanied by their supporters. The question was, Resolved, That Labor Unions are more of a menace than a benefit to the welfare of the United States. Everett defended the affirmative, Newton the negative. The Everett boys' presentation of their subject was trully fine, while the arguments that the Newton boys enforced were convincing and consistent. Gates of Everett spoke especially well.

While the judges were forming their decision Miss Ruth Ivy rendered two violin solos, and the Girls' Glee Club of Everett sang some selections. The judges awarded the decision, together with the cup, to Everett. The Newton debaters, by their dignified presentation of their side of the

question, did great credit to Newton High, and to the painstaking coaching of Mr. Thomas.

HALL EXERCISES.

On Wednesday morning, December 22d, the school assembled in the hall. After the opening exercises Mr. Adams gave a short address on matters relating to Christmas.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

The Mandolin Club assembles every Tuesday in the hall. Under the leadership of Miss Waldo, the club is gradually assuming shape and power.

TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

The autumn meeting of the Newton Federation of Women's Clubs took place Tuesday, November 30th, in the Technical High School. Representatives of many organizations throughout the city were present, and an attractive program was carried out. The principle address was by Mr. Kirschner, whose subject was, "The Value of Technical Schools in a Community like Newton."

Mrs. Hyde, head of the Household Economics Department, spoke on the question, "Should Household Economics Receive the Dignity of College Requirements."

Mr. Murray spoke interestingly on, "The General Efficiency of the Mechanical Department," while Mr. Thurber spoke on "What Features of the Old Courses are Sacrificed to Include Technical Training." Then a reception and social hour followed.

On Wednesday morning, December 8, the whole school assembled in the hall and listened to an interesting program. Miss Boyd, of the Sophomore class, sang to the satisfaction of all.

Rev. Mr. McClure of Newton then delivered a short address on "Appetite for Intellectual Learning."

Thursday, December 16th, Mr. Bailey gave an interesting talk on the possibilities of technical school training, and the value of health.



Puffer, '10 (telling of peculiarities of Samuel Johnson)—"And he used to touch every telegraph pole on his way home."

When was electricity discovered?

Heard in Senior Latin. "He irrigated his face with tears."

Little drops of water,
Frozen on the walk,
Make those naughty adjectives
Mix in people's talk.

If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where is the audience to come from?

Latest song hit.—"She was pure as the driven snow, but she drifted."

Pat—"An' ph'wat is a chafin'-dish?"

Mike—"Whist! Ut's a fryin'-pan that's got into society."—*Ex.*

In the human race, the butcher holds the steaks.

The Freshie stood on the burning deck

But as far as we could learn,
He stood in perfect safety

For he was too green to burn.—*Ex.*

If you want to be well informed, take up a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some points.

"Oh, I can't thread this needle, ma,"

Was little Susie's cry;

"Just as the thread is going through,

The needle winks its eye."—*Ex.*

Latin Teacher—"That is a very poor translation."

Scholar—"It's the best I could get for the money."

"Chosen Few" The Faculty
"Pilgrim's Progress" .. Freshies to Seniors
"The Pleasures of Life" Holiday
"The Silent Places" Study Rooms (?)
"The Younger Set" Freshmen
"The Old, Old Story" Lost my book
"The Fatal Card" Our Report
"The Yellow Journalist" The Editor
"Prisoners of Hope" Pupils of N. H. S
"The Final Reckoning" June, 1910
"The Crossing" From N. H. S. to T. H. S.
"Fearful Responsibility" Review Staff.

It is no sign that a hen meditates harm to her owner because she lays for him.

The man who waits for things to come his way

Wears out his trousers sitting day by day;
The man who goes to meet them finds his ruse

Is oft a certain plan to wear out shoes.

If Ivanhoed the Bonny Brae,

And Athelstaned his tunic new,

If Friar Tucked his food away,

O, what did Rhoderick Dhu?—*Ex.*

You never hear the bee complain,

Nor hear it weep or wail;

But if you wish, it can unfold

A very painful tail.

E. V. D. (translating Cæsar)—"Su-Sub-Sub—"

1st study pupil (in a whisper)—"What's he trying to say?"

2d study pupil—"That he is going under."

L-l-d in I. Latin—"Æneas flooded his face with a large tear."

If a body see a body
Thinking on a quiz,
If a body help a body,
Is it teacher's biz?—*Ex.*

Pat (trying to show himself up-to-date,
when meeting his friend on the steamer,—
"Sure, and there's some class to you!"

Mike—"Sure, and begorrah, but its steer-
age!"

A ONE-ACT TRAGEDY

A dog.

A railroad track,
Toot! toot!
Sausage.

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you;

Laugh and you laugh alone;

First, when the joke is your teacher's,

Second, when it is your own.

Sophomore (sternly)—"Did you take a
shower-bath?"

Freshman (meekly)—"No, are there any
missing?"

Does it "hit" you when we ask if you
have paid your Review subscription?

LATIN

All the people died who wrote it,

All the people died who spoke it.

All the people die who learn it,

Blessed death, they surely earn it.

—*Ex.*

Definitions:—

"Etc. is a sign used to make believe you
know more than you do."

"The equator is a menagerie lion run-
ning round the centre of the earth."

"The zebra is like a horse, only striped
and used to illustrate the letter Z."

"A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box."

As a maid so nice,
With steps precise,
Tripped o'er the ice,
She slipped—her care in vain:

And at her fall,

With usual gall,

The school boys call:

"First down — two feet to gain."

Teacher — "Johnny, use the word de-
bate in a sentence."

Johnny—"When I goes fishin', I spits
on de bate."—*Ex.*

Truant Officer — "Why are you not at
the kindergarten this afternoon, my little
man?"

Small child (indignantly) — "Sir, I am
a member of the Newton High School."

They met by chance,

They never met before:

They only met that once,

And she was smitten sore.

They never met again.

Don't want to, I avow:

They only met that once,

A freight train and a cow.

"Does your son graduate this year?"

"Oh, no. He has another year on the
track team."

An Irishman while walking with a friend
passed a jeweller's shop, where there were
a lot of precious stones in the window.

"Would you not like to have your pick?"
asked Pat.

"Not me pick, but me shovel," said
Mike.

"I'm ashamed of this composition,
Charley," said a teacher in one of the local
schools. "I shall send for your mother
and show her how bad you are doing."

"Send for her — I don't care," said
Charley. "Me mudder wrote it, anyway."

E — in French (translating).

"Personnes qui sont à pied.

"People which go on legs."

Much tongue and much judgment sel-
dom go together.

If evil be said of thee, and if it be true,
correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it.
—*Epictetus.*

"It is intelligence and resolution of
man in overcoming physical difficulty
which are to be the source of our pleasure
and subject of our praise."—*Ruskin.*

EXCHANGES



We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: The Tattler, Nashua High School; The Vexillum, Volkmann School, Boston; The Student, English High School, Providence, R. I.; The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; The Tradesman, High School of Commerce, Boston; The Minute Man, Concord School; Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale; The Argus, Gardner, High School, Gardner, Mass.; The Sagamore, Brookline; The Allen Tattler, Allen School, West Newton; L. H. S. Quarterly, Lewiston, Me.; The Review, Hamilton, Ohio; The Recorder, Winchester, Mass.; The Review, Lowell, Mass.; The Commerce Caravel, High School of Commerce, N. Y.; The Echo, Oneonta High School; High School Critic, Hackensack, N. J.; The Golden Rod, Quincy High School; Old Penn, University of Pennsylvania; The Harvard Crimson; Orange and Black, Spokane High School; The Magnet, Leominster, Mass.; Meteor, Rugby School, England; Mirror, Waltham High School; The Wheaton Bulletin, Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Mass.

The Magnet, Leominster, Mass., is an excellent paper, having a simple though

effective cover, which is in accordance with the other part of the paper.

The Golden Rod cover is not prepossessing. The picture of the football team, however, is extremely good. In this same exchange we find this sentence in an account of the Battle of Marathon: "Hardly had the last soldier left the galley when a shot was heard and the Athenians swept upon us."

The Echo, Oneonta High School, has a good design for "Contents," otherwise the paper is not up to the standard of most of our exchanges.

We don't see any marked improvement in the Lowell Review. It was always good; but the Christmas number is not as would be expected, an improvement on other issues.

We are glad to see the Sagamore again. A different cover would add interest, as the present one has been used before.

The Minute Man shows improvement and is now a good paper for its size.

The Megaphone is always the same.

Of the Hamilton Review we can only say what others say, it is excellent; cover design, literary material and special departments are all of the highest order.



ATHLETIC NOTES.

The Advisory Committee of the Athletic Association has held two meetings, the first on Wednesday, Oct. 20; the second on Wednesday, Dec. 8. The reports are below.

FIRST MEETING.

Advisory Committee of the Athletic Association.

For the Graduates: Mr. Harry L. Burrage, Brown.

For the Faculty: Messrs. Adams, Maxim, Kirschner, Meserve.

For the Undergraduates: Messrs. S. Adams, Washburn, and Doud.

The first meeting of 1909 was called to order on Wednesday, at 1.30 p.m., Oct. 20. Mr. Doud '10, was elected chairman. Present: Messrs. Adams, Meserve, Kirschner, Maxim, Brown, Doud, Washburn, Adams and Browne, Sec'y.

Mr. Meserve called attention to the time of holding the meetings, viz., second Wednesday in September, December, March, and June.

On motion of Mr. Meserve, seconded by Washburn, voted: that the following students be awarded the "N" as members of the 1909 Base Ball Team:

Donahue, capt., Belding, O. McCourt, Ryan, Chamberlain, Murray, Gaw, Barry, Gallagher, Wood, O'Neil, Fripp, Richardson, Mgr.

On motion by Mr. Kirschner, seconded by Adams, voted: that the Foot Ball schedule of 1909 be accepted as submitted in printed form.

Voted: that a committee consisting of Mr. Adams, Mr. Kirschner, and Dr. Browne be appointed to approve Hockey Schedule of 1909 and 1910, when submitted by the manager.

On motion by Mr. Maxim, seconded by Adams, voted: to recognize the Basket Ball Team as one of the regular School teams and shall be entitled to consideration by the Athletic Committee. Voted: to award the letters B. N. B. to students who are recognized by the committee as players on the Team.

On motion by Washburn, seconded by Mr. Maxim, voted: that postgraduate students shall not be eligible to represent the school on any team that is officially recognized by the Advisory Committee.

On motion by Mr. Maxim, seconded by Adams, voted: that the Gymnastic Team, consisting of not more than twelve members, be officially recognized by the Association, and that a four-inch orange "N" and two-inch letters "G T" on a black jersey or sleeveless shirt shall be the insignia, and may be worn by those recognized as members of the Gymnastic Team.

S. Adams suggested that the Committee take up the matter of appointing leaders

for cheering at the Athletic Games. Mr. Kirschner suggested that a committee consisting of S. Adams, Mr. Meserve and Doud be appointed to take charge of all cheering at the games.

Adjourned 2.15 p. m. Oct. 20, 1909.

A. D. BROWNE, Sec'y.

SECOND MEETING.

The meeting of the Advisory Committee of the Athletic Association was called to order by Chairman Doud on Wednesday, Dec. 8, '09, at 1.30 p. m.

Present, Messrs. Kirschner, Adams, Meserve, Doud, S. Adams, and Browne, Sec'y. Minutes of the last meeting read and accepted.

On motion by Mr. Meserve, seconded by Mr. Kirschner, voted: that the following boys be awarded the block letter "N" as members of the Foot Ball Team:

Gallagher, captain, Forté, Flanagan, Weaver, Mashall, Noonan, Taylor, Fiske, Kelley, Hopkins, Barber, Rider, Osborn, Allen, Beckett, manager.

On motion by Mr. Meserve, seconded by Mr. Kirschner, voted: that the following boys be awarded their respective class numerals:—

Seniors, 1910.—E. Clark, Wilson, Ness, Dewey, Beckett, Currier, Brackett, Woods, Marindin, Puffer, Wilkins, Chandler, Adams, Sweet, Pickernell, Smart.

Juniors, 1911.—Blue, Clark, Richardson, Rice, Whaley, O. Hickox, C. Hickox, Harwood, Ewing, Moore, Chandler, Bailey, Graham, Allen, Gardner, Blodgett,.

Sophmores, 1912.—Conroy, Murray, Leonard, Nutter, Townsend, Schindler, Nash, McNeil, Walker, Enlace, Hatch, Bailey, Low, Everett, Roope.

Freshmen, 1913.—

On motion by Mr. Meserve, seconded by S. Adams, voted: that the Basket Ball Team schedule as submitted by the manager, be accepted.

On motion by Mr. Meserve, seconded by

Mr. Adams, voted: that in June of each year the members of the Sophomore class shall elect by ballot ten students of their class with five alternate students to act as assistant managers in the five principle sports, subject to the approval of the Athletic Committee, that these managers be distributed among the sports by vote of the Committee, and that the managers of the following year be chosen from the students who have acted as assistant managers.

On motion by Mr. Meserve, seconded by Mr. Kirschner, voted: that the Junior class of this year be asked to elect proportionate number (which is eight students), to act as assistant managers for sports of the remainder of school year, but that the manager for the 1910 Foot Ball Team be left to the Athletic Committee.

On motion by Mr. Kirschner, seconded by Mr. Meserve, voted: that managers and assistant managers shall be subject to the same eligibility rules as other members of the teams.

On motion by Mr. Meserve, seconded by Mr. Adams, voted: that the choosing of an Athletic Coach be left in the hands of the Athletic Committee who will act with the Superintendent of Schools.

On motion by Mr. Meserve, seconded by S. Adams, voted: that the financial reports of the Treasurer of the Athletic Association and managers of Teams shall be audited and approved by board of auditors, which shall be appointed by the Committee and that said reports be published in an issue of the High School papers.

On motion by Dr. Browne, seconded by S. Adams, voted: that a committee consisting of Mr. Adams and Mr. Kirschner be appointed to audit accounts of the treasurer of the A. A. and managers of athletic teams.

Meeting adjourned 2.45 p.m.

A. D. BROWNE, Sec'y.

Several Basket Ball games have been

played. The remainder of the schedule is as follows:—

January 21, Quincy at Newton; Jan. 28, Thayer Academy at Newton; Feb. 4, Boston College freshmen at Newton; Feb. 10, Somerville at Somerville; Feb. 18, Wellesley at Newton; Feb. 25, open.

BASKET BALL PROSPECTUS.

On December second all the basket ball aspirants met in the drill hall and elected Seth Wood captain of this season's basket ball team. Under Dr. Browne's coaching, the team is showing rare form and is sure to win a large proportion of its games.

Watertown, 13; Newton, 46.

On December 3, the first time in several years that our school has been represented by a basket ball team, we won an overwhelming victory over Watertown High School.

M. I. T. 1913, 23; Newton, 19.

Our first defeat of the season was received at the hands of the Technology freshmen. All through the first half the scores of both teams were about equal,

but in the second half the teams played by the intercollegiate rules and the collegians were able to secure the decision.

Newton, 32; Allen School, 8.

On December 20, Newton journeyed to the Allen School gymnasium and administered a severe defeat to the private school boys. The work of Cady was particularly brilliant.

The varsity team is as follows:—Wood, r. g. capt., Merrill, l. g., Fuller, c., Cady, r. f., Osborn, l. f.

HOCKEY

Several Hockey games have been played and several cancelled. The schedule is at follows:

Dec. 21, Wellesley; Dec. 28, Roxbury Latin; Dec. 31, Dorchester; Jan. 8, Rindge Manual Training; Jan. 11, Milton; Jan. 17, Everett; Jan. 19, Melrose; Jan. 21, Milton at Milton; *Jan. 25, Cambridge Latin; Jan. 28, Somerville; *Feb. 1, Brookline; Feb. 4, Harvard 1913 at Cambridge; Feb. 8, Arlington; Feb. 11, Medford; Feb. 12, Malden; Feb. 15, Mechanic Arts; Feb. 25, Medford at Medford.

*League Games.

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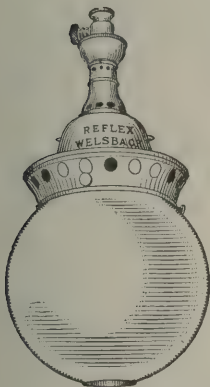
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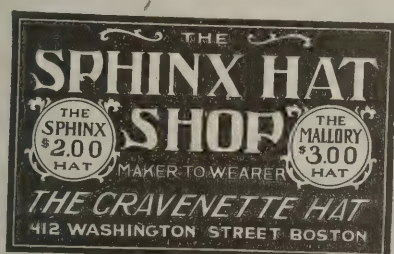
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Vol. XXVIII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 5

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Robert Howley, '10. Mary White, '10.

The Review is published monthly by the pupils of the Newton High School, under the management of the Review Editorial Staff. Contributions are solicited from students, parents and alumni. Address all communications, written on one side of paper only, to the Editor, 11 Duncklee street, Newton Highlands, Mass., or drop in Review box, between rooms one and two. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager, 797 Washington street, Newtonville.

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JUST as we are going to press we hear faint rumors of Senior Dramatics. We hope that by the time this issue of the Review appears that these rumors will have developed into well-founded facts. In short, we see no important reason why this should not be attempted. In a class of this size there certainly are enough who are able, and interested enough, to make such a venture successful. Through our exchanges we are continually reading of plays presented by other schools. In most high schools the Senior Play is a regular event, looked forward to, and supported

each succeeding year, as our Class Meet is. Other schools are able to do this, and surely we will not admit that we lack material and enterprise for such an undertaking. There are of course objections—we have already too many organizations, considerable time would be spent, and many others. But we are not able to see why such objections cannot be overcome, and we are confident that the senior class could make this venture with reasonable assurance that it would be given loyal support, financial and otherwise, by all the members of the school. We hope that this rumor will develop into a well-formed and executed plan, resulting in the presentation of a play by the seniors.

In buying street-car tickets we find some inconvenience and no small amount of confusion. This is the natural state of affairs, but it is increased by those who crowd into Room 12, thinking only of themselves, and perhaps of catching their car. Such persons disturb the line and make "confusion worse confounded." Recently tickets have been for sale two days a week in the Technical High School. This accommodates the pupils there, who were formerly obliged to take the last place in the line in this school; but now when tickets are for sale here, the change increases the number buying, and thus increases the delay. Last year tickets were for sale also in two central places, aside from the school. This helped matters and if this plan could be restored it would be appreciated by all. Another way of lessening the difficulty is for each person purchasing tickets to respect the rights of others, and to assume some degree of responsibility for the general welfare.

The Coming of Billy

BY THEODORA B. ROBERTS, 1911



RECKON, sah, dere's comp'ny up to yo' place," said the elevator boy, as I hurried into the lift one afternoon about five o'clock.

"What!" I exclaimed, "Company for me! Who is it, one of the fellows?"

"Oh, I reckon you'll fin' aout soon enough," he answered, mysteriously, as I alighted at my own floor, and drew out my latch-key.

"Company?" I thought, as I inserted it in the lock. "Funny hour for one of the boys to drop in. I hope he won't stay long, for I must dress for that dinner," and I threw open the door.

But I stopped stockstill on the threshold. In the middle of my hall were two trunks and a travelling-bag, and on the larger trunk sat a small boy, a rather tired looking small boy, with big, brown eyes and a round, reguish face. I almost fell over at this most unexpected sight. What was this strange apparition doing in the hall of my bachelor apartments?

Then, "Howdy, uncle Bill," remarked the youngster, "I am very glad to see you."

"What under the sun, moon, and stars—" I began, but was interrupted by the entrance of my cook, who demanded, "If you plase, sor, are yez in the habit of having a family drap in on yez, this onexpected, very often? If so, I think it's meself will be afther lavin'!"

"Me the same," added the second girl, taking her stand beside the angry cook. "You might at least have told a body."

Then I perceived a woman in faded black, who stood in the doorway behind them.

"You seem surprised sir," she remarked. "Don't be tellin' me you didn't get Mrs. Lowell's telegram!"

"Mrs. Lowell—telegram!" I gasped. What had Edna done now?

"Why surely, sir," went on the woman, whom I now realized must be the boy's nurse. "Mrs. Lowell, poor dear, had a telegram from Jamaica, saying her husband was very low with a fever, and she must come to oncet. Well, she says to me, 'Sarah,' says she, 'There's only one person in the world I'd trust my baby to, and that's my brother William. Not that he knows anythin' about children, but I am very fond of him, and, besides, Billy is his namesake. Yes, Sarah,' she says, 'you must take him to New York.' So she sent the telegram immejit, sir, but I doubt much if she sent it right, she was that wrought up, poor thing. So she put us on the train herself, and we've been on that train three mortal days, yes, sir, and here we be. I'm right sorry if we discommode you any."

"Discommode!" snapped Nora, as she sailed majestically out.

And, "Discommode!" sniffed Katie, contemptuously, as she followed.

I looked helplessly from the retreating forms of my irate maids to the boy on the trunk, and from him to his nurse. Never in my life had I kept so completely at sea.

Then, "Well," said Billy, rising grandly to the occasion, "If they ain't snakes!"

I smiled in spite of my perplexity as to what to do with this small mite of humanity so unexpectedly thrust into the midst of my quiet bachelor existence. Then I said, "Well, I'm very sorry about Mr. Lowell, I'm sure, but it certainly was surprising, to say the least, to find you here."

"But of course you're glad we're here," said Billy, jumping down from his perch, and putting his pudgy, sticky hand confidently into mine.

"Oh, er, of course, old chap," I stammered, lamely. "Such a pleasant surprise! Your old uncle hadn't the least idea you were coming to see him," and I led my little nephew into the den, and shut the door.

Well, I need not go into the awful particulars of that evening. Needless to say, I cancelled my dinner engagement, and spent the time in settling my young visitor in the billiard room, as the only available guest-chamber. After he was all safely in bed, in a cot which the janitor produced from some unknown quarter, and I had gone through the painful ordeal of hearing his prayers, and of administering good-night kisses in "mama's spot," "daddy's spot," and then "a spot o' your own," I set my teeth grimly, and marched down to the kitchen door.

When I opened it, a most awful sight met my eyes. On the table were all the dinner dishes—*unwashed*, Nora was strapping up a valise on another table, and Katie was adjusting a most terrific-looking hat on her red hair, before the mirror.

That hour will always seem like a nightmare to me. Such a pathetic story as I manufactured, of the sick, soldier father, the young, frightened, mother and the poor, homeless child. I also mentioned a certain poor, helpless young uncle, and—But I will not recall the suspense and horror of it, nor the prayer of thankfulness which rose to my lips, when I saw Katie slyly take off the offensive bonnet, and Nora unbutton her cape. I had won their hearts—the victory was mine.

Next morning I was awakened by someone knocking frantically at my bed-room door. After slipping on my bathrobe, I opened it, and beheld the frightened face of Sarah, the nurse.

"Please, sir," she gasped, "I can't find Master Billy nowheres!"

"What," I yawned. "Have you looked everywhere?"

"Yes, sir, oh, yes, sir. That child has had to be good for three whole days, leastways good for him, an' I might a known he'd be up to somethin'."

We searched every nook of that apartment, but in vain. I felt in anything but a pleasant mood, as, after dressing, I strode out into the corridor, and rang the elevator-bell furiously. It seemed years before it reached my floor, but when it stopped and Sam threw open the door, I forgot my wrath, and doubled up with mirth, instead, for, on the stool in the corner sat my young namesake, his bare feet swinging and his towsled head bobbing me "good morning."

"Yassir," grinned Sam, "He done's ben here tree-quarter a hour, I reckon, a-ridin' up an down wid me, ain't yer, honey?"

"Yes, indeed," said Billy, calmly, "an' if you're goin' down, kindly step lively, please."

Breakfast was a perilous meal, under the disapproving eye of Katie. Afterwards I bid Billy goodbye, but he calmly took his broad hat down from its nail, and announced, in a firm voice, which filled me with despair, "Oh, I'm goin', too. Didn' s'pose I'd stay home with the women-folks, did you?"

Pleadings were in vain, so ten minutes later, when I left the building, a small boy clung to my left hand, striving to make his short legs keep up with my long ones.

The looks of surprise which greeted my entrance at the office were certainly to be expected. Never before had that establishment held me and a small boy at the same time.

I set him to work drawing pictures, and, when that lost its charm, got the stenographer to teach him how to use the typewriter. But, somehow, business didn't

seem to progress very well that morning. My eyes were continually straying to the golden head and flushed face of the little boy at the typewriter, writing a letter to "marma," which, unfortunately, I fear she never could have read.

It occurred to me I should write to Edna of his safe arrival. This I did, and finished by saying "Of course you gave me a good deal of a surprise, not having seen the kid for two years, but, sister mine, don't you worry about your baby. He and I are getting to be real good old

chums, and I'm not sure it will be half bad, having him here."

I looked up just in time to see a single, big tear rolling down the chubby cheek. That was too much.

"Why, Billums, boy," I said, "that letter doesn't seem to be getting on very fast." Then, looking guiltily around, to be sure the stenographer was in the other room, I finished, "Say, old man, do you know that 'spot o' my own' is awfully lonesome for a kiss?"

The Country Circus

BY DOROTHY S. EMMONS, 1910



HAIN'T been t' a circus fer nigh on ter thutty year, but when I see them signs painted all over Jerry Morrow's hay-barn, picterin the wonderful doin's uv the circus that was comin' t' town, why I told Minervy, thet I guessed I'd jes tak a look in t' see ef they'd emproved anyways since I went t' that one thutty year back. Now I ain't noways the kind 'uv man that takes in all them shows thet comes t' town, thet is, I ain't what ye'd call high-flutin'; but when Minervy hearn me say as how I was goin' t' the circus, she dropped her knittin' 'n leant back in her chair, 'thout sayin' nothin' fer a full minute. Then havin' rekivered her breath she says real shocked like, "Hiram, what *be* ye comin' to?" I couldn't 'a told what I was comin' ter, but I knowed as I was goin' t' thet circus.

So the mornin' 'uv the great affair, I got my chores all did early, so 's 't be able ter see the parade, what was t' come off about eight o'clock. Minervy was sot upon hevin' my day 'uv judgment come the minute I set eyes on the fust animal,

'n she kep' harpin' on the sin I was com-mittin' by wastin' a pufickly good mornin' when I could be a' hoin' uv them pertaters down in the south lot.

How-some-ever eight o'clock found me down t' the post-office whar a whul crowd 'uv feller sinners wus congregated a' waitin' fer the parade. Jerry 'n I was deep in a discussion 'uv the lateness 'uv the season when the parade begun.

Fust 'n foremost come the man that owned the whul shebang. He rid in a wagin that wus hitched to a pufickly normal hoss. Them hosses in the signs bein' high steepin' creators with their necks most bent double! Arter him come a big wagin with a lot uv fancy work on the outside, 'n frum within come sich a howlin', 'n barkin', 'n growlin' thet it made yer hair rise right up on end! Them wus the trained dogs some un told us. Two women folks come after them, ridin' on two es sorry pieces uv horse flesh es I ever see. Not much like them signs, now I tell ye! 'N what's more the women wan't no ways so good lookin' es some uv our country gals! Jes then Ruel says, "Here come them

lions!" I looked fer 'em sharp, but all es I could see was one poor skinny creater, thet was 'a walkin' up 'n down in his age 'n waggin' of his tail real sociable like. They was a man all tricked out in fancy clothes settin' in part uv the cage thet was barred off, a-holdin' of a pistil. Poor feller. He looked mighty scaird uv thet thar wild animal! Then come a bear, about as ugly lookin' es a nine days' old kitten! I've

see bears, now I tell ye! 'N them out in their native woods, but t' call thet creater, settin' so peaceful thar behind them bars, a bear, wus an insult t' the whul bear tribe!

"By gravy!" thinks I, "Thars thet patch uv pertaters suff'rin' fer want uv hoin'!" 'N I put fer home es fest es I could hike!

A Valentine

BY HELEN LOUISE GUSTIN, 1910



ERRY BARTON, was it you that pushed the line?" asked the fourth-grade teacher sternly, as her quietly marching boys became suddenly very disorderly.

"Yes'm, but—"

"Go back to the class room instantly, and don't stop to explain now," she interrupted; and the little fellow obeyed.

As usual the little girls had filed out some moments before; therefore, as soon as her boys had tramped down the stairs and out-doors towards home, Miss Bryce started back to her culprit. He certainly was exasperatingly mischievous, she reflected, and yet she knew that he was really her favorite pupil. His blue eyes always met hers squarely, when he "'fessed up," so that she found it difficult to scold him as he deserved; and at the end of a hard day, she looked forward to his grin when the dismissal bell rang. His very wide mouth would stretch from ear to ear, his eyes would grow dazzling, and the very freckles on his snub nose would dance with glee. In fact, Terry Barton had quite innocently gained many points in his short career by that grin of sheer happiness.

His teacher found him wriggling impatiently in his seat when she entered the room.

"What makes you such a naughty boy, Terry?" she asked rather wearily. "Why couldn't you behave yourself five minutes longer, and then you could have played all you wanted to?"

"I wasn't playin', Miss Bryce, an' I'm sorry, honest injun," he said, looking up at her anxiously. "But you see tomorrow's Valentine's Day, 'n I got so anxious to get down to the store before all the crowd, 'n Leonard Fox, he was jus' holdin' back on purpose to make me mad, 'n I got mad, 'n I jus' gave him a shove, 'n I guess that's all, teacher."

How could Miss Bryce keep him in that bright afternoon, as he stood before her with pleading blue eyes and a smile all ready to burst forth as soon as the clouds were past? Nevertheless, she had a guilty feeling, as she said quietly, "I understand, Terry, and I hope that you will behave better in the future; but if you don't hurry now all the valentines will be gone."

The boy gave her an incredulous look of surprise, and then a beaming grin spread over his face. He made a wild dash for the door, stopping only long enough to call a happy "good-bye, Miss Bryce"; and left her alone to an hour or more of work. As he went through the quiet building he slowed his steps impatiently, until he

reached the bicycle room where the children left their sleds. When Terry noticed one other sled besides his own, he felt a pang of sympathy for the unknown prisoner and of gratitude to Miss Bryce for his own undeserved freedom. Then he went out into the cold winter air, and started on a race down the street.

Long before Terry could reach the beginning of the hill down which he could coast the rest of the way to the town and reach the little combination toy and stationery store in a very few moments, he began to pant and had to stop and walk. It was then that he had leisure to consider his purchase and count up his wealth. A careful exploration into the depths of his pocket brought to light from among his treasures of string, sticky candy, a skate sharpener, a top, and other such miscellanies, five bright pennies; but no more. He regarded them ruefully, and thought of the additional ten cents he should have had that noon.

He remembered starting home happily with the thought of receiving his allowance and being able to spend all his wealth on a certain shining-eyed little girl who sat opposite him in school. But unfortunately he had met Leonard Fox, his greatest rival in Elinore's affections; and they had not walked together far before trouble ensued. Terry could not remember the cause of that fight, except the general reason that they had never satisfactorily proved which one could really "lick" the other; but our small hero grinned gleefully as he remembered how successfully he had forever settled that point. This triumph had not lasted long, nevertheless; for his mother had immediately noticed his muddy clothes and enquired the cause of his being so late. She had been very much hurt at having her son behave like a little rowdy, and had scolded him sharply; but his greatest grief had come when she absolutely

refused to give him that much-counted-on allowance.

Terry shook his fist at an imaginary Leonard, as if he had caused all the trouble; and, having reached the hill, he went skimming over the snow down to the main street of the town. In the small, crowded store, his youthful hopes recovered, when he saw what riches the five-cent tray of valentines held. But just as he had chosen one with a pretty spray of may-flowers on it—his eyes always sought out flowers—he noticed Leonard standing beside him and holding a large and beautiful valentine covered with lace, pink rosebuds and flying cupids, for which treasure he was paying a whole quarter. Terry looked forlornly at his little card. It was no use, he would just have to give up the idea of presenting Elinore with a valentine; and she would never know how much he wanted to, and would think he did not like her any longer. He was going to leave the store in disappointment, when he thought of his teacher sitting in the class room alone, and bought the mayflowers for her. As he went out of the door, trying to swallow a lump in his throat, a pung came flying past with merry jingling bells, tugging behind it a crowd of laughing boys. Terry grinned, raced down the street, caught his sled on the pung, and went spinning over the snow, his body tingling with the clear, cold air.

Late afternoon found him still in this pursuit; but he was on the other side of town and could not get a hitch back home, as most of the pungs had gone in. He had a long, dreary trudge up the hill alone, and it was a tired little lad who climbed up-stairs when he reached home. As he entered his room a sweet perfume of violets greeted him, and the great golden sun in the west shed its last rays into his eyes. He crossed to the low-silled window, and sinking wearily upon the floor, buried his

nose in the fragrant flowers. He had planted them himself in the little window box, and had tended them lovingly all through the winter. Now at length the plants had burst into bloom, filling the heart of the little flower-lover with joy. He looked out into the bright sunset land with dreamy, shining eyes; and the little violets whispered of wonderful adventures in that rainbow-tinted country of make believe. In all of the tales he was the prince with the flashing sword, who went through the country slaying ogres and performing mighty tasks, flying on the great North Wind or riding through flaming forests to the rescue of a fairy princess. Always this little princess bore the same form, having soft brown curls with glints of gold, and soft brown cheeks through which the roses peeped, and dimples when she smiled, and eyes the color of the blossoms that told her story. Presently, however, the hungry pangs of healthy boyhood waked him from his reverie; and he went down the stairs in two bounds to find the cookie jar.

The next morning when Mrs. Barton went to find out why her little son was taking so long to dress, she was astonished to see that he was slowly and a trifle reluctantly plucking his cherished flowers.

"Mumsy," he questioned, looking up at her anxiously, "Do—er—is it all right to give flowers for a valentine?"

"Yes, dear, it is very sweet indeed," she said, with that understanding tone which made no explanations necessary. "And I have a piece of ribbon which will look lovely on your violets, son."

However, Terry's doubts were not altogether gone, when he met Leonard and the rest of "the fellers" on his way to school. Leonard had always gotten ahead of him in his friendship with Elinore. At dancing school he was the best dancer, and therefore stood high in her good graces;

while Terry always managed to tread on her toes. Leonard took her driving in his donkey cart and walked home from school with her; he had spent the summer with her at the same sea-shore hotel and had given a picnic for her in the fall. Was he going to please her more today with his valentine than Terry? As our small hero joined him, he noticed the carefully wrapped bunch of flowers, and suggested to the others that they find out what it was. Then Terry found his mettle.

"Now look here, Leonard Fox, I don' wan' to fight with you; 'n I'd like to keep good friends. But I'm not goin' to have this touched. I guess you know now whether I could like you or not, 'f I tried. So you let me alone, or I'll tear that valentine of yours to smithereens."

Leonard was plainly surprised. "I was only fooling," he said, lamely. "Come on, let's hurry, or we'll be late."

As it was, Terry got into the class room only a minute; for his impatient tugging at his overshoes had made it all the harder to get them off. He slipped into his seat quickly, at the same time glancing across at Elinore. He had noticed that all the little girls had gay envelopes on their desks; but he had a feeling of pride when he saw that hers was fairly covered with them.

Just at that moment she was holding up a beautiful, lacey creation, and was pointing a merry, accusing finger at Leonard. Then she sped daringly down the aisle to show it to a friend before the bell should ring. Terry made use of this opportunity to drop his offering on her desk; but he was not quick enough to avoid having the little girl see his act. Lifting up the flowers, she looked long and happily into the sweet purple faces and then across at the blushing donor.

"Why, Terry Barton," she whispered with lustrous eyes, "It's the loveliest valen-

tine I ever got in my life. I love flowers best of anything in the world."

If Terry did not pay much attention to what Miss Bryce read that morning, it was because he was dreaming of leading

Elinore through the spring fields to his own secret nooks of flowers; and was thinking that there Leonard could not supplant him.

The Saving of Bâle

By S. F. DAMON, 1910.

"**M** EIN Gott, Hermann, this is terrible! A plot under my very nose! What will the Kaiser say? What will become of me? This is horrible! And are you sure that all those men are implicated? . . . I trusted the most of them. The duke, you say, leads them? I am ruined, utterly ruined! Ach, this is terrible!"

Thus moaned the Commandant of Bâle, in the year—, to his one faithful counsellor. And well he might; for the city had been besieged nearly a year. At length aid from the Kaiser was on the way; it would arrive next day, and the city would have been saved, but the duke had been bought by the enemy, who saw their prize slipping from their grasp, and the city was to be thrown open that very night. But Hermann Scheidelmantel had discovered it and brought it to his master.

"Go, Hermann, go, inspect the armory, or better still, send its governor to me. He was firm, you say? At any rate, the powder and arms are safe."

And he wiped the perspiration from his forehead and white, shaven lip as he threw the leaded casement open to the breeze. As though that were a signal, the great clock outside struck six. The sun was already sinking behind the tower and casting great red fingers of light through the narrow streets. "Like blood!" The Elector shivered and shut the window.

A knock! A servant entered with a lighted candlestick, ushering in the governor of the armory.

"Come, Hans, sit down. I want an account of the armory. How much powder, how many guns? Ach, the precious, precious time!"

"Your excellency, there are powder, guns, and armor enough to defend the city a year more at least."

"Good! And this is in safe keeping? Might not an enemy break in, or fire the vaults?"

"Nein, your excellency, impossible! The duke thought of the same thing, showed me the danger, and—"

"What?"

"He transferred everything to the vaults of his castle, which are impenetrable."

"The duke has *all*?"

"Everything."

"You may go."

So Hans left, much astonished at the strange behavior of his superior. How much more surprised would he have been if he could have seen His Excellency now!

"Ruined! No hope! The enemy inside will open to the enemy outside. Already have I sent a messenger to the Kaiser's troops, but they cannot arrive before morning, as the duke knew. If one could but delay the attack, or prolong the fight! But how? No weapons, no men of whom we are sure. . . . However, let us examine their plans."

The plans were simple enough. Outside the enemy were to be prepared, and when the city clock struck twelve, an assault was to be made. The gates would be

opened by the duke's party, and the defenceless citizens would be slaughtered.

A gust of wind blew the casement open. The candle guttered, then went out. The moon was seen, throwing its cold light over the doomed city. Below, in harmonious discord, the warm red lights glowed from the windows. The most light came from the duke's castle, which, high on the hill in the centre of the town, cast its festival light far abroad. The great town hall tower rose black against the blue sky filled with scudding clouds. The clock hands could not be seen, but the Commandant knew the time, for again the clock struck—eight!

"Ach, the precious, precious time! But four hours more!" And he saw as though present the streaming flames, the black smoke, the flashing steel, the fleeing shadows that were people; in short the doom of the city.

He shut the window and went to another which faced the enemy's camp. There, great fires were glowing, men were shouting; there was little need for concealment that something prodigious was about to be performed. Again the Commandant groaned and went back to the table.

A knock. A servant entered.

"Some supper for his Excellency."

"A light, Martha."

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Send Herr Scheidelmantel to me."

"Yes, your Excellency."

When Hermann arrived:—

"What to do?"

"Have you no plans?"

"None."

"Hark!"

It was the clock striking nine.

"The stroke of twelve is the signal."

"Come, Hermann, let us disguise ourselves and go about the streets. There some plan may come . . ."

In the city was a great excitement. The peasants and burghers, inspired with patriotism, unknowing of the duke's treachery, were receiving directions from his men—directions which would be mortal. Nothing could be done, yet the two, in vain hope, continued to pace the pavement. It was not until half past eleven that they returned. The Elector buried his face in his hands, while Hermann trod the floor restlessly.

Slowly the clock ran on to quarter of twelve. Then Hermann suddenly left the room. The Elector, inspired by that peculiar love of self-torture, arose and gazed from the windows. He could see the enemy, in battle array, waiting, waiting for the signal.

On crept the hands of the clock, invisible in the dark, yet the Commandant's senses were so sharpened that he knew just where the hands were. On and on. Soon he heard it prepare to strike.

Then it *did* strike—one! *And no more!*

The troops outside murmured in great disorder. "The duke had discovered something fatal to their plans." "Something was the matter." "The duke had been stabbed in the streets of the city." "The plot had been discovered." "The citizens were armed and waiting for them."

The signal, at all events, had not been given, so the enemy delayed. . . .

In the meantime Hermann reappeared.

"I did it," he whispered half laughing, yet with tears on his cheeks.

The tourist who visits Bâle in the present is amused at the quaintness of all that he sees. "Bâle is a century behind the rest of the world," he says. Yet when he sees the big clock, he adds, "and one hour in advance of it."



School Notes



On Friday, January 14, at 3 o'clock, the first meeting of the Cercle Français took place in the library. Miss Bruce, President Burr, and the officers of the club received. Mr. Walton nobly assisted by the "orchestra" kindly led us in singing the Marseillaise. The rendering certainly lacked nothing in quantity, and the quality was, of course, unmistakable. A card, bearing the name of some historical person, was pinned to the back of each member. The point was to guess one's identity by the answers one received to one's questions. This took no little ingenuity and incidentally a slight (?) knowledge of the language. All then joined in dancing to the tune of "Sur le Pont D'Avignon," singing at the same time. This provoked a great deal of confusion and merriment. The posters, which were so delicately and artistically made, were auctioned off by Miss Dodge. The meeting closed with a second rendering of the national hymn of the French. Hurrah! for the entertainment committee! All the members are looking forward to the next meeting.

CANDY SALE

On the afternoon of January 14 the second candy sale of the year was held in the Drill Hall. Considerable money was realized and all of it went for the benefit of the basket ball team. Although the weather was a trifle threatening, a fair number braved the elements, and by their enthusiasm, helped to make the sale a success. All those who cared to dance and have a good time turned out, while those who are accustomed to come to look on or adorn the wall, were conspicuously absent.

Under the persuasive oratorical powers of Wilson, the posters went like wild-fire. The remarkable ability of the pianist was also a fine feature.

DEBATING

A meeting of the Boys' Debating Club was held in Room 14 at the close of school on January 11. It was decided to hold trials for the team, which should debate against Brookline. The date was set for January 24. Contestants were required to hand in a brief of their debate the Friday before the trials. Considerable breath was wasted before these points were finally agreed to by all present.

On Monday, January 24, the trials for the debate with Brookline were held in Room 14. The judges were Mr. Davis, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Adriance. The following were chosen for the team Raymond, Smart and Clarke, 1910. Raymond was given the rebuttal. The question for debate reads as follows: Resolved, that the United States should adopt a policy of bounties and subsidies for the encouragement of her merchant marine.

WEDNESDAYS.

These Wednesday morning assemblies create a feeling of unity and intimacy among both teachers and pupils. In some way, the devotional exercises seem more impressive when participated in by the whole school in a body. Let's have more of them! These occasions are especially enjoyed by the seniors, who take an innocent pride in their public importance. Any selections of any kind by local talent are always appreciated.

SENIOR CLASS

On Wednesday morning, January 26, there was a short meeting of the senior class. President Doud officiated. The class was then informed that if everyone contributed 25 cents, the class debt could be cleared. *Of course*, everyone promised to give the required amount. But it's one thing to say, and another thing to pay, as can well be illustrated by the way the Review subscriptions come pouring in. Debts, though probably no disgrace, are no doubt a great inconvenience to the treasurer.

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In Memoriam

Roger Newton Griffin,

Class of 1912.

May 11, 1894—January 21, 1910.

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TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The officers of the senior class, N. T. H. S. are: President, George Gaw; vice-president, Frances Ireland; secretary-treasurer, Oswald J. McCourt.

Wednesday, December 22, the senior class furnished the following program:—

1. Violin solo, Melody in F, Robert Hawley, accompanied by Harold Cole.
2. Reading, "Christmas at the Cratchets," Sarah Halfrey.
3. Vocal, "Perhaps," George Merrill, accompanied by Evelyn Bailey.
4. Declamation, "Winning His Way Through College," Albert Rust.
5. Piano solo, "Flower Song," Evelyn Bailey.

Before the entire school, and also many visitors, the boys of the advanced class in French presented a part of Molière's "Le

Bourgeois Gentilhomme" on Wednesday, January 26. Preceding the play, two songs were given in French by the girls of I D. 7 and I D. 8.

The introduction was by M. Decker. The other parts were taken as follows:—
 M. Jourdain *Southwick*
 Un Maître de Musique *Rust*
 Un Maître D'Armes *Merrill*
 Un Maître de Philosophie *Howley*
 Un Maître à Danser *Cole*
 Un Laquais *Marks*

The scenes were well given, and the audience was kept laughing from start to finish. All the boys voted it the best Wednesday morning entertainment yet. The success of the sketch was due in a great measure to Miss Sleeper, who coached the boys.

The whole school assembled in the hall on Wednesday, January 12, to listen to the members of the 3 D. I junior class. Miss Margaret Nolan was chairman.

Readings were given as follows:—

1. "The Village Blacksmith," by Miss Irene McGrath.
2. "The Hero of the Furnace Room," by Miss Katherine Riley.
3. "The Leak in the Dyke," by Miss Frances King.

Two piano selections were given by Miss Vida Chase, '09.

On Wednesday, January 19, the students again assembled in the hall, and listened to an interesting address by Mr. Gorham.

At a recent meeting of the juniors, the following were elected to be on the staff of a class paper Editor-in-chief, John Noone; assistant editors, Miss Agnes Bogstad, Arthur Connelly; class notes, Esther Bryson; athletic notes (boys), James Gallagher; (girls), Margaret Crowley; school notes, Joseph Kennedy; art department, Josephine Mullen, Charles Sadler.



Miss P—(speaking to Adams, '10)—
“Get thee behind me, Satan.”

Heard in Senior French class.—“Le jour
de Pâques, il allumait un cierge.” On
Easter day he lighted up a cigar.

AN EXTRACT FROM VIRGIL

“Cupie, dear,” said Vinie,
“We’ll have a little fun
Pretend that you’re Ascanie
And Dido will be ‘stung.’ ”

“All right, mamma,” said Cupie,
“Straight off to her I’ll rush,
And I assure you, dearest,
That Dido’ll have a ‘crush.’ ”

Heard in III. Class Latin.

Miss—H. (giving principal parts of cus-
todio).—“Cus-cus-custodio—”

A boy—a book,
A girl—a look;
Book neglected
Flunk expected.

Heard in III. Class Eng.—Miss P— (re-
citing about Lincoln).—“When Lincoln
was about five years old, his father mar-
ried again. Lincoln’s mother-in-law—”

She failed in Latin, flunked in Chem.;
They heard her softly hiss;
“I’d like to find the man who said
That ignorance is bliss!”—*Ex.*

“Cæsar conquered nations,
Conquerer of the world was he,
And at the examinations
Cæsar conquered me.”

Kelley, '10, translating.—“Le ciel vous
préserve.” The ceiling remained intact.

Mr. A—“Tell me something about He-
rodotus?”

Miss H., 13—“He was a great story
teller.”

“Elles me tendaient le bras.” They
held me in their arms.”

“They also serve who only stand and
wait.”

At last—that hesitancy on the part of
pupils is explained.

Dark street,
Banana peel;
Fat man,
Virginia reel.—*Ex.*

Freshman.—“I got a zero in algebra
today.”

Soph.—“Huh, that’s nothing!”

Fresh.—“What’s nothing?”

Soph.—“Zero.”

“Little grains of sawdust,
Little strips of wood
Treated scientifically,
Make our breakfast food.”—*Ex.*

Do not jolly the freshmen,
They are simple little things,
Can’t you see that they are fresh
From mother’s apron strings?

Extract from Freshman’s essay.—“You
can fool some of the teachers some of the
time but you can’t fool all the teachers all
the time.”

Mr. A—"Describe a Greek theatre."
E., '13.—"A round oval."

Mary had a little lamb,
Whose foot was black with soot;
And on everything that Mary wore
His sooty foot he put.

Freshmen English — W-t-rs, reciting
about Sir Kenneth, and meaning to say
that the knight had been "full well"
spoken of: "He was full when spoken of."

"You sticks, you stones,
You worse than senseless things;
Why don't you hand
Some contributions in."—*Ex.*

A CONDENSED NOVEL

I

A man, a maid,
At a summer inn,
A moonlight kiss,
And a chance to win.

II

At home again,
The paternal frown,
A lovesick pair,
An escape from town.

III

The illusion past,
And time to measure,
To think it over,
And repent at leisure.—*Ex.*

Freshman English, defining and illustrating in sentences the meanings of *importune*, *addict*, *raze*.

Selected results:—

"Importune, to press.—The boy was importuning his trousers."

"Addict, to devote.—He addicted the medicine to the cut on his head."

"Raze. He is razing a moustache."

Here are a few ways music is often advertised:—

"See the Conquering Hero Comes," with full orchestra.

"The Tale of a Swordfish," with many scales.

"I Would Not Live Always," without accompaniment.

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," with illustrated cover.

"Trust Her Not," for fifty cents.

"There Was a Little Fisher Maiden," in three parts.

"Home Sweet Home," in A flat.

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet.

'Twas there he first fell into debt,
For Rome-o'd Juli-et.—*Ex.*

If a Senior meets a body

Coming to the High,

If a Senior calls you "Freshie"

Need a body cry?

Every Senior's been a Freshie

In the days gone by.

We'll smile and say "We soon be Seniors
Going to the High."

The angler lies beside the brook

And casts his gaudy flies,

And lies, and lies, and lies, and lies,

And lies, and lies, and lies.

An inscription recently found on a monument in a very noted cemetery was:

Here lies the body of Samuel Peas,

Under the daisies and under the trees.

Peas is not here, only the pod,

Peas shelled out and went home to God.

Teacher—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

New pupil—"Same reason the hen had for crossin' the road. You can't fool me with no conundrums."

Here's to the Faculty, long may they live,
Even as long as the lessons they give.

CLASS STONES

Freshmen—Emerald.

Sophomores—Blarney stone.

Juniors—Grind stone.

Seniors—Tomb Stone.

Exchanges

Our list of exchanges has been increased this month. We are glad to see so many new papers among those which have been received. We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: The Sagamore, Brookline; The High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; The Iris, Farmington, N. H.; The Allen Tatler, Allen School; The Red and Black; Claremont, N. H.; The Usonian, Malden; The Magnet, Leominster, Mass.; The Imp, Brighton; The Bugle, Monroe, Mich.; The Vail-Deane Budget, Elizabeth, N. J.; The Searchlight, Walpole; The Assembler, Wrentham, Mass.; Critic, Hackensack, N. J.; The Grotonian, Groton School; The Artisan, Mechanic Arts School; The Mirror, Waltham; The Student, Providence; M. P. S., Bethlehem, Pa.; The Mt. Hollis Outlook, Holliston; The Old Penn, University of Pennsylvania; Lasell Leaves, Lassell Seminary; The High School Recorder, Winchester; The Harvard Crimson; The Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

In the Sagamore we were grieved to find the following:—

"Now, all of you fellows, turn out for the hockey team and use that hockey to good effect. Perhaps you'll get a chance to use it on a Newton man. Oh, what bliss! 'It cannot was!'"

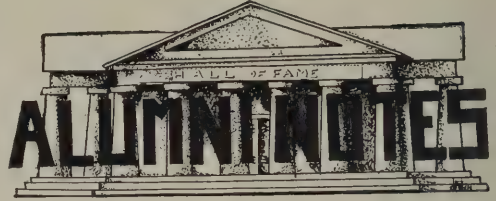
Lasell Leaves has an exceptionally good Christmas cover.

The Magnet is again one of our best exchanges.

The Grotonian was greatly improved by a large number of interesting cuts, and a good picture of the Football Team.

Tommy.—"Pop, what is the difference between sight and vision?"

Tommy's Pop.—"Weel, my son, you can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but don't call her a sight."



When Dartmouth met "Tech" in hockey seven men playing on the two teams were graduates of Newton. On Dartmouth were 'Kelly' Wells, Fred Eaton, and "Sarge" Eaton. Playing for "Tech" were A. Gould, R. Gould, Billings and Polhemus.

Wheeler Loomis, '06, was in the first group of scholars of high standing at Harvard, and was awarded a "Detur."

Crocker, '09, has made the Gym team at Tech.

R. Forbush, '09, recently won the second prize in the Novice Meet at Harvard.

Cabot, '08, is on the 1912 hockey team at Dartmouth.

R. Mahoney, '08, has been elected vice-president of the sophomore class at Brown.

Smart, '08, won his letter playing goal on the Harvard Hockey team.

N. Paine '09, has made the freshman hockey team at Harvard.

Converse, '09, is captain of the hockey team at Noble and Greenough.

R. Boyden, '06, "Wuz" Warren, '09, and C. Taylor, '07, are all doing well in track at Harvard. Boyden made his H last year in the Harvard-Yale Meet.

CORRECTION.

In the November issue we stated that Partridge, '08, was among the students who left the University of Maine on account of troubles arising from hazing. We have since been informed that this was a mistake and we take this opportunity of making the correction.



ATHLETIC NOTES

Hockey Prospects.

Newton surely has bright prospects for a victorious season in the hockey world this year. Of last year's championship team five men are left who will again battle to secure the primary honors in this exciting sport. These men are Captain Hopkins, Woods, Washburn, Adams, and Kelly. From such material great things may be expected.

Newton, 9; Wellesley, 3.

Newton auspiciously defeated Wellesley High School in its initial hockey game of the season at the Brae Burn rink on December twenty-second. From the very start, the home team outclassed its opponents, rushing the puck with marked success. The passing of our forwards was particularly effective.

We hope this good beginning may truly predict a victorious ending; that Newton High School may annex the hockey championship to the one it has already won and the others it is sure to win.

Newton High. Wellesley High.

Adams, f.	f. Barron
Foote, Clark, f.	f. Norcross
Hopkins, f.	f. Cobb
Woods, f.	f. Webster
Kelley, Burns, cp.	cp. O. Gilvie
Smart, Chandler, Flanagan, p. p.	Plympton
Peckham, Briggs, Dewey, g.	g. Thomas.

Score.—Newton High, 9; Wellesley High 3. Goals made by Hopkins 4, Woods 3, Adams, Foote, Webster, 3. Referee—Rollins. Timers, Washburn and Gramkow. Time, 15-minute halves.

Newton, 9; Milton, 0.

On January 11 Newton's "ice stars" easily defeated the supposedly strong Milton team.

Newton, 8; Somerville, 0.

The renowned Somerville team proved "simple" to the fast team-work and sure shooting of the Newton boys.

The men representing Newton in these last games are: Captain Hopkins, r. c., Washburn, l. c., Adams, l. f., Woods, r. f., Kelly, c. p., Foote, p., Chandler, g., Gaw, l. f., Burns, c. p.

The Newton Hockey Team has a clean record so far this year and has decisively defeated all opposing teams, who have been fortunate enough to circumvent the weather's adverse plans and play on scheduled time.

Basket Ball.

Our Basket Ball Team is surely winning glory and renown in each game and bids fair to be one of the best credited claimants for the state championship in this interesting sport.

Elm Hill, 6; Newton, 73.

Newton's quintette had the better of the argument from the very first, her fast forwards Osborne and Cady scoring almost at will, while Elm Hill's forwards were constantly covered by Newton's guards.

Rock Ridge, 14; Newton, 50.

All predictions pointed to a very close game between the Wellesley Preparatory School and Newton High, but the score shows plainly that the boys wearing the BNB jerseys were superior to their opponents.

Quincy, 13; Newton, 32.

Another victory fell to Newton, who, under the leadership of Captain Wood, defeated Quincy High in a very interesting game.

Thayer Academy, 23; Newton, 30.

Thayer Academy's phenomenal team, which had played a hard schedule of games and had never been vanquished, left the floor of the Newton Y. M. C. A. on January 28, a defeated aggregation of splendid basket ball players. The game was replete with sensational plays and brilliant shots, and the closeness of the score kept the spectators on the alert through the entire battle. Captain Wood and Osborne starred for Newton and started a wonderful rally in the last few minutes, which enabled Newton to win a decisive victory.

The men now wearing the BNB are Captain Wood, r. g., Merrill, l. g., Fuller, c., Osborne, l. f., Cady, r. f., Nash, f., Graves, g.

Fiske is now arranging for contests with other leading teams and we need more support in the cheering at the games.

Track Athletics.

Early in January the prospective track men reported to Captain Clancy and Dr. Brown at our gymnasium. Under Captain Clancy and the coaching of Dr. Brown and

Dr. Reilly, the material should be turned into a championship team. Many of the candidates are showing exceptional speed.

GYMNASIUM TEAM.

Another new team which we, the students of Newton High School, should support most loyally, is the gymnasium team, which is to be pitted against Brookline early in March.

Here is a good chance for men to win their GNT. For the success of this team it must have a good number of candidates to make the competition keen.

Dr. Brown has had his pupils vote on the popularity of the different sports. The following shows the result: Football, 65; baseball, 63; tennis, 48; swimming, 46; gymnasium, 39; track athletics, 29; ice hockey, 23; golf, 11; and walking, 9.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The class teams have been formed as follows:—

Senior Team: Centres, E. Wing, M. Whitley, M. Clark; guards, K. Pratt, E. Ganse, E. Wellington; goals, C. Ulmer, S. Lucas, G. Flanders, E. Jamieson.

Junior Team: Centres, A. West, captain, I. Brown, U. Newhall; guards, B. Keith, E. Stuart, M. Granger; goals, M. Paine, M. Adams, K. Tewksbury.

Sophomore Team: Centres, W. Adams, H. Snyder, D. Fairbrother; guards, E. Thomas, N. Granger, M. Robbins; goals, M. King, E. Klapp, D. Wellington, captain.

Freshman Team: Centres, H. James, captain, M. Bacon, M. Merrill; guards, R. Schwartz, V. McKeen, M. Herron; goals, L. Adams, E. Proctor, J. Lyons.

Second Freshman Team: Centres, H. Ames, B. Newhall, D. McNeal; guards, C. Bruner, M. Weston, R. Hills; goals, V. Retan, H. Smith, D. Hamilton.

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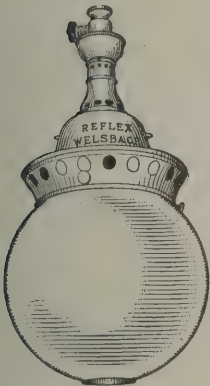
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVIII

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THE Photograph Committee has held its final meeting and made its decision. Six different photographers submitted samples, and after considering carefully the merits of each, prices being taken into account, the committee made their choice. The result of this meeting is known to almost all, and the announcement is made under *School Notes*. It now remains for the members of the class to do their part by having their pictures taken by the Class

Photographer. When such substantial reductions are made in rates, it is expected that the members of the class will have their pictures taken by the photographer chosen. Of course there are some who may not agree with the choice made by the committee, and who would prefer to go somewhere else, but we urge such to remember that the majority of the class is profiting by this arrangement, and that this reduction is made with the understanding that the class will support the committee's choice. If you are going to have your picture taken we urge that you consider the matter thoroughly before you go to any other place for your pictures, because it is only through the loyalty of all that we can benefit by the special rates. And then when you decide to go to the Class Photographer, decide to do it at once. In past years there has been a mad rush for pictures the last month, and many have been disappointed because of the failure to get their pictures by Graduation. In order to avoid this, all should have their pictures taken as early as possible. Do not wait until almost Graduation!

All pictures of teams will be in the Graduation number, together with a *résumé* of the season's work. This seems to be the better plan, because it makes a better Graduation number, and because it enables you to keep the pictures all together, none being lost. Many subscribers do not keep all their Reviews and when the pictures are printed at separate times they become scattered and lost. Printing them all together they are more easily kept and saved for future reference.

The Conversion of Ben Hamin Ali

BY ELLEN M. BURDETT, 1910

UNDER the scorching rays of the midday sun, the little cavalcade moved slowly. At the head of the procession rode Ben Hamin Ali, sheik of the tribe of El Hashim. Behind him rode his trusty followers; the men on horseback, the women on camels. A hot breeze fanned the desert, but brought little relief to the thirsty wanderers, parched by the heat. Now and then Ben Hamin looked back at the horizon, and scanned it anxiously; but it was an unbroken line, and away in every direction stretched miles of sand, nothing but sand.

In the village of Khamin Aston, there dwelt a good priest called Brother Paul, sent to Egypt as a medical missionary by the monks of Fiesole. Brother Paul had tried repeatedly to convert the chief of the village, but as repeatedly had failed.

During the month of August, there had arrived at Khamin Aston, a fugitive of the British law. Assai Laka had killed his wife's murderer, and was pursued by justice. All were forbidden to aid the murderer in any way, on the penalty of themselves becoming fugitives. But, notwithstanding, Ben Hamin Ali sheltered his brother and clothed and fed him. It was discovered that he had aided the criminal, and he was warned to flee. Brother Paul gave him assurance of safety, if he would stay and become a Christian; but hating the religion, Ben Hamin preferred flight.

So here he was, miles from his home, traveling to the village of Anish Zada, a town inhabited by people of his own tribe, and outside of British dominion.

Towards night, after the sun had set, leaving the sky a pale robin's egg blue,

and the silvery moon was peeping over the eastern rim of the desert, Assai Laka pointed out to his brother a clump of feathery-tipped palms, surrounding an oasis.

"There is the well of Allah," said he, "where we shall stop for the night."

The speed of the Bedouins increased, and in a remarkably short time they had reached the spot, dismounted, and after rubbing down their horses, pitched their tents, and ate their humble supper of milk, dates, wheaten cakes and figs.

The tent of the chief in no wise differed from the rest. It was made of rough, untanned skins, stitched together with thongs and having a narrow door sheltered by a dingy striped blanket. Inside, the ground was covered by more skins, and piles of skins and blankets formed the beds. Light was furnished by means of burning fat and wicks. A blanket divided the tent; one half belonging to the women and one half to the men. There were seven tents in all. Five tents held the tribesmen, one the animals, and one sheltered the chief and his wife.

Ghulbahar Mazim had been the most beautiful maiden in her village, and at fifteen was wooed and married by Ben Hamin Ali. One child had been born to them, and had died two months before. Now at twenty, Ghulbahar was as beautiful as ever, having ripened into womanhood. Sorrow had saddened but not dimmed her gentle eyes, and had softened the contour of her face. Her hair, in its jet-black duskiness, fell nearly to her feet when unloosed, and her teeth were dazzling in their whiteness.

After all were asleep, she crouched at the door of the tent, gazing at the stars, and muttering over and over to herself

the name of her lost child, "Allena, Allena, Allena." For an hour she sat thus, rocking to and fro in her loneliness and grief, until a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and a harsh voice said:—

"How now, child! Did I not tell thee to go to sleep and quit this midnight brooding?"

"Ah, yes! But, Hamin, my head ached, and my arms were so empty, and I dreamed Allena had come back. Thou wilt not blame me, my husband, for it seemed so real; then he was not here; and I want him so, my baby boy," and she broke into wild and bitter weeping.

The man's gaze was fixed for a few moments, then he took his wife in his arms and carried her to her bed which was near the door. Placing her on the couch, he proceeded to soothe her, murmuring words of endearment, and smoothing her head tenderly.

"Poor child!" he whispered, "but am I not here, and do I not love thee? I have tried to fill the child's place, but I know I am often grievously angry and lacking in gentleness."

"Oh no, Hamin! You are always good to me," said the young wife simply, laying her head on his shoulder. His arms closed tightly around her, and thus he held her until she dropped asleep. Long after he had placed her back on her bed, he stood beside her with folded arms and knit brow, watching her lovely face, flushed from weeping. For above all other things in the world, Ben Hamin Ali loved his wife, with that fierce passion known only to the hot-headed Aryan race.

It was nearly three in the morning, when Ben Hamin sought rest in sleep, and he did not awaken until after noonday, having given word to the guards not to break camp, or disturb him, unless there were signs of pursuit.

Before he went out he glanced into his wife's room; she was still sleeping, so he

left her in peace; but a little later as he stood by the oasis, in the shadow of a cliff, his wife's slave, Messeris, appeared at the door of the tent, and beckoned him, saying:—

"Your wife wishes to see you, Sheik Ali."

Ben Hamin hastened into the tent, and found his wife lying on her couch with crimson cheeks, fever-bright eyes and parched lips. Her dark hair lay in a riot about her face, and her hands were tightly clenched.

"Water," she moaned, "oh, Hamin, water!"

Messeris ran to the spring, and returned with a gourd full of the cool, crystal water. Ghulbahar drank eagerly, and then lying back, bade her husband kneel beside her. The heat in the tent was almost intolerable.

"Hamin," she said softly, to the anxious Sheik, "Hamin, I have the fever, and—oh Hamin, my husband, how can I bear to leave thee!"

"Hush, child!" answered her husband. Thou shalt not talk so. Thou shalt *not* die. I will not let thee go, O best beloved."

"But, Hamin, it is the will of Allah!—and I shall see my baby, my precious boy"; and then, the fever taking stronger hold on her Ghulbahar babbled on, of Allena and his cunning speeches, and how she loved him. Hamin, nigh distracted, sent for his cousin, Elkar Bamina, and told him to go secretly and quickly back to the village and fetch Brother Paul. He almost pushed him out of the door in his haste.

"Make haste, O slow one! She may die before Brother Paul gets here! Hurry, thou sluggard! If thou dost not bring him before tomorrow night, thou shalt surely die. Make haste, wretch!"

And then followed untold hours of agony, in which Ben Hamin never left the bedside of his young wife, but remained

with her, bathing her flushed face, fanning her until evening, quieting her when she moaned, always caressing her as he would a child. By evening of the next day the doctor had arrived and Ben Hamin muttered imprecations on his slowness, for two days had wrought a change in his wife, and she lay among the cushions, thin, white and weak, with heavy eyes and blue lips. As the sun was setting, she spoke his name. He bent over her. At last Allah had answered his prayers, and she was better! But no! what was she saying?

"Hamin, beloved one, kiss me; I am sinking; why doesn't someone catch me. Must I leave thee?"

Ben Hamin knelt beside his dying wife, and swore a mighty oath, that he would never pray to Allah again for aid.

A shadow darkened the doorway; Ben

Hamin looked up. There stood Bamina and Brother Paul. The latter strode to the bedside of the dying woman and felt her pulse. Then began the battle against death that lasted all night.

In the early dawn, when Ghulbahar was slumbering quietly, Ben Hamin and Brother Paul stood watching the rising sun.

"Yet I shall never again pray to Allah; he answered not my prayer, and heard me not until I had suffered long," concluded Hamin.

"No," replied Brother Paul, "he heard not for he is not; but there *is one* Christ. He it is who answered your prayer, and sent me in time."

Ben Hamin looked at his sleeping wife, then slowly turned to Brother Paul, bowed assent, and placed his hand within that of the priest.

The Writing on the Wall

BY JULIA SCHMALZ, 1910

"**T**HERE, I've got it at last!" The bent old man straightened up on his high stool, dropped his brush, and sighed deeply. He had gotten down from his stool but once that day, and then it was only to stand back and scowl at the easel, view it from several different points, and sit down sullenly and go to work again. He had not eaten, or spoken a word all day, and the little garret room had been silent except for the dull swish of the brush upon the canvas.

He was a pathetic figure as he sat there in the soft, rosy light of the late afternoon, with his arms folded and his head sunk upon his breast. The gray head, the shabby clothes, and the attitude of dejection might have moved one to pity,

but the hard, cold face was strangely repelling. Not even now, after his toil was rewarded with success, did his expression soften. The picture on which he had spent tireless days and sleepless nights was finished, and was right!

It was the head of a child. The innocent, sweet face, with the large brown eyes, and the soft dark hair falling neglected over the shoulders, looked down at him smiling, and the mouth—oh, the trials it had caused him!—had something inexpressibly human and childish in it. In these surroundings—the failing light and the rosy hue of the setting sun streaming in through the high latticed window—the clearly defined face of the child was almost uncanny.

While the old man was sitting thus,

there was a soft tap on the door; it was pushed open softly, and the little dark figure of a child entered.

"Why, Gamiel, are you still working? I have been listening outside your door for a long time, but I didn't hear you stir, so I dared to come in, 'cause it's too dark to work any longer, you know. Is it finished?" breathlessly.

"Yes, Rachel, it is finished." The girl stepped in front of the picture, and stood there with her hands clasped, her face radiant, in absorbed admiration.

"Oh, Gamiel, it is grand, it is real!" And Gamiel felt repaid for his labor. The picture was indeed beautiful, and real beyond his hopes. It was the exact replica of the enraptured child that stood before it, not realizing that she looked into a beautiful face, only delighted that it was her own. The features, the poise of the head, the light of fun in the eyes, in spite of the little sad droop to the mouth, all were hers. But the dingy, threadbare dress, and the air of poverty were gone, leaving an ideal Rachel, more beautiful, but no less appealing.

This lonely little orphan was the only person to whom the old painter was ever known to open his heart, and certainly the only one in whom he had ever found an answering note of sympathy. One day he told her of his unhappy life, of his wife and child that he had left in anger, and of his lonely wanderings after forgetfulness. He took her on his knee, stroked her glossy hair, and said, looking off over the quiet bay with its white sails, "By now my little girl would be as tall and fair as thou, had not—," but he could go no further, and Rachel never knew the end of the sad story. But she was grieved in the sincerity of her tender little heart, and in her bitter tears old Gamiel found comfort and sympathy.

From that bleak December day, years ago, when he wandered into this se-

questered, quaint old house, covered with snow, and his knapsack on his back, in search of shelter, Gamiel had been as dead to the other inmates of the house. After he decided to end his wanderings and remain here, and had engaged the garret room, they concluded that he was "queer," and he soon withdrew gratefully into his cell, and was seldom seen thereafter. Eccentricity was not his only charge; he was soon spoken of as the "miser," and great stories were told of his hoarded wealth. His reputation as a painter grew year by year, and he received fabulous prices, as it was rumored, for the few pictures that he painted. There was never any evidence of this money, however, and he lived the life of a recluse in his solitary room.

Two years ago Rachel came to the house. She had been taken care of since a baby in an orphan's home, but being old enough now to work, had been secured a position and sent forth to brave the world alone, at the age of ten! Mrs. Nobbs, the landlady, was exacting and unreasonable, and the child earned, twice over, her poor lodging and scanty food.

The day of her arrival she was given the unpleasant task of taking the gruff painter his daily allowance of food. She went with fear and trembling, but something in their mutual unhappiness—the child torn from the only friends she had ever known, the man an unknown exile—made them look kindly upon each other. It was thus that little Rachel, a misused and unloved hireling, wove the influence of her sunny, buoyant nature into the life of this unhappy, unknown man.

On this particular evening of the finishing of the picture, when it grew dark, Rachel went down stairs reluctantly, and Gamiel sat lost in thought. He got up once and lighted a candle, and again gave way to his dreams.

They could not have been happy dreams, for his eyes, which he had not taken from the picture, had a far away sadness in them. In these moments his past weeks of work upon the picture of this unfortunate child all came back to him, and he realized that they had been the happiest he had spent for many years. His work had been hampered, because her duties and the strictness of her mistress kept Rachel always at her post. Only for a half hour now and then could she slip away and go to the little attic room to "have her picture taken," as she had laughingly called it. These brief sittings, however, were enough for Gamiel, for the face that he had been trying to put upon the canvas was already engraved upon his heart.

The struggle that was going on within him now began two years ago with the coming of this child into his life. His hoarded money was beginning to mean less to him but yet its power was ingrained; and as long as the man lived, it was not in his nature to overcome the mania of his shattered life. The opportunity lay open to him now to atone in some measure for his past wrongs by opening his great store of wealth and saving this child, whom he had learned to love, from a life of servitude; but his greed for money and inability to part with it made his desire to do this the more pathetic. With his life only could his treasure leave his hands. The struggle was inevitable, and its outcome only the

triumphing of a deep-seated trait of human nature over reawakened love, and a sense of duty. . . .

Rachel was always up with the birds, and about her accustomed duties before other people were awake, but this morning she had an especial incentive to finish her work quickly. As soon as Mrs. Nobbs's back was turned upon the breakfast table, the girl sped off to see the picture by daylight. She had fancied to herself that today it would be different, and look less grand than it had in the transfiguring light of the setting sun.

She pushed open the door of the garret room, and set down the tray of food she was bringing to the old man. The picture was the first thing that met her eyes, and it was unchanged! But where was Gamiel? He must be here, he never went out so early. No, he was gone! And as she turned to look at his cot, she noticed something on the dingy wall. It was writing! It must have been put there by Gamiel, for it was in his firm but scrawling hand. These were the words she managed to make out:—

"Forgive an old man for the mistake he committed in anger and haste, and take as thy revenge his broken heart. All that he has is thine; and know that thy love brought to life dead coals of human feeling in his heart, and that thy unhappy friend was thy unworthy father."

"My father!" breathed the child, "Oh, Gamiel, now I know why I loved you so much!"

The Origin of Scalping

BY DOROTHY S. EMMONS, 1910

Papoose! Come ye nigh and listen!
 Listen to the time-worn legend
 Told to me by Marinuka
 As she sat outside her wigwam
 Weaving grasses in the sunlight,
 Weaving green and fragrant grasses.
 "Many hundred snows have vanished
 Since the death of Carrebassett
 Since his mighty tribe was parted
 When twin sons of the great chieftain
 Claimed the honor to be ruler,
 Ruler o'er their father's nation.
 Thus the tribe was reft asunder
 Thus they started on the war path.
 Brothers' blood was shed by brothers.
 Now Dakota, one twin brother,
 Had a handsome dark-eyed daughter
 Whom a warrior sought in marriage,
 And the father soon consented,
 Making one condition merely:
 That the brave should journey northward
 Many weary miles thro' snowdrifts
 To Big Elk, his hostile brother.
 He should kill him, and returning
 Bring some trophy of the venture,
 Some sure sign, whereby Dakota
 Might believe his brother vanquished,
 Parted from this earth forever.
 Wasting not a precious moment,
 Thro' the snow and whistling North winds
 Started Brave Bow on his journey.
 Many days he lay in ambush
 Near the camp of Big Elk brother,

Then at last the fatal moment
 When he caught the chief and slew him,
 Cutting off the head to carry
 To his chief, the dread Dakota.
 When the sun arose next morning,
 Waking all Big Elk's brave followers,
 Showing them the cruel murder,
 Hotly they set forth in pursuit,
 Gaining on the fleeing warrior,
 Who t'elude his fierce pursuers,
 Cast aside all needless burden,
 Saving his stone knife and trophy.
 Gaining rapidly upon him,
 Till he heard them close behind him
 Press his enemies yet nearer.
 Heavy grew his grewsome burden,
 And at last he whipped his knife out,
 Stripped the scalp from off his trophy,
 And thus lightened gained in safety
 His own camp, and showed his chieftain
 This true token of his prowess.
 Then was wed midst great rejoicing.
 From henceforth the warrior fastened
 On his head an eagle's feather.
 Thus today the same sign answers;
 For the brave counts o'er his feathers,
 Representing scalps in number,
 Scalps that he in war has taken."
 As she finished with her story
 Marinuka ceased her weaving,
 For the sun in all its glory
 O'er the far blue hills had vanished,
 Leaving us in doubt and darkness.

Weety moo

BY ELIZABETH TYLER, 1911



ANY, many moons ago, before
 ever the Pale Face set foot
 upon these shores, there lived
 a wondrous maiden, Weety moo,
 mystic daughter of the Moon. Listen,
 and you shall hear the story of her mar-

vellous coming, of her terrible, fateful
 beauty, of her more marvellous departure.

Once, late at night, all the warriors
 of the valley sat in a great circle around the
 smoldering embers of the fire, watching
 the turnings and the twistings of the

ancient dance of the Medicine Man. Surrounding them, the forest lay silent, glistening darkly in the weird light of the full moon, when lo! the dancer suddenly stopped in his wild careenings, and, raising his great arms to the heavens, uttered a shrill cry of terror. All turned. A dark veil was being slowly drawn over the face of the moon, and terrible darkness fell upon the earth. For a long time, in their great dread, they sat motionless, silent, their gaze fixed on the brilliant eye mysteriously disappearing. For a time, utter blackness. Not one dared move. Then was the curtain slowly drawn again, and a misty something whirling, whirling, dropped through the air and fell in their midst, right in the heart of the dying fire. Up shot the embers in a great fountain, and the wondrous object, leaping, stood forth in the sight of all, Weetymoo, mystic daughter of the Moon.

Very fair was she, fairer than the children of men, tall and straight like the pine, with the gentle grace of the lily of the forest. Her shadowy tresses fell in a heavy mass almost to the ground, and beneath her low forehead glowed her great eyes, with dark depth unfathomable. Slender was her throat, and fashioned like that of a bird, and her arms were as the neck of the swan. Marvellous, very marvellous was her beauty. About her head, across her forehead, she ever wore a slender string of magic wampum, and in the centre, a rare bow of strange colors. Sometimes, as she gazed into the far heavens, it seemed violet, blue, wondrous deep; and again, when her proud lip curled and her eye flashed, it turned a fiery crimson.

Before a single moon had passed, so wondrous, so strangely compelling her beauty, she was wooed by a score of suitors, each young brave, drawn by irresistible force to the strange maiden, filled with a burning love, charmed by her witching

voice, and heeding not at all the murmurs of the old women, that this was a thing of evil.

So they flocked to her solitary wigwam high on the mountain, and before a second moon she was wedded to the mighty Ohmaya. The others, mad with grief, hurled themselves from the cliff, but he, with the soft arms of Weetymoo about him, for three months tasted paradise. Then, strange to say, the cold snake Envy crept into his heart and coiled there, and his paradise turned suddenly bitter. He would no longer sit in that intoxicating stupor day after day; but another snake, the dread influence of the mystic maid, bound his heart with coils of iron.

Then one night a great and mighty storm raged around the mountain, and she, exulting in her terrific beauty with the lightnings, sent her wild cries and imprecations ringing down to the valley. The next morning Ohmaya was no more. In his place, a mighty boulder balanced on the side of the mountain.

What more blind than man? Before another moon other youths had flocked to her wigwam, she again was wed, again the same short bliss, the same tempest, the cries and wails, and a second boulder balanced on the side of the mountain.

What so blind as man? It was not long before six great boulders balanced there and a seventh score of youths sat around her wigwam. The seventh fated brave was chosen, Wawamuka, youngest son of the great chief, fairest and strongest of all and with the heart of an eagle, in which, battling with his love for the mystic daughter of the Moon, lay a deep and dread resolve to free his tribe from the beauteous monster.

For three months, with her soft arms wound about him, it was his love that conquered; but when that same serpent touched his heart, his great and bold resolve sprang forth, and moodily, biding his time,

he sat silent in her wigwam. Then came the mighty storm, and as she, exulting with the thunder and lightning, raged in her terrific beauty, the beam upon her forehead blazed with white and scorching light. Just as the others did, Wawamuka felt his heart suddenly turn cold and leaden—a stone within his breast; but shaking off the venomous lethargy, he rushed madly upon her and tore the mystic wampum from her head.

The very storm seemed to hold its breath. She, with low sobs, shrank rippling from his grasp; but as the beautiful eyes gazed sorrowingly into his, with the fire of his frenzied love again dominant, he shrieked, "O Weetymoo, O Weetymoo!"

Then she was gone, but from the spot where she had stood bubbled a spring of living water, a torrent that rushed down the mountain side, cascading over the six great boulders and settling in a shining lake in the valley.

To this day the falls bear the name of the mystic maid, and to this day may be seen the six great boulders, balancing on the mountain side.

Exchanges

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: The Sagamore, Brookline; The Magnet, Leominster, Mass; The Mirror, Waltham; The Megaphone, Dean Academy; The Anvil, Middlesex School; The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.; Old Penn., University of Pennsylvania; The Echo, Oneonta, N. Y.; The Meteor, Rugby, England; The Vexillum, Volkman; The Student, Providence; The Grotonian, Groton School; The Harvard Crimson; The Review, Hamilton, Ohio; The Minute Man, Concord School.

SonnettoaChanticleerBonnet

By IRENE I. FOGG

Oh, Easter hat, creation wondrous fair,
Of vari-colored plumage gay and bright,

Thy name is now well known as "chanticleer,"

In honor of thy rise to lofty height:

The humble barn-yard is thy proper home,

Not perched on high above my lady's face,

Why then presume so far away to roam,

And place thyself 'mid flowers, tulle and lace

Oh, haughty fowl, fair woman's latest fad,

'Tis only for a day that you'll enthrall;

Some other notion will their hearts make glad,

And bring about too soon your speedy fall.

Forgive what I have said in this short chat,
I'll wear no rooster's wings upon my hat.

Sonnet

The fall of winter twilight charmeth me.

The world so white—the falling flakes of snow

So silent—Sifting to this earth below

From fairy lands—from realms we may not see.

Transforming every naked shrub and tree

With snow-star coronets and garlands low,

That sparkle 'neath the lamplight's flickering glow.

The darkness falls—deep shroud of mystery—

Enclosing earth and sky in weird gray light.

The solemn silence only gently stirred

By chiming bells—and lo! they also cease

Now glimmer lights—the twinkling eyes of night

Great city! Neath this counterpane conferred

By Nature, may thy sleep be blessed with peace

D. S. E., 1910.

Do not think it wasted time to submit
yourself to any influence which may bring
upon you any noble feeling.—*Ruskin.*



School Notes



WEDNESDAYS.

On February 2d the school had the pleasure of listening to a short talk on vicarious development by Mr. Gerham. He defined the term as being that development of others for which we without justification take credit to ourselves. He said that we should strive for self-development, first for its purely personal benefit, and second for the good effect it would have on those whom we influence. Mr. Gorham summed up by exhorting us to strive to achieve a well-rounded development.

On Friday 9th, the school assembled in the hall to be favored by an interesting talk on the Paris disaster by Mr. Henry Hainey, who knows Paris as only a newspaper man can know that famous city. He began by stating the enormous population of the city, in proportion to its small area. Mr. Hainey then took up in detail the wonderfully intricate sewer system in Paris, to which he attributed the severity of the calamity. In an interesting manner he related how the underground canals and subterranean rivers, because of the fearful strain put upon them by the rising waters of the Seine, burst their walls, carrying ruin and destruction in their wake. Mr. Hainey closed with a few words of tribute to Paris as a great city.

On February 16 the school assembled in the hall to do honor to the two great men whose birthdays come so singularly in the same month. The Rev. Mr. Park spoke. He said that the reason Washington and Lincoln made their influence felt was because each possessed the three kinds of power, which are necessary to the success of any one. First he emphasized the

importance of knowing something definite, of possessing an exact knowledge of some particular thing. Second, came the power to think, the ability to marshal our thoughts, and thirdly, the power of appreciation, which is really self-revelation.

On February 23 Mr. Adams gave a short talk before the school. Afterwards he informed the senior class that it should be thinking about its choice for class orator and historian.

GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB.

On February 9, at the close of school, a meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held in Room 14. Miss Gilmore called the meeting to order. The preliminary business being disposed of, a debate was held on the following subject: Resolved, that secret societies should be abolished in colleges. The affirmative was upheld by Miss Monroe, '10, Miss Rice, '13, and Miss Boyden, '10; the negative by Miss Schmalz, '10, Miss Bartlett and Miss Burdett, '10. Miss Monroe and Miss Schmalz took the rebuttals for their respective sides. Miss McGill, as judge, gave the decision to the negative. If negotiations terminate successfully, the club will have a school debate with Wakefield.

GERMAN CLUB.

On Friday, February 4, a meeting of the German Club was held in the library at 3.15 p. m. Brackett, president, opened the meeting. The Club joined in singing songs under Pickernell's able leadership. Two games were played, and greatly enjoyed by all, the forfeits proving especially amusing. Although there were a fair number present we should like to see more. Get a move on, German scholars!

THE NEWTON-BROOKLINE DEBATE.

On Friday evening, February 25, the Newton team, composed of Raymond, Smart and Clark, met the Brookline team, Hay, Clark, Russell, to discuss the question of ship subsidies. Enthusiastic supporters of both sides were present. The debate was in every way close. Newton had a splendidly planned argument, and exhibited good team work, while the Brookline boys showed a real earnestness, and a fine knowledge of the subject. A unanimous decision of the judges gave the victory to Brookline. The music also was greatly appreciated.

CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER.

On Wednesday, February 23, the Photograph Committee held a meeting and selected as Class Photographer, Mr. J. E. Purdy of Boston. Samples from six photographers were considered. The vote of the Committee was unanimous, the choice being made upon the merit of the work, and reasonableness of prices.

CIRCLE FRANCAIS.

On Friday, February 11, the second meeting of the "Circle Français" occurred in the library. Miss Colby and President Burr received. Then the game "Le chat de mon grand-père" was played, and oh! those adjectives! the forfeits were payed in a spirit of goodwill and sent the spectators into paroxysms of laughter. The letter from Mr. Higginson acknowledging the receipt of the money sent by the Club to the Paris Relief Fund was read, after which the artistic poster was sold. The Club enjoyed a solo by Miss Greenwood, after which everyone joined in singing the Marseillaise. Thus the meeting was brought to a close.

TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

On Wednesday, January 26, the whole school assembled in the hall. Mr. Kirschner delivered a short address to the pupils.

The students assembled in the hall on the morning of February 9 and listened to an interesting address by Mr. Day.

Friday, February 11, the whole school assembled in the hall the 4th period in honor of Abraham Lincoln.

The program opened with a song by the chorus. This was followed by the reading of "Perfect Tribute," by Miss Fiske.

Another song, in which all the school took part, completed the program.

Mr. Maxim, head of the commercial department, spoke on fitting one's self for the future, on February 16 in the assembly hall.

On the afternoon of February 18 the first candy sale of the Technical High School was held in that building. Seventy-five pounds of candy were made in the household economics department by the different students. Hot chocolate with cream, and also orange sherbet was served. The girls of that department contributed home-made cake. After deducting all expenses about twenty-five dollars was cleared.

The usual Wednesday morning exercises were held on February 23 in the assembly hall. Dr. Little of Dorchester delivered a short address on Washington which was followed by a few words from Captain Howard.

The Technical and extra-Technical girls gave a dinner on the evening of February 23 to the present and past members of the School Board. Mr. Bassett read an original poem bringing in the names of all the girls who took part. Two of the many verses are as follows:—

"I like to see Miss Lyons grin,
Miss Ells sighs over sewing,
And what Miss Kincare doesn't know
Is hardly worth the knowing.

"Miss Klocker told the Davis girl,
'We'll cook us some confetti,'
She had her mind on wedding pranks,
She meant to say, 'spaghetti.'"

Saturday evening, February 26, there was a meeting of the former graduates of the commercial course, in the Technical library.



Burns, 1911, has found use for his mathematics and now uses it to solve those terrible(?) problems in history. It took him four tries to subtract 175 from 193.

Mr. T—"When I say horse, what does it call to your mind?"

Barry—"Carriage."

A watch may have no gender
But you really can't efface
The fact that nearly always,
There's a woman in the case.

Sophomore—"What did Colonel P— die of?"

Miss G—"Can anyone answer?"

Sophomore—"He died of perplexity."

Silently one by one, in record books of the teachers,

Blossom the little zeros, the for-get-me-nots of the Seniors.

Teacher—"How was iron discovered?"

Freshman—"I heard pa say they smelt it."

Mr. A—"Who were the Skeptics, Ide?"

Ide, '13—"They were the people who didn't believe what they doubted."

"What do we get for all this work?"

I was asked the other day,

"O, nothing at all but 'thanks,' " I said,

"Our glory is our pay,"

And straightway 'round the corner came,
Some classmates on the run,

And advancing toward my helpless self,
Cried, "Gee, this issue's bum."

Mr. Kidder (speaking of a Pres. issue)—
"Riley, who won?"

Riley—"It was a draw."

Mr. A—"How were the Archons in Athens chosen?"

Bright Freshie—"By lottery."

Teacher—"Rider, what part of speech is his?"

Rider—"His is an adverb."

Said Venus to Æneas,

"Look here, my little man,
'Tis only by the heavens
That do this thing you can.

"By them you are beloved,
Indeed they like you lots
Because you build your city
Upon the promised plots."

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A goat ate all our other jokes,
And then began to run;

"I cannot stop," he softly said
"I am so full of fun."

Miss B—to pupil in III. German:—

"What is the feminine of landlord?"

Pupil—"Landlordess."

Miss G—(discussing derivation of Latin word *poll*)—"Where did you ever hear the word poll in English outside of the expression 'poll tax'?"

H—"In the phrase 'The North pole.'"



ATHLETIC NOTES

HOCKEY.

Newton, 4; Rindge M. T. S., 3.

On January 25, Newton met the Rindge team, which had a clean record so far. This was the first opportunity to size up the Newton team and in every way a creditable showing was made. Newton started the game in fast shape, but Rindge scored the first goal. Newton then scored three times, after rushing the puck by good team work, the length of the rink. The half ended with the score 3 to 1. In the second half Newton scored again and Rindge twice, but one of the latter's goals was clearly through the netting. The goal umpire called a goal, and after some discussion play was resumed. The final score was Newton 4, Rindge 3.

The Newton lineup was as follows: Forwards, Adams, Washburn, Capt. Hopkins, and Woods (Gaw); c. p., Kelley; p., Foote; g., Chandler.

Newton, 7; Cambridge, 0.

The first League game resulted in a victory for Newton. The ice was soft, and prevented a larger score being made. However, Newton was able to tally seven points, and kept her goal from being seriously threatened.

Lineup: F., Adams, Washburn, Hopkins, Woods (Gaw); c. p., Kelley; p., Smart; g., Chandler.

Arlington, 3; Newton, 1.

Newton and Arlington met on February 8. Arlington was faster and on the whole had more shots at Newton's goal than Newton had at hers, and she also caged a large number. Kelley made Newton's only score.

Newton, 12; Brookline, 2.

Newton won the League by defeating Brookline at Brae Burn by the score of 12 to 2. Brookline scored once in each half by individual work, and Newton's goals were evenly divided between each period. The game had none of the qualities of good hockey, and approached "shinney." Needless roughness was indulged in by Brookline, and it was not entirely out of evidence on the part of Newton.

Lineup: f., Woods (Gaw), Adams, Washburn, Hopkins; c. p., Kelley; p., Burns, Smart; g., Chandler.

BASKET BALL.

Winchester, 51; Newton, 16.

The Newton Basket Ball team was evidently in poor condition when it played Winchester High School on February 2 at the gymnasium of the latter. Newton also missed Capt. Wood who was obliged to remain out of the game on account of injuries.

The score, Winchester 51, Newton 16, tells the story more eloquently than words.

No one seeing the team work displayed by Newton would imagine that it was the same team that defeated Thayer Academy only a week before.

Newton's lineup: Osborne, l. f.; Nash, r. f.; Fuller, c.; Merrill, l. g.; Graves, r. g.; Daiger, r. g.

Quincy, 35; Newton, 17.

The second game with Quincy High School was played on February 22, and resulted disastrously for Newton. In the first game with Quincy, Newton won quite easily, but seemed unable to score in the second game.

On the whole, however, Newton's first season of Basket Ball has been successful and next year's team should be more loyally supported by our Newton students.

Newton lineup: Cady, r. f.; Osborne, l. f.; Nash, c.; Merrill, r. g.; capt. Wood, l. f.

ANNUAL INDOOR CLASS MEET.

The twenty-first Annual Indoor Class Meet was held in the Gymnasium of the Newton High School on Friday evening, February 11.

This meet is always one of the most exciting and interesting exhibitions of athletic prowess that takes place in the city and this year's contest was no exception.

Class rivalry was at its height and each class supported most loyally all those who wore the class insignia and battled for class renown.

The first event was the 30-yard dash, and resulted as follows:—

Trials

First heat won by Adams, '12; second, Rider, '11. Time, 3 3-5 seconds.

Second heat won by Allen, '10; second, Fripp, '11. Time, 3 4-5 seconds.

Third heat won by Ness, '10; second, French, '12. Time, 3 4-5 seconds.

Fourth heat won by Ellis, '13. Time, 4 seconds.

Semi-Finals.

First heat won by Allen, '10; second, Fripp, '11. Time, 3 4-5 seconds.

Second heat won by Ness, '10; second, French, '12. Time, 4 seconds.

Finals.

Won by Fripp, '11. Time, 3 3-5 seconds; second, Allen, '10; third, Ness, '10.

This event gave the Juniors five points and the Seniors four points. The Juniors' score was increased still more in the 1,000-yard run as McClure, '11 easily captured this event, while the Seniors contented themselves with seeing Johnson cross the tape in second place. The Freshmen's only tally of the evening was made in this event by Groth who won third place.

In the Class Team Trials between 1912 and 1913 the Freshmen showed slight superiority and won by a narrow margin. The teams were as follows:—

1912	1913
Farnham	Whidden
French	Ellis
Knapp	Miner
Faithe	Groth

The Seniors were decidedly the "whole thing" in the shotput and won all three places. Marshall, '10, was first with a "put" of 37 feet, 7 3-4 inches. Taylor '10, second, and Wood, '10, third. This made the Seniors' score 16 and the Juniors' 10.

The 30-yard hurdles was the next event. In the final heat the primary honor fell to Capt. Clancy, '10, second place to Farnham, '12, and third place to Atkins, '11.

Time: 4 1-5 seconds. Score: Seniors 21, Juniors 11, Sophomores 3, Freshmen 1.

The Juniors were bested by the Seniors in the Class Team Trials. The teams were as follows:—

1910	1911
Allen, Capt.	Rider, Capt.
Ness	Fripp
Gallagher	Hickox
Wood	Hill

The race for point supremacy was increased in the 300-yard run. In this event Adams, '12, finished first, Forté, '10 second, and Farnham, '12, third.

Time: 40 1-5 seconds. Score: Seniors 24, Juniors 11, Sophomores 9, Freshmen 1.

The running high jump was the next event and was easily won by Brackett, '10,

while Cady, '11 and Nash, '12 divided the secondary honors. Height: 4 feet, 11 1-2 inches.

The Juniors made a final effort to increase their score in the 600-yard run and secured first and third places. Rider, '11, took the lead from the start and had no difficulty in maintaining it. Farnham, '12, finished second, and Hickox, '11, third.

Time: 1 minute, 30 4-5 seconds. Score: Seniors 29, Juniors 19, Sophomores 14, Freshmen 1.

In the Class Team Finals the Senior Relay team had no difficulty in defeating the Freshmen Relay team.

The treat of the evening was the relay race between Newton High School and Boston Latin School. The Boston Relay Team was fast but Newton's team literally "ran away from them." Adams, '12, started for Newton, secured the first corner and led his man by several yards at the finish; McClure, '11, took up the running, and opened up a splendid "lead." This "lead" was increased still more by Capt. Clancy, '10, and when Forté, '10, started his run against Capt. Evans of Boston Latin, the phenomenal colored runner, he had about one-half a lap "lead," but Forté took no chances and succeeded in preventing his opponent from decreasing this "lead."

The final score was: Seniors 29, Juniors 19, Sophomores 14, Freshmen 1.

NEWTON - BROOKLINE FRESHMEN MEET.

For the first time in the history of the Newton and Brookline High Schools their respective freshmen teams were pitted against each other in an athletic contest in the Newton High School Gymnasium.

The first event, the 30-yard dash, was won by Johnson (Brookline) in the fast time of four seconds. Second place went to Whidden (Newton), and third place to Stanley (Brookline).

The 1,000-yard run was a very exciting

race, and was captured by Groth (Newton). Pond (Brookline) finished second, and Atkins (Newton) third. Time, 2 minutes 51 2-5 seconds.

Next came the 300-yard run. Whidden (Newton) secured the "lead" on the first corner and won the event without much difficulty. Hicks (Brookline) and Miner (Newton) finished in the order named. Time, 41 2-5 seconds. Score: Newton, 16; Brookline, 20.

The first place in the shotput* went to Dexter (Brookline); second place to Groth (Newton); third place to Willard (Brookline). Distance, 39 feet 6 inches. Score: Newton, 19; Brookline, 26.

*Note.—8 lb. shot.

Newton tied the score in the 600-yard run by winning first and second places. The first place going to Groth (Newton), second place to McCrae (Newton), and third place to Fendersy (Brookline). Time: 2:17 2-5. Score: Newton, 27; Brookline, 27.

Alas! The Brookline hurdlers were in a "class by themselves" and won all three places in this event. This gave Brookline nine points and made the final score. Newton, 27; Brookline, 36.

THE TRIANGULAR LEAGUE MEET.

The Annual Triangular League Athletic Meet was held at the Newton High School Gymnasium on Friday evening, February 11, 1910.

Each of the contesting schools was represented by a strong team, but as usual Newton and Brookline were the most evenly matched, so evenly matched, in fact, that the outcome of the contest was not decided until the final event was over.

Wood (Newton) and Allen (Newton) started the evening well by taking first and third places respectively in the 30-yard dash. Taylor (Brookline) secured second place.

Time, 3 4-5 seconds. Score: Newton, 6; Brookline, 3.

The next event was the 1,000-yard run which proved to be a "battle royal" between McClure (Newton) and Stone (Brookline). McClure led for the greater part of the race, but on the next to the last lap he almost fell, when Stone (Brookline) was trying to pass him; this weakened him perceptibly, yet he finished a close second to Stone (Brookline). In this run, Cambridge won its only point in the entire meet, Blanchard winning third place. Time, 2 minutes 43 2-5 seconds. Score: Newton, 9; Brookline, 8.

Then came the running high jump, in which the three places went to Chandler (Brookline), Johnstone (Brookline) and Down (Brookline) in the order named. Chandler incidentally broke the record and jumped 5 feet 8 1-2 inches. Score: Newton, 9; Brookline, 17.

The 300-yard run also went to the Brooklinites, Taylor (Brookline) winning the primary honors, Gallagher (Newton) the second place and Adams (Newton) third place. Score: Newton, 13; Brookline, 22.

The Newton shotputters now evened the score by winning all three places in this event. Marshall (Newton) won first place with a "put" of 39 feet 11 inches, Taylor (Newton) second and Wood (Newton) third. Score: Newton 22; Brookline, 22.

Now the excitement was at its height, the two leading teams were equal in the matter of points and only two events remained on the program. Under these critical conditions the Newton "rooters" surely enjoyed seeing Rider (Newton) and Forté (Newton) capture the first two places in this event although Wyman (Brookline) finished third. Time: 1 minute, 31 seconds. Score: Newton, 30; Brookline, 23.

The final event, the 30-yard hurdles, was "attended to" by Captain Clancy (Newton) and Farnham (Newton) who secured first and second places respectively. Wyman of Brookline was third.

The laurel wreath of victory also fell to the Newton Relay Team, who literally "ran away" with the Brookline men. Gallagher (Newton) started the race and finished several yards behind his opponent. Ness took up the running for Newton, passed his opponent, and secured a "long lead" before he was relieved by McClure. McClure "opened up" a still longer distance, and Captain Clancy had no trouble in crossing the tape many yards ahead of his opposing runner.

Thus the Triangular Meet of Nineteen Ten ended with Newton credited with thirty-eight points, Brookline with twenty-four, and Cambridge with one.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

Not for several years has so much enthusiasm and spirit been shown in the class games as this year. Wednesday, January 26, the Seniors and Juniors played a very close game, resulting 10 to 9 in the Seniors' favor. The Freshmen and Sophomores loyally cheered their sister classes with original cheers, and the Drill Hall fairly resounded with excitement.

The Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 28 to 6 the same day.

The school team was announced February 23d as follows:—

Centres: Esther Wing, Alice West, Marion Whitley; guards: Emily Wellington, Elizabeth Ganse, Evelyn Stuart, Margaret Granger; goals: Emily Clapp, Mary Paine, Katharine Tewksbury.

Newton played her first game at Cambridge with the Latin School. The game can hardly be called a defeat for Newton because the last goal, making the score 16 to 14 in Cambridge's favor, was made on an error. Otherwise, in form and playing it was a very satisfactory game for Newton. After the game the team was invited to stay for refreshments and the invitation was very much appreciated.

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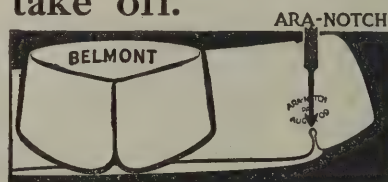
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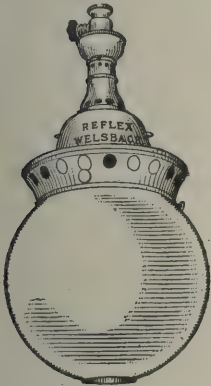
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVIII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL, 1910

No. 7

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THERE will be published this June, for the first time in the history of the school, a year book called The Annual. This is being undertaken by the Senior class, but The Annual will by no means be solely for Seniors. It is intended to be a book that will interest every member of the school, and every person who is in any way interested in the school. Subscription blanks were passed out the last of March, and enough were

returned signed to warrant the undertaking. But not all the members of the school subscribed, and it is hoped that during the next few weeks, while there is yet time, many who have not yet subscribed will do so. This Annual is to be a book of about one hundred pages, bound in stiff covers. The binding will be green cloth and gold lettering, thus using the colors of the class of 1910. It will contain pictures of all the teams, about ten in number, accompanied by a one-page review of the work of each. There will be pictures of both schools, and pictures of several of the rooms in the Technical School. There will be the pictures of the Senior Class officers, and also several of the members of the faculty. The school organizations, such as the French and German Clubs, Debating Clubs, etc., will all be represented. There will be a literary department with several stories and short verse. There will be a department devoted entirely to the members of the graduating class. This will contain a picture of each member of the class, and a short biography of each person. The Class Picture if taken in time will be included. The whole book will be arranged and printed as artistically as possible, and each of the separate departments will have an artistic heading, some of them occupying a full page. Other features of the book will be a list of the faculty; a list of those who have won their "N"; a review of the four years since the Class of 1910 first entered the school, and also a review of the Class Teams for the present year. There will be a short department for each of the three lower classes. And finally there will be included an article giving the outlook for the 1910-11. Some of these things may

be omitted and new ones added, this being only a forecast, and not an absolute statement as to the contents.

Thus far, enough subscriptions have been received to warrant the publishing of The Annual, but from a school such as this we should at least have half as many subscribers as there are pupils, and as yet this is not the case. The fault does not lie with the Seniors, for more than three-quarters of them have subscribed. It remains with the three lower classes to complete the needed number. More subscriptions have been received from the Seniors than from all the other classes put together. Let each class show their spirit, and do their part toward supporting this school

enterprise. Show your school spirit, and your class spirit!

Thus far Newton has won the football championship, the hockey title and also the triangular track meet. This means that the foremost place in three out of the four more important sports has fallen to the wearers of the "N." Let us strive to add to this list baseball. Last year we lost track and baseball to Brookline, but track has again come our way, and only baseball remains in doubt. To win the championship the baseball team needs support as much as the other teams did. Go to the games, cheer, and show a sportsman-like spirit.

A Ghostly Tragedy

BY BERNICE E. DAVENPORT

Ghosts of many poor translations,
Haunt me in my sleep;
And with Cicero's orations,
Nightly vigils keep.

Ghost German before me rises.
(O shivers down my spine!)
Behind him ghosts of all sizes,
Are dancing in a line.

I shiver and shudder, but alas!
While writhing in my mental pain,
I find myself in German class.—
A voice is saying, "Failed again!"

Moral:—

Ghosts of lectures oft remind us,
We should make our "marks" like
"grinds" (do);
And departing, leave behind us,
"Impressions" on the teachers' minds.

“Das Ewig Weibliche Zieht Uns Hinan”

BY S. F. DAMON, 1910

THEY were fashionable at Dump. Even the men, inspired by the women's zeal, tried to cultivate a taste for the Arr Noovoh! To be surè, Giotto, Mendes, Ibsen, Duccio, Mau-passant, and the rest of that set had not yet reached town, but what can you expect of a small Western settlement?

The women had a club. It was called the “Dump Improvement Society.” It met every week to hear impossible suggestions for the benefit of the town.

Mrs. Dorgan was a good member. But nevertheless, she was a hindrance: her husband ran the only saloon of the town, and while she proved such a help to the club, they could not very well speak against her husband's business.

The club was to meet this morning at her house. It was a very full meeting, for she had promised a great surprise.

And it *was* a surprise, truly! For whom did she introduce to talk but Miss Caroline County, the great temperance speaker, noted for her axe!

Miss Caroline evidently had not been informed who the proprietor of this saloon was, for she talked him down very vigorously. All the while, Mrs. Dorgan sat smiling complacently at her fan.

After the talk, the members were undecided just what to do: here was a fiery spirit urging them to demolish the saloon (which they would have *loved* so much to do!) even producing her axe, and yet Mrs. Dorgan—

But Mrs. Dorgan cut the Gordian knot by producing an axe of her own!

Mr. Dorgan was pessimistic. He always was pessimistic when business was poor.

Hardly five drinks a day were bought: for the men, as we have said, being inspired by the women, were trying to cultivate a higher intellectual progress. And the women had strong wills.

So, useless was the new gilt barrel in the window, useless the panelling of crinkly mirrors, useless the white canvas coats donned every day.

So Mr. Dorgan was pessimistic. He growled all the morning to Jim, his assistant, of his wife, her set, the town, the nation, and the world itself!

“She complains of my biz; but nat'ly I can't give it up. She says it lives on souls and a lot more bosh: yet she plays Bridge! Bridge! do you hear, Jim? And loses all I ever make; that's the worst of it. Then with tea and cakes and curtains and what-nots, she'll ruin herself! She's ruined me already, a'most. There's a meeting of that infernal D. I. S. at the house today. She's trotted 'em all into the front parlor that she won't ever let *me* go into; yes, and she opened the blinds, and not even put newspapers on the carpet! It's all bosh, straight bosh, Jim, and don't you forget it!”

“Having a prosesesh', too, Doggy! They're going to pass us.”

“A what!”

It took but a few moments for Mr. Dorgan to appreciate those axes. He rushed back into the shop, crying:—

“Bar the doors, Jim! Bar the doors!”

In the meantime he worked a little slide which few knew about. It cut off the principal barrels from a thorough search, though it left exposed the cheaper drinks. It was a wise plan to be used to survive raids by the police, although the town

constable had never as yet found any infraction of the law.

Then the two wisely disappeared from view.

The members of the D. I. S. were quite excited. However, when they found the doors barred in their faces, there was an awkward pause. Mrs. Dorgan and Miss County broke it simultaneously with the window. Then they attacked the gilt barrel. . . .

When they left, they were quite triumphant. Singing a song started by Miss County they marched — lockstep! — with self-conscious, self-satisfied smiles through the crowd of men.

But the men did not know just what to think. Some thought it an outrage, a few approved, but the most were undecided (thus proving that their wives' wills were not so very strong, after all). Then a reporter arrived and began making all sorts of scrawls in a notebook. (He called

it "shorthand," but when he got back to the town where his paper was printed, he could not read it himself any longer, so he had to fake up a story.) He even took a couple of photographs; one of the broken crinkly mirrors, the other of the remnants of the gilt barrel.

This conquered the men. One of them bravely stepped forward and asked Mr. Dorgan (who had reappeared) if he had a drink left.

"Sure!" (the slide was evidently back again). "Just a minute. Here, Jim! Sweep this glass up! Anything, sir, anything at all!"

But here the other men, wishing to get a drink in a saloon wrecked by the famous Caroline County, crowded up, even hoping to be photographed by the reporter. . . .

From that moment Mr. Dorgan's fortune was made.

That is why I have chosen for my title, "Das Ewig Weibliche Zieht Uns Hinan."

The Brotherhood of Man

By MILDRED CLARK, 1910

PART I



IN a small county in the state of Arizona on the edge of the desert, bounded on the east and west by the foothills, is one of the garden spots in the waste country round about. Here lies the Giant Cactus Ranch, so called from the unusually large cactus plants that grow around the house and outbuildings, their red blossoms strikingly contrasting with the dull, colorless waste of the horizon.

It was high noon. The pitiless Arizona sun beat down upon the shriveled sage-

brush and shrunken cactus, bravely fighting for life in the dry, sandy soil. The air, like the hot suffocating breath of a furnace, fairly radiated with heat. Little whirlwinds of dust were driven wildly about by the dry desert breeze.

On this morning, a small procession wound its way in the direction of the ranch. At the head rode a tall, powerfully built young man of perhaps twenty-four. He sat on his horse, which was a fine animal, with the air of having been born in the saddle. A sombrero was pulled far down over his forehead to keep the noon-glare out of his eyes. He wore a

loose gray cotton shirt, with rolled-up sleeves, exposing strong brown arms. A red and yellow handkerchief was loosely tied around his throat. Great boots with high heels peered from below his rough buckskin trousers. A heavy murderous-looking pair of spurs jingled as he rode. His waist was encircled with a cartridge belt and the handle of a revolver gleamed from the holster hanging at his side. Heavy gauntleted gloves completed his outfit.

Picturesque as was the man's attire, his face was what attracted one most of all. A broad forehead, a strong nose, a good mouth, and a decided chin marked this man as one used to responsibility and trouble. His rather large gray eyes revealed the true nobility of the man, though those same eyes could at times be points of steel. This was Robert Hardie, sheriff of the county, respected and a little feared by all who knew him. One only stood in no awe of him, Max Allen, son of the owner of Giant Cactus Ranch. A remarkable friendship had sprung up between this stern man and the sensitive boy of seventeen, and they loved each other as brothers. When grave, Rob looked much older than he was, for trouble and toil had graven lines of strength on his smooth shaven sunburnt face. Today, he looked sad and worried, and a frown deepened between his brows, as he rode. There was an air of suppressed excitement in the actions of the men following him, who formed his squad. They whispered among themselves with serious faces, and the accustomed joking and laughter were absent.

When at length they reached the ranch, the men swung themselves from their saddles, and threw the reins over their horses' heads. Rob rapped on the door, which was opened by Mrs. Allen. She seemed a little surprised to see the yard full of men. Rob asked for Max, and at her invitation, the men entered the living-

room. She disappeared to find her son. The room was a long, comfortable, but not luxurious, apartment. Rob threw himself into a big armchair with the air of being quite at home. But his men, not used to so much civilization, sat gingerly on the edges of their chairs, and carefully avoided each other's eyes.

But their uneasiness was soon put at rest by the entrance of Max, a slight, dark-eyed boy of seventeen, with a sensitive, refined face. Seeing Rob, he advanced towards him, a world of love and admiration in his eyes. Rob's expression as he entered lost some of its seriousness and became one of pride and affection.

"Why, it's Bob!" cried Max.

"Yes, it's Bob," answered Rob, his face again becoming grave.

"But why are all these men here?" asked Max, recognizing and bowing to several.

"Listen, Max," said the older man, "and answer me truly! Were you at the post-office today?"

"Yes, Bob, I was there at eleven o'clock to get a letter I expected from my sister. I had a nice talk with Bill Hale. He told me about some money he had just received from someone who had been owing him for a long time."

There was a stir among the men at these words.

"Max, Bill Hale, our postmaster is dead. Half an hour ago, I found him lying on the floor of the office, shot through the head. A drawer was open, and its contents had evidently been disturbed. Perhaps he kept his money in that drawer. I don't know. There were signs of a struggle, for the table and chairs were overthrown and papers scattered about. Looking for the perpetrator of this crime, I noticed tracks leading from the office, and following them I arrived here. I have summoned my men to look into the matter. Max, you were the last person

in that office, as far as anyone knows, before the crime. If you can look me in the eye, Max, and say 'I didn't do it; I am innocent,' I will believe you, no matter how strong the evidence against you, although I may be forced, in my position as sheriff, to arrest you until the matter clears up. Oh Max, say you didn't do it!" His voice broke traitorously on the last words.

During this recital, Max stood as if fixed to the floor. At first unable to grasp the facts, he gazed wildly about him. Then, as the whole terrible truth flashed across his mind, he groaned aloud. The suddenness of the blow, and the evidence pointing at him so strongly, seemed to crush him, at first, with their weight. For a moment he listened to the accusation as if baring his breast to the knife, and then exclaimed passionately: "Oh! I didn't do it! I didn't do it! Believe me, I didn't!" Then his eyes were blinded with tears of shame, and throwing up his arm above his head as if to ward off a blow, he rushed from the room.

"Poor Max! Oh, why am I the sheriff of this town anyhow! Poor boy! He feels the shame so terribly. Would that I could bear it for him. It is pretty tough on him. What shall I do?" cried Rob, striding up and down the room, moved to the heart by the boy's trouble. The men stirred uneasily on their chairs.

Mrs. Allen, wondering at the commotion, now entered the room and asked what the matter was. "You tell her, Tom," said Rob, throwing himself into a chair and covering his face with his hands, his mind occupied with the boy's suffering. "Who could have done it? I must lift the blame off the boy or the shame of it will kill him. Who could have done it?" he asked himself again and again. Through his thoughts, he scarcely noticed the sound of galloping hoofs pass the house. Laurie

going to the corral, he thought, and was soon buried again in his thoughts.

Tom, meanwhile, was giving a graphic and long-drawn-out description of the scene of the murder. Mrs. Allen took the news much more calmly than had Max, but she was most anxious to have the matter looked into, that the blame might be removed from her innocent son, for one could not have made her believe for an instant that he was guilty. She said that it would be best for Max to fight his fight alone, and then he would come back and be a man and bear his trouble.

Presently, Rob rose and said shortly, to hide his emotion, "I'm going to find Max."

"You'll find him in his room or in the stable with Arizona Belle, his horse," Mrs. Allen called after him.

He climbed the stairs and entered Max's room. No Max. The bed looked mussed as though someone had thrown himself upon it. A strange fear tugged at his heart. Perhaps he is in the stable, he thought, but the stall was empty. There was no sign of the horse or his master. Then a piece of paper pinned to the stall-post caught his eye. It contained this inscription in a scrawling hand:—

Dear Bob: I can't stand the shame of this suspicion. I feel as if I could never look anybody in the face again. I don't care much what becomes of me. I've gone to the desert. Tell mother and father goodbye.

Farewell, for the last time,

Brother Max.

P. S. I didn't do it.

PART II.

An awesome silence hung over the desert. Everything seemed waiting for the dawn. The sun rose quickly, mounting into the sky, burning, withering, and scorching every living thing, and painting the cañon walls with bright reds, blues

and violets. From the sand and alkali of the desert was reflected a blinding glare. On a narrow trail, which wound around the face of the cliff, was a hole in the rock, where cool water generally trickled. This place was known to prospectors and Indians as Cold Water Spring, but it was now dried up.

Down the trail staggered a man, his eyes, which were bright with the delirium of thirst, partly closed because of the blinding glare. His cheeks were sunken and feverish, his face unshaven. His clothes, torn by cactus thorns, were faded and coated with alkali dust. It was Max. What a change a week on the desert had wrought in him! At sight of the spring, he reeled towards it, dropping his hat and rifle in his haste to drink the cool water. Throwing himself down on his face, he put his mouth to the hole in the rock. Then only did he notice that the spring was dry. Crazy with thirst, he dug with his bony hands into the hot, dry sand below the spring, but there was not even mud to show that water had once flowed there. Blindly he sank upon a rock near by, upon which he leaned in his weakness. His hand touched his canteen, and he raised it to his lips. No drop of cool water touched his parched throat and blackened lips. He had drained it the morning before. In a rage he hurled it from him. "Ten miles to the next spring! Ten miles!" he groaned despairingly.

Then he thought he heard the sound of running water and started towards the cañon wall, his eyes blazing and bloodshot with desire, only to find that it was the imagination of his crazed brain. The roar of mighty waters sounded in his ears, and just ahead he saw a cool forest. Then furious with the cruelty of it all, he shook his fist at the pitiless desert, and cried passionately, "You shan't get the better of me! I'll conquer you yet!

I wanted to die at first, but I can't do it this way! Ten miles! I've got to make it." He rose and set out, staggering along the trail, until, striking his foot against a stone, he fell. He made one feeble effort to rise, and rolled over, dying of thirst upon the sands of the desert.

A few minutes later, a horse and its rider descended the same trail. The animal plodded along in the sand, with its head held low and with lolling tongue. The rider's face and figure were dejected. The man raised his eyes. It was Rob. Arriving at the spring, he descended from the saddle to drink, but found it dry. He confidently tapped his canteen, which was still more than half full. Then he noticed that the sand around the spring had been disturbed recently.

Then he saw just ahead of him on the trail a small dark object. He hurried forward and saw that it was a man lying face downward upon the sand. Was he too late? A great fear smote his heart. He reached the body and picked it up in his strong arms, turning the face so that he might look at it. For a moment he did not recognize Max, so marred were his features with suffering. When he did, he laid his friend's head on his shoulder and pressed the canteen to his lips. Then he bent over him, his frame shaken with sobs. Dampening his handkerchief with water, he bathed the dying man's face. It took some time to restore him, but finally Max opened his eyes and sat up, supported by Rob's arm. "Water, water!" he gasped, and catching sight of the canteen, he sprang towards it, fighting with his deliverer for the precious fluid. But he was feeble and Rob easily kept it from him, speaking soothingly the while, "Easy, easy! you shall have more by and by." When Max sank weakly back, he repeated the process of restoration, until he could stand alone and talk a little. "I'd have been done for," said Max

looking into his companion's face for the first time, "if you hadn't come,"—he paused, startled by the resemblance.

"No! It can't be! The glare has hurt my eyes," he murmured half-aloud, intently searching his deliverer's face.

Rob, perceiving the flash of recognition, and afterwards the expression of doubt, grasped Max's hand and cried in a voice husky with emotion, "Oh Max! Don't you know me? It's Bob. I've found, I've found you!"

Max placed his hands on Rob's shoulders unashamed of the tears coursing down his dust-stained cheeks.

"Bob! I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" he cried, and when he had better mastered his emotion, asked, "How did you find me? Do they still believe me a murderer and a robber at home? How's mother? and father? He was away east when I left."

"Hold on! One at a time!" interrupted Rob, laughing from pure relief. "Well, I suppose I'll have to begin at the beginning and tell everything up to now, before you'll be satisfied, eh, Max?"

The boy nodded, his eyes never leaving the other's face during the recital.

"Well," began Rob, "I had just finished reading your note and was feeling all dazed and shaky, when Jim, you remember him, came riding up. He said that he was in the post-office looking around for evidence, when suddenly his foot went through a rotten place in the floor, and he had to pull up a plank to free it. But attracted by a slight noise, he had peered down into the semi-darkness below in the cellar, and had discerned a man's body crouching behind a heap of old boards in one corner. Running to the door, he

had summoned the cowboys in the corral, and they arrived just in time to prevent the escape of Black Heart, that lazy half-breed. When threatened by the boys, the rascal confessed he had killed Hale, to get the money he heard him talking to you about, in order that he might recover part of what he had lost gambling. He knew his tracks would betray him if he tried to escape from the office, and therefore, he thought he had better hide in the building until the affair blew over."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Max, "I suppose he was spying around when we were talking. I'm glad the affair is straightened out" and he sighed contentedly.

"Well, I expressed my joy in a way that made Jim stare at me as if he thought me crazy. Then I remembered the note in my hand, and asked Jim if he had seen you lately. He replied that he had seen you an hour and a half ago riding toward the desert by the foothill trail. 'Jim,' I said, 'tell the story you've just told me to those men in the house, and give this note to Max's mother, and tell her I've gone to find Max and bring him home.'"

"Oh, Bob! Bob!" cried Max, "I don't deserve it! I ought to have stayed at home and taken the unjust blame like a man. Oh yes! I know now it was cowardly to run away! But nobody will ever realize how I felt."

"Never mind, Max, it's all over now, and nothing matters now that I've found you. I think we had better be starting back. What do you say?"

Without waiting for an answer, Rob lifted Max in his arms and set him on his horse, in spite of the boy's protests. Then he seized the horse's bridle and led the way back along the trail.

The Persian Table-Cover

By FLORENCE G. NELSON, 1910



JUST think, John, only twelve dollars and a half, marked down from twenty-five!" my wife declared triumphantly, as she shook out before my startled gaze an immense, rainbow-colored table-cover. "You've always said you wanted one of these for the table in your den and so when I saw this so cheap I simply couldn't resist getting it. Don't you think it is pretty?" (anxiously, for she was disturbed by my silence).

"It is very odd," I answered, in non-committal tones.

"Yes, isn't it?" she continued. "Do you know, if what the clerk told me is true, there is but one other just like it in all the world!"

"I should hope so," I murmured, my eyes fixed upon the glaring colors, but my wife did not hear me and hurried on.

"It was made in Persia by an ancient magician who was very powerful, and able to work potent charms into anything he chose. Two of his friends chancing to do him a great favor, he made for each one of these table-covers. Their special virtue lay in the fact that they were able to protect their owners from any impending danger. In the course of time, both the magician and his friends died, and the table-covers—which by the way, still retained their old powers—passed from hand to hand, until one finally disappeared, while the other came into my possession this afternoon, as you know."

"A very pretty story," I remarked sarcastically, when she had finished, "but hardly worth paying twelve dollars and a half for. Whatever do you suppose we're going to do with the thing, now we've got it? Just look at the colors, Marion!

What could you have been thinking of to buy it?"

"They *are* rather startling," she acknowledged, "and, to tell the truth, I was afraid you wouldn't like it. You see the salesrooms were so dark that I didn't fully realize how bright the colors were until I got the cloth home. Then of course it was too late to do anything about it. But perhaps it won't look so badly on the table, after all. Suppose we take it upstairs and see."

This we proceeded to do. But as the cloth was of very generous proportions, and my table unfortunately was not, the result was anything but pleasing. The edges of the thing touched the floor on all sides, making it more than ever an eyesore to me.

"Perhaps it won't last very long," my wife suggested hopefully, as we stood looking at it.

I shook my head. "No danger of that; it's made of too good material. It will certainly wear well." And it did! Although all that summer I tried my best in one way or another to assist it in the wearing-out process.

First, I pulled the table up into my window, and let the hot sun beat down upon it for days in a vain endeavor to fade out the colors. Then I managed to accidentally overturn two bottles of ink, one black, one red, upon it. But the ink blended in beautifully with the other colors, making scarcely any perceptible change in the appearance of the cloth. At last, finding all my efforts fruitless I pushed the table back into the darkest corner of the room, and tried to forget it.

About this time, my brother-in-law, Roger Allen, dropped in upon us unex-

pectedly, one evening. He was accompanied by Rex, a splendid brown and white collie, of whom his master was justly proud.

"I'm going to take a trip across the pond, sis," was Roger's first greeting. "Possibly have to be absent almost a year and I want you to take care of Rex for me while I'm in Europe."

"But, oh Roger!" my wife protested, knowing how much her brother thought of the animal, "what if something should happen to Rex while you're gone?"

"Oh, nothing will," he assured her, "but if there did you know I wouldn't blame you, Marion." In the end Roger carried his point, and Rex became a member of our household.

Very much at home he made himself, after he had become somewhat reconciled to his master's absence. Our house and yard he regarded as his special domain, and no other cat or dog dared show his face on the premises. In a short time, Rex became devoted to me, and would scarcely let me out of his sight for a moment; but with the exception of my wife, he made no other friends. At first, some of the dogs in our neighborhood had tried to be sociable, but Rex was too thoroughly aristocratic to have anything to do with those whom he considered his inferiors, and they soon learned to leave him strictly alone. As for strangers who visited our dwelling, they were either regarded with open hostility or total indifference.

One morning, late in November, as I stood at our kitchen window watching Rex, who had taken a bone outside to bury, a diminutive fox-terrier came running down the road, and catching sight of the collie, made straight for him snapping and barking. Rex stopped his work for a moment, and gave the small intruder a glance in which surprise, anger and disgust were mingled. I looked to see the terrier turn tail and run; instead, he

continued his rush and flung himself squarely upon Rex. He made but a mere scratch on the collie's tough chest, but it was more than enough to rouse the other's ferocity. With a deep growl, he bent his head and catching the small terrier by the nape of the neck, he shook him as he might have done a rat; then dropped his victim limp and lifeless on the ground.

We buried the tiny dog in the garden with much pity and wonder at the rashness which had brought upon him his fate. Rex's slight wound was washed and dressed and soon healed, and the incident forgotten; although months afterward I had cause to again remember it.

It was spring once more, and almost a year since the unfortunate purchase of the Persian table-cover. One balmy Sunday afternoon late in May, I sat in my den reading. My wife had dropped in for a chat with our next door neighbor, and I was alone in the house, save for Rex, who lay half asleep upon a rug at my feet. For several days he had seemed so morose and restless that we felt worried about him and rejoiced in the fact that Roger was expected home in a few days, when he would relieve us of all further responsibility regarding the animal.

Through my open window the light breezes brought the scent of fragrant blossoms. A robin carolled in an apple-tree near by, and I could hear the busy hum of insects. Gradually a feeling of drowsiness crept over me, and my eyes strayed oftener from the printed page. Rising, I laid aside my book, and locking the door, cast myself down upon the sofa to rest; in a few moments I was wrapt in slumber.

But though I slept, my mind was still at work. In my dreams, I wandered lost in a great forest, alone and unarmed. Suddenly I heard a savage growl and a great bear rushed upon me from behind a thicket. I cried out, and awoke trem-

bling, the growl still ringing in my ears. As I sat up I was surprised to hear the sound repeated; so rasping and peculiar was it, that it made my flesh creep, and I realized that I had not been altogether dreaming.

Rex stood before the sofa regarding me with a strangely malicious expression on his face. I spoke to him, but he paid no more attention to my voice than to the wind murmuring in the treetops outside. Then as I looked at him more closely, startled by something I saw in his attitude, it dawned upon me with sickening conviction that the dog was mad. The discovery sent the shivers coursing down my spine. For a second, I sat frozen with horror. During that time, the dog's eyes, wild, rolling and expressionless, were fixed upon my face. Then he raised his muzzle, howled, and gathering his feet beneath him, sprang straight at my throat. I leaped lightly aside, barely in time to save myself; and made a dash for the door—only to find it locked! There was no time to lose. The brute was at my heels, his hair bristling and the froth dropping from his jaws. It was plain he meant business! I was in despair! It seemed to me as though my time had come!

Desperately I looked about for something with which to defend myself, when, quite by chance, my eyes fell upon that much-despised table-cover. With one quick jerk I dragged it from its place, flinging it over the animal, who became entangled in its folds and for a moment was helpless! Then, oh how I blessed that glaring, hideous table-cover! For that moment of grace proved my salvation! With trembling fingers I turned the key and slipped out of the room unharmed! I slammed the door after me, locked it, and hurried down the stairs and out of the house, the dog's howls of baffled rage following me and lending alacrity to my movements. A few moments later, I

returned with an officer, and a bullet soon put an end to the wretched creature's life. Today, among my most treasured possessions is an old, torn but gaudy table-cover.

Exchanges

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: The Mirror, Waltham High School; The Anvil, Middlesex School; The Minute Man, Concord School; The Sagamore, Brookline High School; The Grotonian, Groton School; L. H. S. Quarterly, Lewiston, Maine; The Wheaton Bulletin, Wheaton Seminary; The Vail-Deane Budget, Elizabeth, N. J.; The Orange and Black, Spokane, Washington; The Mt. Hollis Outlook, Holliston; The Magnet, Leominster, Mass.; The Meteor, Rugby School, England; The College of Charleston Magazine, Charleston, S. C.; The High School Record, Newburyport, Mass.; Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary; The Harvard Crimson; The Old Penn, University of Pennsylvania; The Commerce Caravel, High School of Commerce, N. Y.; The Tatler, Nashua, N. H.; The Student, Providence, R. I.; The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.; The Argus, Gardner High School; The Allen Tatler, Allen School; The Review, Hamilton High School, Hamilton, Ohio; The Sentinel; The Review, Lowell, Mass.; The Echo, Oneonta High School, N. Y.; The Recorder, Winchester High School.

The Mirror, Waltham, has a better color cover than usual.

The Megaphone for March is devoted to the Alumni. This is an excellent idea when it can be carried out, but many schools have not the close connection with their Alumni that Dean Academy evidently has, and such an undertaking would be impossible.

The Magnet, Leominster, Mass., has a monthly change in the cover color, but not like most papers that do this, the color of the Magnet cover is always good. In many cases we find that a monthly change requires so many colors that frequently a poor one is chosen because there is no other available color left. If all exchanges would either keep the same color cover, or else see that each month the color is durable and artistic, they would improve the appearance decidedly.

Again we don't appreciate the spirit of one of the editorials in the March Sagamore. The principal idea of the editorial is commendable. Surely a school

such as Brookline should have an athletic field; but we consider that the references made to Newton are unsportsmanlike and narrow-minded.

The Orange and Black has an excellent cover design each month. The coloring is not too brilliant, and the drawing is well executed.

Next month we will print under this department some of the comments made by our exchanges, upon the Review. Some of these are favorable and some are otherwise. However, we feel assured that all were made as honest criticisms and they are accepted as such.

The Child's Day

BY ELIZABETH TYLER, 1911



THE father, opening the gate of the garden, led the child within and, kissing him, told him that in the evening he would meet the child at the other end of the garden. Meanwhile the whole, lone, beautiful day was the child's own, to do in it as he liked. Then the father left him.

The garden was more beautiful than tongue can tell; full of wonderful flowers and trees of most refreshing shade, and the child smiled happily to himself and began at once picking the sweet blossoms that grew at his feet, the fragrant arbutus and white violet, and all the other flowers that are sweetest. For a long time the child wandered through the garden happily, gathering the posies until his little hands were nearly full.

Then, on a sudden, he raised his eyes and saw on a far-away hillside flowers of a most marvellous gold. Long, and long, he gazed at the wondrous sight, the blossoms that he had gathered falling from his fingers. Then, forgetting them, he started for the golden carpet, crushing the dainty flowers under his feet as he

ran. Many times he stumbled, and once he fell, but still he hastened on.

Finally the child reached the hillside, and he filled his hands with the wealth of bloom. They were not so sweet as the violets had been, but not heeding this he picked greedily of the sunny blossoms until his apron could hold no more.

Then the sun dropped down its vivid primrose way and out of sight, and the child sought the gate where the father was to meet him. As he hurried along, he glanced down to see the glory of color in his apron, but lo! the flowers had disappeared, and in their stead lay a heap of filmy spheres, gray and pale like smoke, and even as he looked, the gentle south wind caught up the feathery things and bore them away. Nothing was left of what had once been so beautiful but a handful of brown stalks.

The child stood still in sorrow, and his eyes filled as he thought of the sweet blossoms he had dropped in his haste for the gold, and with great tenderness and loving sadness he stooped down and picked a single fragrant flower at his feet. Then he met his father.



School Notes



WEDNESDAYS.

On Wednesday, March 2, the school had the opportunity of listening to a talk on patriotism by Mrs. Lucia Meed, a woman of international reputation. She stated that war times are less murderous than periods of peace, and that defenders are needed more by this country today than ever before, because our enemies are within. International war must and can be abolished. The termination of strife between nations is not more difficult to accomplish than the ending of contention between states. In conclusion, she said that our country is the world, and our countrymen all mankind.

The whole school assembled in the hall on Wednesday March 30. In connection with the devotional exercises Albert Pickernell sang two solos, Handel's "Largo," and Bohm's "Still wie die Nacht," which were much appreciated by all. Mr. Adams made a few remarks of commendation on the Girls' Meet and the Boys' Carnival.

SENIOR CLASS

On March 16 the Senior Class assembled in the hall for the purpose of electing the class orator and historian. Paul Smart was chosen orator at first ballot, by a large majority. The class elected Miss Dorothy Emmons for the position of historian.

THE ANNUAL

On March 21 and 23 the Senior Class discussed at some length the work of editing an annual. Many other schools

have successfully carried through the idea and there seemed no good reason why we should not do so. Paul Smart was made Editor-in-Chief and Carleton Burr, manager, with the power to appoint others to assist in the execution of the work.

GERMAN CLUB

The third meeting of the German Club was held in the library on March 18 at 3 o'clock. Three or four games requiring watchfulness and some knowledge of German were played, much to the enjoyment of those present. Prizes appropriate to the Easter season were given to the winners as a reward for their labors. The meeting, though rather informal, seemed to contribute all the more fun on that account. The Club broke up with the singing of various German songs.

SENIOR CLASS

On Friday evening, March eleventh, the Seniors held their first assembly in the Northgate Club. To all those who were so unfortunate as not to be present we say: "You missed it." About twenty-five couples were on hand, and excellent music and a good floor contributed much to the very enjoyable occasion. Three cheers for the committee!

On Friday, April 1, the Seniors went to the Hall for devotional exercises. Later Mr. Adams and Mr. Thomas spoke briefly about the class hymn. After this Mr. Adams announced that Miss Helen Louise Gustin, having obtained the highest rank for the four years, was Salutatorian.

TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

On Wednesday, March 9, the girls of this school assembled in the hall and listened to an interesting talk by Mrs. Palmer.

The exercises on March 16 were in charge of the History Department. Papers on the History of Newton were read by the following:—

"Discovery and Settlement of Newton," by John Hendricks.

"National Emblem" (selection), by the Orchestra.

"Century of Newton History," by Edward Hooper.

"Stars and Stripes" (selection), by the Orchestra.

"Later History of Newton," by George Merrill.

"Present History of Newton," by George Gaw.

Gaw, of the senior class, was chairman.

On March 23, the whole school assembled in the hall. Mr. Kirschner gave an illustrated talk with pictures of the Newton Technical High School.

The initial number of the "Buzz" the class paper of the Juniors, has made its appearance. The general make-up and contributions are of a very high order. The cover is designed by Charles Sadler, and is a tribute to his artistic skill. The editor, John Noom, has written masterly editorials on two or three palpable school objections, editorials which should be heeded. The contributions are exceedingly interesting, and show undoubted literary talent. Miss Francis' Valentine Story is especially deserving of credit. This class paper of the Juniors will in the near future, grow into a Technical High School paper, printed at the school.

A noteworthy characteristic of the Wednesday morning entertainments is the growing popularity of stereopticon lectures. We have already had two most interesting ones, one by Mr. Raines, chief forester, and the other by Mr. Kirschner on our own school. Mr. Kirschner's lecture showed everybody that there were parts of the Technical School that were little known about generally. The pupils appreciate the efforts of Mr. Varnum, who has charge of the machine.

Tables and chairs are to be furnished for the students during the lunch hour. This will prove a popular feature.

Sonnet

A hush broods o'er the world, profound
and deep

No sound of birds—the landscape white
and cold.

Now lo! o'er yonder mountain I behold
The first faint beams of morning primly
peep;

Then glancing gaily down from steep to
steep

They bathe the glistening snow with red
and gold.

With opal light they all the world enfold;
The village far below awakes from sleep.

Soft smoke wreaths curl and curvet to
the sky

Assuming myriad shapes against the blue,
Whose infinite depth seems ever to
increase.

List! On the restless wings of wind borne
high

The music of the village bell rings true,
Lo! this, the Sabbath morn! On
earth is peace!

D. S. E., 1910.



Heard in III Class (French).

Miss P—(translating)—“Je vois les moutons couchés et dormant dans leur parc.” “I see the muttuns lying down and sleeping in their fold.”

Miss B—“What is the opposite of table d’hôte dinner in English.”

Voice from Class—“Quick lunch.”

Mills, '12—(reciting geometry to Mr. M)—“A trapezoid is a quadrilateral whose five sides are not parallel.”

G. Adams has some new Physics definitions:—

“Heat is that which when it is absnt is cold.”

“Light is that which the absence of which is darkness.”

Miss M—“Give an illustration of modern graft at election time.”

MacLure, '11—“Campaign cigars.”

“Non paratus!” Freshie dixit,
With a sad and mournful look.

“Omne recte!” Prof. répondit.

“Nihil,” scripsit in my book.

Heard in III Class (French).

Miss W—(translating)—“Le berger jonait de la flûte avec d’autres bergers voisins.” “The shepherd was playing the flute accompanied by the violins of the other shepherds.

C., 1912 (reading his theme)—“Cæsar, on his way to the capitol, received a note

warning him of the plot to take his life, but he neglected to read it until after he was dead.”

PHYSICS.

The problems all of sound and light
Are gone; no more the Bunsen flame
Glows through the laboratory’s night,
And lenses now are but a name.
But O, our notes are with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The World-Renowned Senior Circus will be here Next Week!!!

Act I—S. B. W., Celebrated Monologist. Talks without ceasing forty-five minutes,—arguing, persuading and proving to you that one can open his mouth without saying anything.

Act II—C. F. D. tells how the news is secured for The Tribune.

Act III—A little Farce entitled, “School Spirit and Enthusiasm.” The Senior Class.

Act IV—Freshman Chorus, “Oh ain’t the Seniors Grand.”

Curtain.

Beatty—“I was stopped by a hold-up man last night.”

Proctor—“What did you do?”

Beatty—“I gave him one look and the coward ran as fast as he could,—but he couldn’t catch me.”

III German (translating French).

Monsieur Zerbino très probablement ne se laisserait pas ranimer tout de suite.

"Mr. Zerbino would probably not let himself be brought back all at once.

Teacher—"For what is Pisa noted?"

Dull pupil—For er- er- for er —

Smart pupil in whisper—Leaning tower.

Dull pupil (not quite catching it)—Linen Towels.

Latin is a dead language,

As dead as it can be.

It killed the ancient Romans

And now its killing me.

W—"D, a girl told me today that your hair was bleached."

D—(indignantly)—"It's false!"

W—"I told her so."

Teacher—"Is this your father's signature?"

Freshman—"As near as I could make it, ma'am."

Freshie (running toward the editor)—"I've got a joke."

Editor—"Wait, is it about Steve and Joe?"

Freshie—"Nope."

Editor—"Is it about Pick's trot?"

Freshie—"Nope."

Editor—"Is it about Perkins' socks?"

Freshie—"Nope."

Editor—(fainting)—"It must be a new one, lead me to it!"

H (conjugating "dono")—"Dono, dono, dono,—"

Teacher—"I guess you 'dono'; sit down."

Notice to Members of N. H. S.

The rest of this department will hereafter be devoted to want "ads," etc. Review want "ads" bring immediate results.

WANTS

Wanted—A few seeds for the flower of speech.—E. Clark, '10.

Wanted—One hundred more subscriptions to "The Annual," and also the money of those who have already subscribed.—C. M. Burr.

Wanted—Entrance to Harvard by about twenty deserving Seniors.

Wanted—A little rest and peaceful sleep.—C. E. Doud.

LOST AND FOUND

Lost—Somewhere in Room 23, R. P. Barry. Finder please return to the Baseball Team, and receive reward (?).

Lost—Another chance to be a hero.—Hopkins.

Lost—Some sleep.—C. E. Doud. Nobody need hunt for same, as it is gone for ever.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

Exchange—I wish to exchange my Football reputation for admission to Harvard College.—S. T. H.

For Sale—A book of veteran jokes heard by Seniors sitting in Room 23, and edited by the same. Many of these have become familiar to Greek and Latin Classes reciting in above room. Don't fail to secure them in print.

For Sale—The Tribune and Bugle, at all the news-stands in 23.



ATHLETIC NOTES

BASEBALL.

Newton starts the 1910 baseball season with seven veterans from last year's team; Graw, Woods and McCourt, pitchers, Sanderson, third; Captain Barry, second; and Gallagher and Fripp outfielders. Mr. H. P. Colton has been selected to coach the team, and with such a nucleus, together with much promising material, he should be able to get together a fast aggregation. Among the candidates who have thus far shown promise are Osborne and Brooks, catchers; Tapley, Becket, Wilson, Kyte and Riley, infielders; and Beal, Forté, King, Irish, Nash and Maloney in the outfield. Manager Johnson and his able assistant, MacLure, have arranged an attractive schedule which, in addition to the league game, includes contests with Waltham, Dorchester, Rindge, Melrose, and many other schools.

The schedule:—

Tues.	Apr.	12.	Volkman, Allston.
Fri.	"	15.	High School of Commerce.
Tues.	"	19.	Boston Latin.
Thur.	"	21.	M. I. T., 1912.
Tues.	"	26.	Dedham.
Fri.	"	29.	Boston College Prep.
Mon.	May	2.	Roxbury Latin.
Wed.	"	4.	Harvard 2d, Cambridge.
Sat.	"	7.	Somerville.
Mon.	"	9.	Rindge Manual.
Fri.	"	13.	Thayer Academy.
Wed.	"	18.	Melrose.
Fri.	"	20.	Concord School.
Wed.	"	25.	Dorchester.
Sat.	"	28.	Waltham.
Mon.	"	30.	Brookline.*
Fri.	June	3.	Cambridge Latin.*

*League games

Wed.	June	8.	Brookline.* Amn. League Grds.
Sat.	"	11.	Waltham, Waltham.
Wed.	"	15.	Cambridge Latin.*
Fri.	"	17.	Worcester.

*League games.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The girls' basketball team defeated the Cambridge Latin team, Saturday, March 12, by a score of 24 to 3. The Newton girls played a fast game and distinguished themselves by their good team work. The line-up of the home team was as follows:—

Katherine Tewksbury, Mary Paine, Emily Clapp, goals; Elizabeth Ganse, Evelyn Stuart, Marguerite Granger, guards; Alice West, Marion Whitley, Esther Wing, centres. After the game the Cambridge team was entertained at lunch.

The last of a series of class games was played in the Drill Hall March 16, between the Seniors and Sophomores, resulting 7 to 5, in the older girls' favor. It was a fun-arousing game but poor team work on both sides.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1910

The girls' basketball team was defeated by the Alumnae with a score of 18 to 10. Our team suffered the loss of two centres, but the substitutes did well, and the team work on both sides was excellent. The Alumnae Team was made up of girls, many of whom are playing on their college and school teams, and they gave our girls many points in good playing.

THE GYMNASTIC CARNIVAL.

On Saturday, March 26, 1910, at eight o'clock, the boys of the Newton High School appeared in the gymnasium, under the leadership of Captain Walker, as acrobats and gymnasts. A most interesting and spectacular display of exercises and movements was gone through with, and the ease and smoothness with which they were done did great credit to Dr. Browne, who has entire charge of the training of the athletes. Although the audience was not quite as large as last year's, the exhibition was a great success. The team, composed of Walker, '11 (captain); Schofield, '11; Everett, '12; Nutter, '12; Whaley, '12; Adams, '11; and Atkins, '11, responded many times to the enthusiastic applause rendered by the spectators, among whom were quite a number of the school instructors, a few graduates, and several students from other schools.

The character of the performance was most superior, and especially the work on the parallel bars, the horizontal bar, and in tumbling, in which the leaders were Everett, Schofield and Atkins respectively. Other leaders were Dillon, on the horse, and Woods, on the elephant. Many other exciting games and contests were engaged in, including wrestling between Blue and Wilson, a tug of war between the High School Freshmen and the Technical Freshmen, and a subway relay race. Boyd, '12, and Perkins, '12, were decidedly comical in the horse-wrestling, and caused much fun and laughter.

This year's gymnasium team is a great improvement over last year's, upon which Sam Crocker and Bob Forbush both "shone." Some of the important factors the other night were Walker, Everett Schofield and Woods, all of whom did exceptionally well.

All the members of the present team have received permission to wear an

"G N T," a new idea, which has only just come into practice to encourage the boys to further efforts, and make the squad even better than it is now. Our High School is the only preparatory school, at present, having such a team, although Brookline has a collection of fellows extremely proficient in tumbling. But our boys have not only taken up this last sport, but also work on the parallel bars, horizontal bar, the rings, and the horse. Good work is being done on all of them. We expect much of this new athletic department, and hope to see it do well.

GIRLS' MEET.

On Tuesday, March 29, the second annual Girls' Gymnastic Meet took place in the Drill Hall before an appreciative audience of over two hundred and fifty people. The four hundred girls who took part marched into the hall by classes in double file. All wore white blouses with ties, according to their respective class colors.

The program included floor work by the four classes, rope climbing, hand traveling, running high jump, parallel bars, boom-balance, weighing and fall hanging, box and saddle vault, arch goal ball, relay race, æsthetic and folk dancing.

The judges, all directors of Physical Culture, were: Miss Hills, Girls' Academy, Albany, N. Y.; Miss Morse, Girls' Latin School, Boston; Miss Shaw, Brighton High School, and Miss Stralton, Dorchester High School.

The Sophomores won the meet by thirty-four points and the Freshmen came in second with thirty-one points. The single events were won as follows:—

Floor Work.—Sophomores, first; Seniors, second.

Rope Climbing.—Miss Helen Bothfeld, '12, first; Miss Winifred Adams, '12, second.

Hand Traveling.—Miss Catherine Leahy, T. H., '13, first; Miss Margaret Vahey, T. H., '13, second.

Running High Jump.—Miss Charlotte Bruner, '13, first; height 4 ft. 9 in.; Miss Mildred Clark, '10, second, height, 4 ft. 8 in.

Parallel Bars.—Miss Ellen Burdett, '10, first; Miss Ernestine Hunt, '12, second.

Balance Weighing.—Miss Barbara Wellington, '13, first; Miss Esther Pratt '11, second.

Fall Hanging.—Miss Eleanor Keith, '13, first; Miss Virginia Hoffman, '10, second.

Box Vault.—Miss Helen Mitchell, '12, first; Miss Marjorie Holmes, '11, second.

Saddle Vault.—Miss Charlotte Bruner, '11, first; Miss Frances Paine, T. H., '13, second.

The Arch goal game finals between the Seniors and Sophomores were won by the Seniors.

Relay race finals between the Sophomores and Juniors were won by the Sophomores.

A most picturesque feature of the afternoon was the Folk Dancing in costume by the Sophomores. The brilliant costumes were a surprise to many and the various figures and steps were very fascinating.

The meet was in charge of Miss Shepardson and Miss Westgate, physical directors, both of whom felt that the meet was a perfect success.

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LOWELL, MASS.

THE NEWTON BOAT CLUB

THE NEWTON BOAT CLUB is desirous of extending its usefulness among the young people of Newton, and invites eligible students of the Newton High School to a summer membership at reduced rates.

The Club offers a summer membership from May 1st to November 1st for the sum of \$7.50. No initiation fee will be charged.

This membership covers the best season of the year, including the June Promenade Concerts.

For further information, apply to the Treasurer, Charles E. Hatfield, care of First National Bank, West Newton, Mass.

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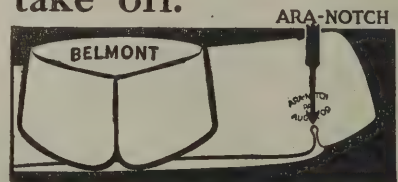
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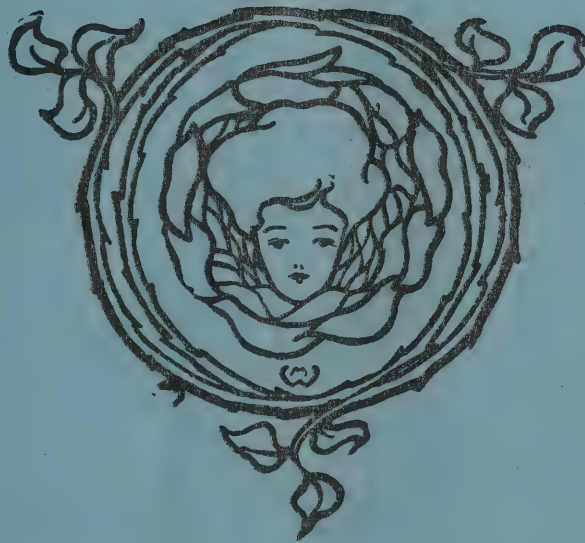
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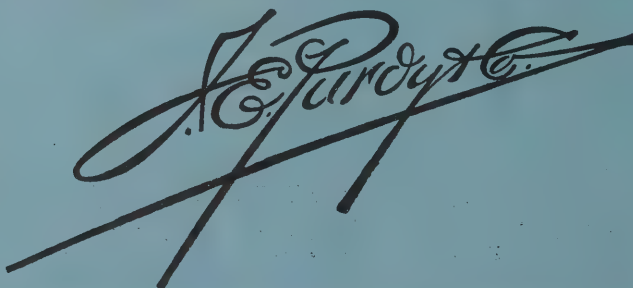
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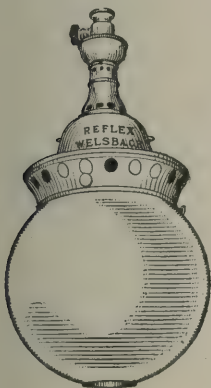
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVIII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, MAY, 1910

No. 8

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School Notes: Schuyler Adams, '10. *Alumni Notes:*

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We refuse to be responsible for the opinions of our contributors.

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THE plan adopted last year for mailing the last issue of the Review will be followed out again this year. Each subscriber is requested to drop in the Review Box a two cent wrapper with his or her name and the address to which the Review should be sent, legibly written. This makes the distribution of our last issue quicker, and far surer. Don't neglect to do this, and then wonder why you did not receive your copy.

At this time of year the phrase "Many are called but few are chosen" comes

back to us with renewed meaning. But just now it seems also true that many are called, but few *come*. This is certainly true in High School life, at least.

It has been said time and again that we must have students to support the things we are doing. While it is useless to expect that the whole school will support anything in a thorough way—nevertheless we expect some kind interest from the majority.

So if now you lack that indefinite something which is called school spirit, or if you feel that you are separate from the life of the school, the best thing you can do is to leave the many and join the few. A little desire and energy will do it. When you are asked to do something, do it; do it in the best way you know; and when something in the way of work comes, do it, and you will not have to hunt for the honor, for honor and work go together.

This is the last Review that will be issued while school is in session, and it is with a mingled feeling of joy and grief that we see the end. Joy because our labors are almost at an end; grief, because we have missed so many opportunities.

It was with the greatest sorrow that the school, especially the Seniors, learned of Mr. Davis' recent illness. A time such as this only serves to show how much has been done for us, and we trust that the slight recognition of these services conveyed with it something of appreciation as well as of recognition.

The Annual will be issued in a few weeks, and if you have not already subscribed for a copy, do so now, before they are exhausted. We don't want to have to print a second edition!

Uncle Jerry to the Rescue

By DOROTHEA SHUTE, 1910



AS the clock hanging on the wall of the sunny little kitchen struck four, Uncle Jerry Weatherbee awoke with a start.

"Land o' jumpin' fishhooks!" he exclaimed, "I must be gettin' along inter second childhood. Here I be, sleepin' for purty nigh an hour right in the middle o' the arternoon."

He arose, and stooping clumsily down, picked up the sheets of the "Gloucester News," which were scattered about the rocking chair.

"Whar on airth be Emmeline," he muttered, and crossing the room, opened the door and looked out. A long strip of rock beach stretched on both sides of the little cottage. Behind, a slight rise of ground hid the main road from view. The afternoon sun glittered on the tin roof of a small house about a quarter of a mile down the beach. In front lay the ocean, stretching out as far as eye could see. It was high tide, and the waves came rolling in with a thunderous roar, then slipped silently away in an almost apologetic way.

Uncle Jerry shaded his eyes with his hand and looked anxiously about.

"Emmeline," he called, "Emmeline!"

At the sound a big, sleek, grey-whiskered tiger cat came out from behind the wood-pile, stretched deliberately, and slowly walked toward the open kitchen door.

"Land, Emmeline," commented Uncle Jerry, "Guess you be gettin' old, too. I hev seen cats that moved faster."

Suddenly his whole manner changed. He dropped the newspaper, and stared out across the water at a little sailboat that was making her way around Thatcher's Point.

"Land o' jumpin' fishhooks," he almost shouted, "that there boat's the 'Hannah

D' or my name aint Jerry Weatherbee. I tol' Hiram someone 'ud steal 'er if he left 'er chain unlocked in that careless way o' his. My land, tho', no good ter arger with Hiram. It's like buttin' yer head agin a stone post; don't affect him and makes you a lot o' trouble. I'll make sure o' that bein' 'Hannah D,' tho'." And slamming the door in Emmeline's astonished face, he almost ran around the point on which stood the tin-roofed cottage.

"Jest as I tol' Hiram," he cried. "Some low down, sneakin' scamp has eloped with 'Hannah D' while Hiram's away at Sandy Bar." And the old man looked in dismay from the closed and silent cottage to the landing where an open padlock, dangling on its chain, told the sad truth.

Suddenly he straightened up. "Wal," he soliloquised, "I spose its none o' my business, but I guess I'll jest try for to get back that there boat."

Back to his own landing he went, untied the little grey dory, pushed off and started for Jonathan's Point, whence the sail boat seemed to be headed. Calculating that it would sail for the further side, Uncle Jerry did his best to get there first, hoping that the tacking necessary to round the Point would delay the larger boat. He bent over, and rowed with a will, puffing with the unaccustomed exercise. On nearing the Point, he stared in wonder.

On the shore were drawn up six or seven birchbark canoes, and near them lay a long, red-handled hatchet, but besides these the shore was empty. Jerry looked towards the thick pine grove that edged the sandy beach. No sound could be heard but the murmur of the wind in the pines.

"Wal, I snum! What on airth—" He sat down a moment, drew in the oars, and considered. Never before had there

been a canoe within a circle of fifteen miles about here, and as for picnicking out on Jonathan's Point—why, it was unheard of.

At this point, the "Sea-Dog," as Uncle Jerry had named the dory, gently grounded on the beach. The old man got out, pulled his boat up on shore, and walked cautiously toward the canoes. Then—

A shriek, a whoop, a shout, and out from the dusky shade of the pines poured twenty-five or thirty Indians, gay with paint and feathers. They rushed toward poor Uncle Jerry, flourishing glittering tomahawks, swinging thin stone hatchets, and jabbering excitedly a strange jargon. The latter rubbed his eyes, hoping this was all a dream, and that he would awake in his own comfortable arm chair. This failing, he pinched himself viciously, and in spite of his surroundings emitted an exclamation which established the fact that he was really alive.

Just then one of the braves made a dash for him. Uncle Jerry, with a "No, ye don't, old feller; I'm mebbe' gettin' along in years, but I can run some yit," started to run for the pine woods. A band of the red men headed him off, and turning to dodge them, he stumbled and fell flat.

Instead of the shrieks of triumph, and the cold edge of a tomahawk which might have been expected, a hearty laugh smote upon the ears of the trembling old man. Cautiously raising his head, Jerry looked about, and saw a stranger stepping out of the stolen "Hannah D." A word to the Indians, and they squatted silently on the sand.

"I am very sorry, sir," said he to the fisherman, as he lifted his hat, "that you have been annoyed. You see, I told them," he nodded toward the group of peaceable looking braves, "I told them to keep all intruders off."

"Oh, ye did, did ye!" sputtered Uncle Jerry, his wrath overcoming his fear.

"First ye stole Hiram Appleton's 'Hannah D,' and then hired this 'ere band o' blood-thirsty scamps to rob and cut the throats o' peaceable folks passin' by. I'll—I'll," the angry fisherman stopped, astounded at the easy smile of the supposed thief.

"My dear sir," he said, "you have evidently mistaken the whole nature of this little er-er-gathering. I met Mr. Appleton on the road to Sandy Bar, and he not only let me his boat, but told me Thatchers Point was a good place for our purpose."

"Wal, now," remarked Uncle Jerry, sarcastically, "that *sounds* all right, but who but a band o' scamps and robbers would want tew come traipsin' way off here, I'd like ter know."

"No one but what we are," answered the other, "which is, to be brief, a—moving picture company. I brought these Indians to pose for a New York firm; the only difficulty being that we didn't expect-er—visitors."

Again the man laughed, but Uncle Jerry merely shook his head, muttering "Land o' jumpin' fishhooks! A movin' picter show. I snum!"

Then he slowly turned, boarded the "Sea-Dog" and started for home.

.

As twilight fell, that evening, one might have seen an old man in the doorway of a little grey fisherman's cottage, stroking a big grey tiger-cat.

"Wal, Emmeline," he remarked, "ter think o' me, at my time o' life, runnin' smack inter a movin' picter show."

The cat purred and rubbed her head affectionately against the hard, roughened hand.

"In future, I reckon I'll stay ter home, and take keer o' you," concluded Uncle Jerry. "You're a lady, Emmeline, even if yer *hev* got long grey whiskers."

The Farewell of Mary Stuart

By DOROTHY MONRO, 1910

Farewell, farewell, dear sunny land of
France,
Thy gentle memory will cherished be:
In whose fair arms I spent my childhood
days,
Alas! I die—if I must part from thee!

I.

'Tis thee I have adopted as my own
And when from thy fair shores I exiled go,
France, hear my parting prayers and
bitter moan,
Oh! think of me when France no more
I know!
The wind is blowing cool, we leave the
shore,
Alas! unmoved by prayer, by tears, by
sighs,
God guides the waves. Toward France
they rise no more,
But ever bear me on, nor heed my cries.

II.

When I was crowned with shining fleur-de-
lis,
A queen with beauty like the flowers
of spring,
With praise and love my subjects greeted
me,
For fairness, not the glory of a king.
'Tis all in vain! that splendor cold and
grand,
When Scotland's dreary shores at last
I gain,

My heart turns ever toward my own dear
land,
Dear France, o'er thee alone I long to
reign!

III.

The glory, genius, love, I long have known,
Have filled my days with joy too deep
to name;
My course of life can never be the same.
Alas! a terror strange oppresses me,
It ever draws my heart within its spell,
For in a dream a scaffolding I see—
Am I its victim?—Ah! I cannot tell.

IV.

Loved France, when countless troubles
round me rise,
I, daughter of the Stuarts, turn to thee.
E'en as you witness now my tears and sighs,
Be witness then. Console and comfort
me.
Oh Heaven! the ship too fast doth bear
me on;
Already under foreign skies we sail.
The Night conceals thee fast—thy shores
are gone—
And softly falling hides thee with her
veil.

Farewell, farewell, dear sunny land of
France,
Thy gentle memory will cherished be:
In whose fair arms I spent my childhood
days,
Alas! I die—if I must part from thee!

A Doll and a Dollar

By HELEN F. KENT

A VILLAGE fair — impossible! And in Westville too? Who ever heard of such a thing? When would it start? Who were the managers?" Such were the questions asked when the news spread that Westville was to have a two weeks' fair. But nevertheless, reports were true, and the little town, up to this time so strangely quiet and peaceful, became at once lively and busy.

The old ladies of the village held afternoon teas at which they discussed the merits of certain cakes and jams; how Mrs. Snow was going to give two dozen napkins and a tablecloth to match, and Mrs. Nelson a beautiful silken quilt, "all hand work, my dear."

There were rumors that the strange lady who had bought the Brooks estate on the hill had introduced the novelty to help the church and to enlarge the village school. But as yet these rumors remained unconfirmed, while great excitement reigned in the village.

The farmers selected their finest vegetables, the housewives sewed till *long after nine o'clock*, the maids and matrons cooked for days in succession, and as for the children—they just hung around and jabbered about wonders to come, while tantalizing odors of sweets and delicacies destined never to reach their rosy mouths, assailed them from every side.

The only child to whom these murmurings conveyed but vague ideas was 'Lisbeth Ann Wright, who, clad in a gingham pinafore, day after day washed dishes and "swep' up" the floors of the farmhouse set far back from the village street and known as the "Stevens place."

'Lisbeth hadn't much time to play, for hadn't Mrs. Stevens taken her from among several little blue-gowned girls

in a "Home" in the city, just for the purpose of having some one to run errands and "help 'round?" Of course 'Lisbeth understood this and she did her best to perform the duties required of her. Although Mrs. Stevens was not a severe mistress, she was strict and could not bear idlers around her. "Shif'less" was the one word which, in her vocabulary, contained more meaning than all the others combined. So the remarks about the preparations for the village fair were little heeded by 'Lisbeth.

But when the fair was in its glory and the village children talked of nothing else, pouring into 'Lisbeth's ears marvellous tales of the doings inside the building which bore the dignified title of "town hall," the little girl could not help wishing she could spend a short time in that wonderful place. She grew inactive and restless, and one day when Mrs. Stevens, entering the kitchen, discovered her "day-dreaming" in the old rocking chair and a pile of unwashed dishes in the sink, she cried out: "Child, what ever is the matter? Be you ill? I must steep some o' those herbs Sarah Benson told me about, fer you ter take."

At this 'Lisbeth burst out crying, and Mrs. Stevens, who, in spite of all her eccentricities had a tender heart, was moved by the little girl's grief.

"Tell me 'bout it, 'Lisbeth," she urged gently.

"I—I want to go ter the f-fair," sobbed the child.

"Well, you be a good girl 'n do up those dishes right smart now, and fly around, an' I'll see; p'raps you may go after all."

Like magic 'Lisbeth attacked the dishes, and with such a sweeping of mats and mopping of pans and kettles 'till they shone—one would have thought almost

that the strength of Hercules had been instilled into the spare little body of 'Lisbeth Ann.

That night while 'Lisbeth Ann slept peacefully in her little cot, the farmer and his wife were at the fair. Mrs. Stevens served "refreshments," and attended every night. On the way home she spoke to her husband of little 'Lisbeth's desire to go to the fair and he replied, after thinking a moment: "Well, let her go, wife. The poor little thing ain't p'raps ever had any fun in her life, an' t'aint mor'n likely she ever had a cent to spend of her own."

Next day the girl was informed of the decision in her favor, and her joy knew no bounds.

That afternoon, arrayed in a stiffly starched pink dress and new "bows," she accompanied several other little ones to the fair, clasping tightly in her warm little hand a precious silver dollar given her by Mr. Stevens.

What a Paradise this simple fair appeared in the homeless little girl's eyes!

Rows upon rows of sweet cakes and goodies, marvellous big frosted ones and cunningly decorated little round ones—lemonade of all conceivable colors, altho' pink predominated; pretty pieces of fancy work; chairs, rugs, curtains and pillows.

But what pleased her most was a beautiful big doll with curling hair and real eyelashes. A big doll with sweet pink cheeks and dimpled hands! What a wonder to little 'Lisbeth, whose greatest treasure had been a rag-baby that she had carried around until it literally dropped to pieces.

She gazed long and earnestly at the object of admiration; and altho' there were other waxen beauties arranged in pretty groups, none appealed to the hungry heart of 'Lisbeth as did this one.

"Do you like that pretty dolly, little girl?" kindly asked a tall young lady with

the loveliest blue eyes, 'Lisbeth thought, that she had ever seen.

"Oh, my, yes!" exclaimed the little girl, with sparkling eyes, and then she added hesitatingly, "Could you buy it for a dollar?"

"No, dear," gently replied the young lady, "it's not for sale. Do you see this little book? Well this has one hundred numbers. Anyone who wants to try and win this doll puts his name beside one of these numbers and gives me ten cents. Somebody will get the doll. Do you want to give me ten cents, dear, and put your name down here?"

'Lisbeth consented and wrote in scanty letters her name beside the number "sixteen."

Then, after a last look at the doll, she wandered slowly in and out among the booths, admiring everything. She met a few of her little friends, and for the first time tasted the pleasure of "treating" them to pink lemonade and gingerbread men.

In a little while, the pretty young lady who was in charge of the doll came along, and spying 'Lisbeth, popped a big dish of ice-cream up before her, gently urging her to eat it. This 'Lisbeth shyly did, and afterwards she softly tip-toed round by the wonderful doll, and going out by a side door, hurried home, for it was most time to set the table for supper.

During the next few days, while the fair lasted, 'Lisbeth's thoughts wandered incessantly to the doll, smiling on the table of the pretty lady.

But soon it was over, and the excitement was gradually subsiding, when one day a small boy brought to the Stevens home a note addressed to Miss Elizabeth Ann Wright.

"Well, for the lan's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Stevens, opening the note. It read, "Please send little Elizabeth up to my house—the Brooks place on the hill—

as I wish to speak with her.—Marion Fairbanks."

"Well, well, well!" cried the woman again, "Lisbeth, you must go at once."

And Elizabeth once more, dressed up and beribboned, took her way to the house on the hill.

As she walked up the walk, she felt a little frightened. Who could this lady be? What could she want of her, little, insignificant 'Lisbeth Ann?"

The moment she rang the bell, the door was opened by the tall young lady whom 'Lisbeth had seen at the fair.

"Come in, dear," she said, and 'Lisbeth entered shyly! On a chair, propped up by a pretty cushion, she beheld the doll, the very identical doll she had so admired at the fair. "Oh!" she exclaimed, in an awed little voice.

"Lisbeth, dear," said the pretty lady, "Dolly now belongs to you, to do just as you want to with."

The child clasped the doll in her arms, unable to speak, but with the joy and admiration shining from her eyes.

"And Elizabeth, I'd like to ask you a question," continued the lady. "Do you know what your mother's name was? Did you ever see her?"

'Lisbeth fumbled in her dress and drew from her waist a tiny gold locket, thin and worn, and which when opened disclosed a picture of a young woman.

"That was my mother," said 'Lisbeth, "her name was 'Lisbeth Ann Fairbanks. I never saw her, nor my papa neither."

"My dear little girl" cried Miss Fairbanks, your mama was my own sister. I am your auntie. Will you take me with the dolly? I can take care of you both, you know."

"O, I'm so glad," said 'Lisbeth. That was all she could say; but one arm held tightly the beautiful doll, and one was clasped about the neck of 'Lisbeth's "pretty lady."

The Spirit of the Renaissance

BY ELIZABETH TYLER, 1911

IT was the day before Easter in Rome, many years ago one of those warm, happy days when the air is laden with the intoxicating breath of new life, and when there is no staying within doors. So thought the people of the ancient city, and the streets were gay with a motley throng, and mingling with them, those who had come in from the country for the festival on the morrow.

In the cathedral, mass was being celebrated. The afternoon sun slanted in long ladders of colored light through the semi twilight from the great rose window, touching the priest as he bent before the altar in his gorgeous robe, and the little choir boys swinging the censor and making the air heavy with incense. The high

voice of the Father rang through the mighty vaulted building, and ever and anon the great organ answered with its swelling tones.

Behind one of the pillars and somewhat apart from the worshippers, stood a tall, slight lad, wrapped in a long cloak. For a long time he had stood there motionless, with bent head, but as the long procession of choir boys passed by, he raised his eyes, and the light from the great window fell full upon a face of strange interest. A sensitive face it was, the face of a lover of the beautiful, framed by soft, dark curls and with eyes that shone like stars, deep, clear, full of meaning; but in the bright light he looked sadly pale and worn, and even as he stood there, a rough cough seized him and shook his whole frame.

As the long line passed, the thought which had been haunting him again flashed with renewed power across his mind. What did it all mean, all this pomp and glitter and pride? Was this religion? To him, the mighty rush of the Tiber, the chasing of the fleecy clouds across the blue, the opening of a spring flower, to him it was that which meant religion, not this artificial thing, as crabbed and conventional, it seemed to him, as the art which he so loved, loved in spite of its conventionality, not for what it was, but for what he vaguely felt it might be.

But the service was over, and, rousing himself, he passed with the others out into the golden afternoon sunshine. As he crossed the crowded square, someone touched him on the shoulder. He turned quickly, and his wonderful eyes lighted up.

"Francesco!"

"I have searched everywhere for thee, Giovanni. The master bade me say that if thou wouldst see the Madonna, to come soon, for the great Master comes at sunset and thou hast a bare hour left. The rest of us have seen it, and 'tis very holy."

"Thanks, Francesco; I will go at once."

The two separated, and Giovanni made his way quickly down one of the narrow alleyways. This Madonna that his master had been working on so many weary months must surely be very beautiful, and he had long waited to see it.

Finally, after many turnings, he came to a low door-way, entered, and climbed a narrow flight of stairs. He paused a moment at the top, and his hand trembled as he pushed aside the heavy curtain. There, at the further end of the studio, stood the Madonna.

For a long minute the boy stood there, speechless in disappointment, his slender hands clinching and unclenching spasmodically. Then a strange light came over his face, and, scarce knowing what he did, he strode up to the canvas, seized the

palette where it lay near by, and, dipping the brush in the glowing paints, he gave wonderful expression to the great idea within him, while the sun sank lower in the west and the shadows around him deepened. Under his fingers the wooden stiffness of the mother's robe was transformed into soft, loving folds, as though enclosing a warm human body, and her face was wonderful to look upon, shining with true motherly tenderness as she bent over the child who lay in her arms as any child might have done.

Finally it was finished and the boy, utterly exhausted, sank down upon the floor, his frameshaken by strange, long sobs.

After a time the curtain moved again, and a tall man in velvet and furs entered noiselessly. He did not see the figure of the boy, very still now, lying in the shadow, but the last rays of the setting sun fell on the bent head of the Virgin.

"Holy Mother of God," he whispered, awed

The sun sank behind the hills, the twilight deepened, the moon cast her pale rays through the great window, but still he stood there, striving to grasp the great conception. Finally he drew a deep breath, noticed the boy lying there with the brush still in his cold hand, and understood. He knew the boy, and had often watched his tense face in the cathedral, so, lifting him as tenderly as any woman, he carried him down the narrow stair, through the streets till he came to his father's door.

Might the good saints rest his spirit, said poor Baptista, through his tears. The lad had ever been delicate and the priest had often said it must end so. With a word of comfort, the great man turned again into the silent, deserted street, and in the great stillness, under the stars, a happy peace settled over his heart.

And as he entered his own rich dwelling, the cathedral clock struck twelve. Lo! it was Easter morn.

The Black Cat

BY MADELINE WAYNE, 1911



PIERCE storm was raging about a little cabin, set on the slope of a thickly wooded hill. The great pines guarding the place moaned sadly, then, lashed into blind fury by the driving wind, swung their great arms frantically about, beating the house they had meant to protect. The rain descended in torrents, slanting before the might of the blasts; the steep hill road was swept by a flood of angry waters. The black sky frowned darkly down upon the scene of fury.

Within the cabin, there was a more peaceful atmosphere. From a round table in the centre of the main room a lamp sent forth gentle rays that barely afforded light enough for the work in progress. By the side of the table sat two women, bending over some pieces of sewing. No, they were not both bending. One held her work high to her near-sighted eyes, as she sat primly in her straight-backed chair; one would sooner have accused an iron rod of bending. But the other bent so low that her face was entirely hidden from her sister, while she seemed to be more occupied with the beautiful black cat that lay purring in her lap, than with finishing the waist lying in her apparently idle hands. Was that a tear that fell on Pussy's sleek, ebony coat, and lay there for a moment, glistening like a diamond spark? She drew a thin hand quickly across her eyes, and looked up guiltily to see if that other one had noticed. She had.

"Josephine, I very much wish you would learn better control of your feelings," the severe one began; but she stopped penitently at the look of pain in the other's face. A shadow stole into her own gray eyes as she added, a trifle more gently, "This is not a night to think of—" Her voice was drowned by a terrific blast

outside, that made the window panes dance, and the whole house perceptibly tremble.

Suddenly, above the din, was heard a rap on the door. The sisters gazed at each other in utter astonishment, but without a suspicion of terror. Would they have chosen this isolated hill home, when they abandoned the old farm, if they had been of the fearful sort?

Josephine arose, in a moment, thereby dethroning puss, who, with a truly abused and reproachful air, stretched herself sleepily. The door opened inward, and Martha's chair was on the other side of it, so that Josephine and the visitor were entirely hidden from her view. She would not let idle curiosity get the better of her, though, so she kept her eyes fixed on her work. Puss, however, having no such compunctions, ran out past Josephine, and, singularly affectionate, rubbed herself about the stranger's feet.

Martha heard a low voice speaking, a long pause, and then Josephine's. But could that be Josephine? How trembling and shaking the words sounded. Martha looked up, as the door shut, to see a tall man standing dejectedly by it, streams of water falling from every fold of his great coat, and from the soft black hat pulled low down on his forehead. The carpet was rapidly getting wet, and *very* muddy; the hat was certainly extremely annoying; Martha disapproved.

"Won't you take off your hat and stay a while?" she demanded, with icy politeness, blinking at him with eyes that once were very bright.

"I beg your pardon, madame," said the stranger, in a low and trembling voice, "but there are reasons why I prefer to keep my hat on. I am sorry that, I have to seem so rude. I should be very thankful

for the privilege of drying myself by your fire, though, if I may. The storm overtook me on my way to a friend's home, and seeing a light here, on the hill, I made my way to it."

Josephine, exceedingly pale, but otherwise composed, brought a chair for the strange one, who sat down in the darkest corner the room afforded. Puss, who was very hostile to many visitors, jumped up on his knees and purred ecstatically. The stranger stroked her with a trembling hand.

"This cat of yours is exceptionally handsome," he murmured, half under his breath, "and a good deal like Willy's."

Martha had heard the lowly uttered syllables. Her work fell from her hands and she demanded sharply, "Willy? Whom do you mean? Willy who?"

"He doesn't tell many folks his last name," the other replied, speaking in the same slow manner. "I guess he's afraid someone'll try a trick such as his friend played him once."

Josephine leaned forward, a scarlet spot flaming in each pale cheek.

"Do tell us about it," she pleaded, "because we're fond of stories, Marthy an' me."

While the rain pattered an accompaniment on the panes without, puss with her happy purr played one within.

"This is the story as I heard it from this chum of Willy's," he began.

"It seems that Willy used to live with two sisters, in a little country—. Is there anything wrong, Miss Martha?"

"No, no, no; go on. It's nothing at all. Don't mind me."

"Willy, as I said, lived with two sisters, one of whom was very much averse to his passionate fondness for cats, and the breeding of fine ones. To make the story short, Willy and this sister had a discussion over a certain cat, with hasty words on either side, which ended in

Willy's leaving the old home, and going to the city, taking the cause of the dispute with him. I believe the sisters abandoned the farm soon after he left. After a while Willy fell sick, very sick, so that his room-mate, who had become his best friend, thought him on the verge of death. So what did this officious friend do but find out the address of Willy's sisters, and send them Willy's dearest possession, the black cat. When Willy did recover, and found out what had been done, he was very angry as he thought that now his sister would never forgive him. He worried about it so that even now he is a skeleton of his former self."

He had told the whole story without looking up. As he finished, he glanced at Martha, and saw her with her head upon the table, while violent, yet silent sobs shook her whole frame. Josephine knelt by her side, trying to soothe her, and was gesticulating violently at the stranger. He rose hastily, and started to speak, but Josephine shook her head entreatingly.

At last Martha raised her tear-stained face, and demanded brokenly, "Tell me, oh, tell me, where is my boy? He is sick, no one to take care of him. Come, let's go, now, before a moment's lost."

"There is no train for the city till midnight."

"We'll take a carriage, then. Come!"

She saw Josephine and the stranger standing stock still, seemingly without the least intention of obeying her. She straightened up.

"Josephine, please to get our cloaks and umbrellas, and don't stand there staring at me so."

"What would you say, Miss Martha, if I should tell you that he is in the shanty there at the foot of the hill?" asked the stranger quietly.

"What! Willy here! Come this instant, Josephine, quick!" and Martha started to rush out into the raging storm.

The stranger stood before her, his hat in his hands, his strong face working in the dim light.

"Martha," he said brokenly, "Martha."

Martha gazed a moment in utter bewilderment; then, with a cry, Martha, the sedate Martha, the severe, flung herself upon him. "Willy!"

Josephine smiled happily. She had known it from the time she had opened the door for him.

There was joy in the cabin on the hill, that night, and puss, the innocent cause of all the trouble, went to sleep purring contentedly on the shoulder of her newly found master.

Exchanges

Our list of exchanges has been enlarged this month. We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: Meteor, Rugby School, England; Red and White, Rochester, N. H.; The Harvard Crimson; Tattler, Nashua High School; Megaphone, Dean Academy; Review, Lowell High School; Red and Black, Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.; Magnet, Leominster High School; Allen Tattler, Allen School; Student, English High School, Providence; Distaff, Girls' High School, Boston; Mirror, Waltham High School; Artisan, Mechanic Arts High School, Boston; Minute Man, Concord School; Grotonian, Groton School; The Commerce Caravel; Review, Hamilton High School; Orange and Black, Spokane, Washington; Vexillum, Volkmann School; Old Penn, University of Pennsylvania; The Anvil, Middlesex School; The X-Ray; Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary; The Sagamore, Brookline.

Of all the above mentioned papers the Allen Tattler has shown the most improvement, but the Orange and Black, and the Commerce Caravel have maintained an excellent standard from the beginning to the end.

This is probably the last time that we shall have an opportunity to comment upon contemporaries, but we are going to give up this last Exchange column to quoting what our exchanges have said of us during the year.

AS OTHERS HAVE SEEN US

The Newton High School Review has an excellent literary department.

—*Minute Man*, Concord.

The Review is among our best exchanges, and we look forward to its monthly appearance.—*X-Ray*.

We find in our long list no better-balanced paper than the Newton Review. Literary, athletic, and "Base Hits" columns are excellent.—*Megaphone*.

Again we remind the Newton Review that its exchange department is rather small.—*Tattler*.

We would call the Review of Newton, Mass., our best exchange.—*Tripod*.

When looking for a paper possessing a diversity of material, all of excellent quality, we turn to the N. H. S. Review. "Base Hits" is one of the features which relieves the general literary aspect of this exceptionally good paper.—*Imp*.

In the Newton Review the poem entitled, "Seeing Athens with Pericles," was well thought out and well written.

—*Commerce Caravel*.

The Newton High School Review has an effective cover design, printed on a durable quality and color paper.—*Mirror*.

Why cut down your exchange department, Review?—*Independent*.

These are only a few of the criticisms received, and not all the favorable ones, either.



School Notes



On April 20th the school assembled in the hall. After the devotional exercises with response by the chorus, the High School Orchestra rendered a selection that was much appreciated. The chorus then gave, "Unfold Ye Portals," in a very impressive manner. Another selection by orchestra, given with excellent spirit and a fine degree of expression, brought a storm of applause. The musical side of education is being well developed in these two bodies. The school always enjoys listening to good music, and the performance of both orchestra and chorus was highly satisfactory.

On April 27th, the Seniors only went to the hall. Mr. Adams made a few remarks relative to graduation and entrance into college, that would be well for the Seniors to follow.

TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

On the evening of March 31 an entertainment was given by the History Department of this school. A large audience was present, and a fair amount of money was realized for the benefit of the library. The M. I. of Tech. Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs furnished the music for the evening.

On April 12th, the former graduates of the Commercial Department held a meeting in Assembly Hall. After the meeting adjourned, dancing was then enjoyed.

Wednesday morning, April 13th, the students assembled in the hall and Mr. Kirschner gave a short talk.

April 20th, the whole school assembled in the hall. Mr. Kirschner after a few words read the honor list for the last ten weeks (3d quarter). Then Captain Howard related an interesting incident connected with the Civil War.

On April 18th, the Newton Technical High School was formally opened. Addresses were given by several speakers in the hall while a large number of students were at work in the different rooms. A great many visitors were present and thus showed their interest in the school.

The English Department gave a very successful entertainment in the Assembly Hall, after which dancing was enjoyed, Friday evening, April 22. The program follows:—

"Spirit of Loyalty."

"King of the Turf," High School Orchestra

"The Lady at the Bank," Miss Legate

"Sing, Smile, Slumber," Miss Pickard and

Mr. Pickernell

"Going out to Dinner,"

Miss Legate

Selection from "Faust,"

High School Orchestra

"For All Eternity,"

Miss Pickard and

Mr. Pickernell

"A Game of Whist,"

Miss Legate

Wednesday morning, April 27, the students of this school assembled in the hall and listened to musical entertainment, namely: Selection by Mr. Atkins on the xylophon, accompanied by Mr. Caulder. on the piano; also, a selection by Miss E. Soden on the 'cello, accompanied by Miss V. Chase.



Chester (reading Greek)—“Hip-hip-hip—”
Bun (in stage whisper)—“Hurray!”

Shakespeare on baseball.—I will go
root.—“Richard III.”

Now you strike like the blind man.—
“Much Ado About Nothing.”

Out, I say.—“Macbeth.”

I will be short.—“Hamlet.”

Thou canst not hit it.—“Love’s Labor
Lost.”

He knows the game.—“Henry VI.”

O, hateful error.—“Julius Cæsar.”

A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit!—
“Hamlet.”

He will steal, sir.—“All’s Well That
Ends Well.”

Whom right and wrong have chosen
as umpire.—“Love’s Labor Lost.”

Let the world slide.—“Taming of the
Shrew.”

He has killed a fly.—“Titus Andronicus.”

The play as I remember pleased not the
million.—“Hamlet.”

What an arm he has.—“Coriolanus.”

They can not sit at ease on the old bench.
—“Romeo and Juliet.”

Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves
threw incense.—“King Lear.”

A French translation.—“He had his
hand done up in a revolver.”

Pupil (approaching teacher)—“Have you
got Whittier’s ‘Snow Plow’?”

“A movable pulley is one which is not
connected with anything.”

He who knows not and knows not he knows
not

Is a Freshman; shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he
knows not

Is a Sophomore; pity him.

He who knows and knows not that he
knows

Is a Junior; honor him.

He who knows and knows that he knows
Is a Senior; reverence him.

Le lit est la grande resource des gens
inoccupés.

“Bed is the greatest resource for un-
occupied gentlemen.”

In Physics—“How many sources of
heat are there?”

“Two—hot, and cold.”

“The guide was guiding a guy. As the
guide guided the guy, the guide guyed
the guy, until the guy would no longer
be guided by a guide, whom he had hired
not to guy but to guide. So the guyed guy
guyed the guide. No wonder everybody
guyed the guyed guide guiding a guyed
guide.”

They sat upon the garden stile,

The youth and the maid;

“The stars above are not so bright

As you,” he softly said.

She lifted up her little hand

Towards Luna’s golden light;

The moon above is not so full

As you, my dear, to-night.”—*Ex.*

He—"I could waltz to Heaven with you!"

She—"Can you reverse?"—*Ex.*

Lise releva vivement la tête, et fixa sur son mari.

"Lize quickly raised her head and fixed it on her husband."

Mr. A. (discussing Roman History)—
"What were the reforms of Tiberius, Ide?"

Ide, '13—"He had a market place where everybody could come and get something to eat!"

Teacher—"For what reason did Tiberius go to Capri?"

Pupil—"Er—the air was better there—
(in desperation)—he had a better view."

Teacher (criticising Latin Translation given by Day)—"Well, some parts of that were very good, but other parts, we wondered at."

Day, '13—"Same here!"

Miss M.—"Were all the people at the time of Pompey poor?"

Nieman—"All but the rich."

Beckett (translating)—Il se trouva à point pour la tirer d'embrassas.—"He arrived in the nick of time to embrace her."

History Teacher—"Describe the Social War."

Freshman—"I can't remember it."

History Teacher—"Don't you remember what it was about?"

Freshman—"It was about a war!"

A great sensation was created in Room 23, when Barry was found deep in the recesses of his Greek book, or rather when Barry found out that he was found;

no, when he found out that he had been lost. By the way, Bob, the Review never got the money for that "ad."

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

My report card of last month—

Low, low, too blamed low

To keep me at peace with myself;

Over and over my lessons I go,

Grinding and studying, hard and slow,

Digging and plugging,

While Freshmen green

Innocent and serene

Sleep.

The Ballad of some pupils:—

"Students may come,

Students may go,

But I stick here forever."

"Absence makes the marks grow rounder."

Freshman English Teacher—"This is a story for children, but perhaps you'll understand it."

Contributor to Editor—"You sit on all the jokes I submit to you."

Ed:—"If they had any points to them I wouldn't."

Pa heard him give the Newton yell,

For joy he could not speak;

He murmured: "Mother, listen to

Our Willie talking Greek."—*Ex.*

Teacher (having explained the liquid "1")—"What is '1' mouille?"

Freshman—"Why—er—why it's a wet '1'."

Teacher—"What are the children of the Czar called?"

Pupil—"Czardines."



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

A meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Tuesday, April 26.

Present: Chairman Dowd, Messrs. E. Adams, C. Meserve, C. Kirschner, S. Adams, Maxim, and A. D. Browne, secretary.

Motion by Mr. Meserve, seconded by S. Adams, carried, That the regulation sweater with letter "N" be awarded to A. Johnson, manager of the 1910 baseball team.

Motion by Mr. Meserve, seconded by S. Adams, carried, That William Cady, class 1911, N. T. S., be appointed assistant manager baseball team.

Motion by Mr. Meserve, seconded by Mr. Kirschner, carried, That the secretary be requested to write a letter of thanks to Mr. C. Howels of Newtonville.

Motion by Mr. Kirschner, seconded by Mr. Maxim, carried, That \$5.00 be given to the golf team for the season's expenses and that the Association accept the invitation to enter the team in the Greater Boston Preparatory School golf tournament.

Motion by Mr. Adams, seconded by Mr. Maxim, carried, That complimentary baseball tickets may be given on application to only High School Teachers and the Superintendent of Schools of Newton, and Newspaper Representatives.

Adjourned 2.10 p. m.

A. D. BROWNE, Secretary.

BASEBALL

Newton, 28; Volkmann, 1

Captain Barry's men surely acquitted themselves well on the Volkmann field on April 12, 1910.

The game was too uneven to furnish any excess of excitement, but demonstrated well what sort of a team we have this year. Volkmann's stupid fielding accounts for the abnormal size of our run column, yet our Newton men hit well. Captain Barry led in the "hit line," securing five hits out of six times at bat.

Newton's fielding was good, as only three errors were made in the game, and as it was the beginning of the season this is a very creditable record.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

	b.h.	po.	a.	e.
Nash, l. f.	0	0	0	0
Beckett, l. f.	1	1	0	0
Barry, 2 b.	5	0	1	0
Fripp, c. f.	3	1	1	0
Gaw, r. f., p.	1	3	2	1
Gallagher, s.	3	1	1	0
Wilson, s.	0	0	0	1
Kyte, 1 b.	0	7	1	0
Sanderson, 3 b.	2	2	1	1
Osborn, c.	2	8	3	0
Brooks, c.	1	3	0	0
Woods, p.	1	0	2	0
Beal, r. f.	3	1	0	0
Totals	22	27	12	3

VOLKMANN

	b.h.	po.	a.	e.
Barrett, s.	0	1	2	3
Morse, 3 b., 1 b.	0	3	2	1
Spicer, 3 b.	0	1	0	1
McCaffrey, 2 b.	1	1	0	3

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Campbell, 2 b.....	0	1	0	1
Doten, c.....	0	3	3	0
Pinanski, 1. f.....	0	4	0	1
Soule, 1. f.....	0	0	0	0
Gregory, c. f.....	0	3	1	0
Henderson, 1 b.....	0	9	0	1
McArland, 1 b.....	0	1	0	1
Weld, r. f.....	0	0	0	0
Wood, p.....	0	0	0	1
Mack p.....	0	0	0	1
Totals	1	27	8	14
Innings ..	1	2	3	4
Newton H. S.	0	0	3	2
Volkman	0	0	0	0

Runs, Beckett, 3; Barry, 4; Fripp, 4; Gaw, 4; Gallagher, 3; Kyle, Sanderson, 4; Osborne, Brooks, 2; Beal, McCaffrey. Two-base hits, Osborn, McCaffrey, Barry, Gallagher. Three-base hits, Barry, Woods. First base on balls, off Woods, 4; off Gaw, 1; off Mack, 3. Struck out, by Gaw, 4; by Mack, 3; by Wood, 1. Hit by pitched balls, Fripp, Doten. Umpire, A. J. Woodlock. Time, 2h. 5 m.

Newton, 9; High School of Commerce, 4

On April 15, 1910, the ball players from the Boston High School of Commerce were instructed in the art of baseball by the men representing our Newton High School in this leading American sport of baseball.

Gaw pitched splendid ball and kept the opposing "stick artists" guessing all the time. Newton's hits were well scattered and although eight of her men were left on the bases, many of the "bingles" were in the "nick of time."

In the first inning we secured a lead of one run, but lost this lead immediately. At the close of the fifth inning the score was only 2 to 1 in Newton's favor, and we evidently decided that we must start things hustling in order to feel entirely at ease. In this period four more runs were annexed to our score and these prevented any further difficulty.

Our whole team played well and showed excellent team work, which is particularly satisfactory considering the short time the regular work has been in session and that this is only our second game of the season.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Nash, 1. f.....	1	1	0	0
Beal, 1. f.....	0	1	0	0
Barry, 2.....	2	2	1	1
Fripp, c. f.....	0	2	0	0
Woods, r.....	2	1	0	0
Gallagher, s.....	2	1	1	0
Kyte, 1.....	1	6	0	0
Sanderson, 3.....	2	1	1	2
Brooks, c.....	0	11	0	0
Gaw, p.....	2	0	0	0
Totals	12	*26	3	3

HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Broders, 1. f.....	0	1	1	0
Archdeacon, c. f.....	1	1	0	1
Armstrong, 2.....	0	1	2	0
Callahan, r, p.....	1	2	3	0
Norton, p., r.....	0	1	2	0
Kennedy, 1.....	0	7	2	0
Stockemer, 3.....	0	2	0	1
Donovan, s.....	2	1	1	1
O'Neil, c.....	1	8	1	0
Totals	5	24	12	3

Innings ..	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton H. S.	1	0	0	1	1	3	1	1	0—8
H. S. of C....	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0—4

Runs, Barry, 2; Fripp, Woods, Gallagher, Kyte, Sanderson, Gaw, Broders, Archdeacon, O'Neil, Norton. Two-base hits, Barry. Three-base hit, Sanderson. First base on balls, off Gaw, 3; off Norton, 1; off Callahan, 3. Struck out, by Gaw, 8; by Norton, 4. Double play, Callahan to O'Neil to Kennedy to Stockemer. Passed balls, Brooks, 2; O'Neil. Wild pitch, Gaw. Balk, Gaw. Umpire, Currier.

*Kennedy out for interference.

Newton, 6; Boston Latin, 0

The third game of the season was played on Claflin Field on April 19, 1910, between Newton High School and Boston Latin School.

Newton prevented a single one of their opponents from making the "much coveted circuit" around the bases and left them without a tally, while we succeeded in scoring six times.

McCourt's delivery was most troublesome to the Boston Latin men, so annoying in fact, that ten of them failed to connect with the ball at all.

For the first two innings everything went smoothly for both teams, but in third Osborne crossed home plate, bringing

in Newton's first run. Five other runs were accounted for before ninth inning closed.

BOSTON LATIN

NEWTON

Heyer, s. s.	Beckett, Wood, 1. f.
Nelson, 2d.	Barry, 2d.
Halligan, 3d.	Fripp, c. f.
Graham, r. f.	Gaw, r. f.
Higgins, c. f.	Gallagher, s. s.
Gorman, 1. f.	Kyte, 1st.
Keddie, c.	Sanderson, 3d.
Carney, 1st	Osborne, c.
Boles, White, p.	McCourt, p.

Three-base hits, Gaw, 2. Base on balls, Boles, 2; White, 1; McCourt, 1. Two-base hits, Wood, Gaw. Struck out by Boles, 5; White, 1; McCourt, 10. Double play, Boles, Keddie, Carney. Hit by pitcher, Gallagher, Fripp, Keddie. Time, 1h. 45m. Umpire, Currier.

Newton, 11; M. I. T., 1912, 1

The Newton High School ball players proved conclusively, on April 19, 1910, that they are many rounds above the Technology Sophomores on the ladder of baseball ability. The men in orange and black played "sterling ball" through the entire game and made the collegian's misplays seem all the more wretched by reason of contrast.

The game opened auspiciously for Newton as they "got off" a double play and a strike-out in the first inning. This first inning is typical of the other eight, as the Sophomores were continually at our mercy. Wood pitched a no hit game while in the box, and Gardner was only "touched" for one safe hit. Fripp and Gaw made several fine catches in the outfield, while Captain Barry, Sanderson, Gallagher, and Kyte easily disposed of any infield difficulties.

We like to see Newton win, but we would rather see them have to exert themselves a little harder.

M. I. T., '12

NEWTON

Odell, 1. f.	Nash, Beal, 1. f.
Torey, 2d.	Barry, 2d.
Sampson, 3d.	Gaw, r. f.
Allen, p.	Sanderson, 3d.
Taylor, s. s.	Gallagher, s. s.
Culson, 1st.	Fripp, c. f.
Wagner, c. f.	Kyte, 1st.
Buel, r. f.	Osborne, Brooks, c.
Randall, c.	Wood, Gardner, p.

First-base on balls, Gardner, 1; Allen, 2; Bird, 1. Two-base hits, Gaw. Struck out, Wood, 4; Gardner, 2; Allen, 2; Bird, 4. Double plays, Barry to Kyte. Umpire, Woodlock. Time, 1h. 59 m.

Newton, 7; Boston College H. S., 1

Another game was added to the list of Newton's baseball victories by the defeat of Boston College High on April 29. "Ossy" McCourt pitched a good game for Newton, and would have scored a shut-out but for Gallagher's error in the fourth. Brooks played a sterling game behind the bat, and contributed two timely hits during the game. In the absence of Sanderson, Fripp moved into third, and Wood took centre field.

The features of the game were Gaw's home run drive over the centre field canvas, and Fripp's spectacular one-hand catch of a difficult foul fly in the second inning. Linehan also contributed a fine catch of Kyte's long drive to the left field canvas.

Newton "got busy" the first thing. With one down, Barry, Gaw, Fripp and Wood singled in succession, bringing in three runs. Then Gallagher walked, and Kyte moved him along with a sacrifice, sending Wood to third. From here he scored on Brook's single, which also brought in "Gal." McCourt closed the inning with a fly to left field.

Newton's next run came in the fifth on errors by Casey and Sweeney, and Brook's Texas leaguer. The last run came in the sixth, when, with two gone, Gaw hit the first ball pitched over the canvas in centre field.

Boston's lone tally came in the fourth. In trying for Sweeney's long fly to centre, Wood backed into the football goal post and injured his back, Sweeney going to second. There he remained for the next two outs, but went all the way home, when Gallagher let Rogers' easy "roller" get through him.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Nash, 1. f.	0	2	0	0
Barry, 2 b.	2	2	1	0
Gaw, r. f., c. f.	2	4	0	0
Fripp, 3 b.	2	1	2	3
Wood, c. f., r. f.	1	1	0	1
Gallagher, s. s.	0	3	2	2
Kyte, 1 b.	1	5	0	0
Brooks, c.	2	6	1	0
McCourt, p.	1	2	1	0
Totals	11	*26	7	6

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH SCHOOL

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Casey, 3 b.	1	3	0	3
Rearden, c. f.	0	1	0	0
Sweeney, s. s.	3	2	1	3
Barren, p.	0	1	4	0
Linehan, 1. f.	1	7	0	0
Rogers, c.	0	2	3	0
Hooley, 2 b.	0	2	1	0
Hunt, r. f.	1	1	0	1
Renolds, 1 b.	1	5	0	0
Totals	7	24	9	7

*Rearden out for interference.

Innings ...	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton H. S.	5	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	—7
Boston C. H. S.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

Runs made, by Barry, Gaw, 2; Fripp, 2; Wood, Gallagher, Sweeney. Two-base hits, Fripp, Barry, Sweeney. Home run, Gaw. Stolen bases, Barry, Fripp, Gallagher, Barren, Rogers, Renolds. Base on balls, by McCourt, by Barren, 2. Struck out, by McCourt, 4; by Barren. Sacrifice hits, Kyte, Wood. Double play, Gallagher to Barry to Kyte. Hit by pitched ball, Brooks, Balk, by Barren. Passed ball, Rogers. Umpire, Curren. Time, 2h. 10m.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Miss Mary Paine, '11, has been chosen captain of next year's basketball, and Miss Evelyn Stuart, '11, manager. This year's season under Miss Shepardson's coaching, Miss Emily Wellington's, '10, captaincy, and Miss Marion Whitley's, '10, manager-ship, has been a very enjoyable and successful one. It is hoped that every other class will find as much pleasure in basketball as the girls of 1910 have had during their four years at High School.

The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach.

—*Ruskin.*

THE GERMAN CLUB

On Friday, April 29, the fourth meeting of the German Club was held in the hall at 3 p. m., before a fair sized audience.

The program was as follows:—

Song by the Club

Flute solo.....Barry

Piano solo Miss Scott

Tenor solo Pickernell

Quartette, Miss Monroe and Clark,

Mr. Hill and Brackett

Cello solo Miss Soden

Piano solo Miss Gilmore

Quartette, Miss Monroe and Clark,

Mr. Hill and Brackett

Flute solo Barry

Piano solo Damon

Soprano solo Miss Schmalz

Song by the Club

Miss Julia Schmalz had charge of the meeting and it was owing to her painstaking efforts that it was such a success. If present plans mature, the last meeting will consist of a play.



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ought
In coin of honest praise, and lowest deeps
Of admiration, its reward invoke,
Thou lover of the simplest, God hath
wrought!
Oh! priest of Nature, worshipper of life,
Who ran into the heart of every flower
And found in it the sweet enchanted dower
Of common sympathy, appeal, and love,
This power thou gav'st unto a world of
strife,
That men in closer brotherhood might
move.
J. R. S., 1910.

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Mill assistant superintendent	9
Mill assistant manager	2
Mill foreman of department	18
Mill purchasing agent.....	1
Mill auditor and accountant	5
Textile designer.....	30
In commission house	13
Electrician.....	2
Assistant engineer.....	2
Draftsman	2
Chemist and dyer.....	30
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Student.....	5
Machinist.....	2
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Minor positions.....	4
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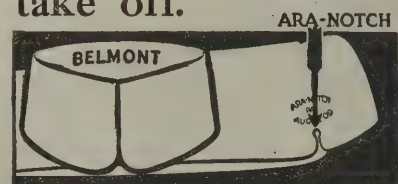
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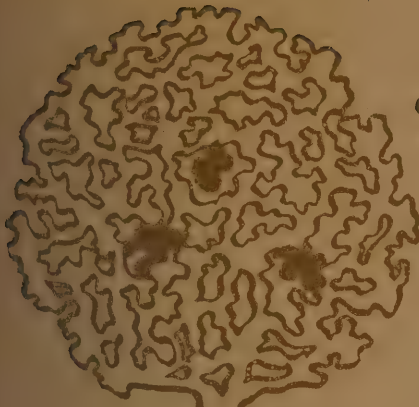
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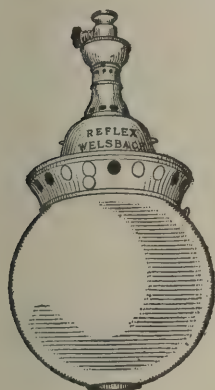
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FOOTBALL TEAM

Newton High School Review

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NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, 1910

No. 9

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S. Foster Damon, '10. Helen F. Kent, '11.
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Assistant Business Managers:

Richard Bacon, '11. Edward Hooper, T. H. S.

Athletics:

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School Notes: Alumni Notes:
Mildred Clark, '10. Schuyler Adams, '10.

Technical High School Notes:

Robert Howley, '10. Mary White, '10.

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IT hardly seemed necessary to issue an extra large number of the REVIEW for graduation, when the Annual had covered the ground, and the REVIEW could only duplicate. It was our intention to publish only an ordinary number; but when the material was collected we found that the size of the REVIEW was practically doubled. No reviews of the various teams are included in this paper because these appeared in full in the Annual, and duplication seemed unwise. The pictures, however, are reprinted, so that those who did not secure an Annual, can still have the team pictures.

GRADUATION

The graduation exercises of the class of 1910 took place in Assembly Hall, June 25, at 2.30 p. m. The graduating class marched into the hall escorted by Rider and MacLure, 1911. The program and speeches are printed on the following pages, so no further mention of that part is necessary. The award of the Eliot prizes was made by Dr. Spaulding. The first prize was won by Miss Margaret Strong, 1910, and the second by Miss Ruth Calder, 1910. At the close of the exercises the usual cheering took place, followed by the "banquet" in the Drill Hall, provided by the Juniors.

In the evening following graduation came the Class Party, held at the home of Miss Mildred Clark, Claremont street, Newton. There was never such a Class Party before, and we are confident there never will be in the future. The grounds were beautifully decorated with Japanese lanterns and electric lights. A large proportion of the class was present, and amusement was afforded by various games, and by an excellent orchestra, until the time for listening to our statistics and to our future arrived.

The prophecy and class statistics were read to us from a platform erected in the middle of the lawn, illuminated by an electric sign "1910." Refreshments were necessary to revive us to the present after hearing our future, and they followed accordingly. Dancing upon the lawn was next indulged in, and after singing the class hymn and cheering again, the members of the class wended their weary way homeward, having had the "time of their lives."

Class Hymn

By ALICE GORDON BOYDEN



OD preserve our Alma Mater,
Newton High School, tried and
true;

Guard and keep her, we implore Thee,
Help her glorious work to do
In the years that are before her,
As she has done in the past;
May her influence be about us,
Guiding us while life shall last.

We who now go from these portals,
Witnesses desire to be
Of her strength and of her wisdom,
Showing by our lives, that we

In our hearts have kept her teachings,
And by loyal service true,
In the joy of helping others,
Give unto her honor due.

Alma Mater, we salute thee!
Thanks and blessings we bestow;
And tho' soon we're widely scattered,
This our prayer where'er we go:—
God preserve our Alma Mater,
Newton High School, tried and true;
Guard and keep her, we implore Thee,
Guide her all her journey through.

GRADUATION

Order of Exercises

ANTHEM, "The Heavens Resound" *Arr. from Beethoven*

By the Class.

PRAYER. By the Rev. John Matteson.

RESPONSE, Chant, by the Class.

"High School Democracy," Carleton M. Burr.

"An Old English Magazine," Frances A. Ireland.

VOCAL SOLO, with violin obligato, "Spring Song" *Lynes*

Myrtes F. Davidson,

Ruth Ivy.

"Waste in the Generation of Power and Light,"

Lewis R. Puffer.

"The Orange and the Black," Elise C. Dodge.

PIANO SOLO, "The Erl King" *Schubert-Liszt*

S. Foster Damon.

CLASS HISTORY, Dorothy S. Emmons.

VOCAL SOLO, "Meditation" *Cheney*

Albert F. Pickernell.

CLASS ORATION, "War, the Destroyer of Civilization,"

Paul H. Smart.

VIOLIN SOLO, "Fantasia Appassionata." Allegro—Theme—Variations. *Vieuxtemps*

Ruth Ivy.

VALEDICTORY, Helen L. Gustin.

CLASS HYMN { Words by Alice G. Boyden
 { Music by Helen Gilmore

Award of Eliot Prizes by Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, Superintendent of Schools.

Presentation of Diplomas by Mr. Henry E. Bothfeld, Chairman of School Committee.

BENEDICTION.

High School Democracy

By CARLETON M. BURR



LIVING, as we do, under a democratic government, our ideas of what democracy ought to be are pretty firmly established. No other country has developed the principle of the rule of the people as has the United States. It was on this principle that our nation was founded and by which it is held together.

We find this idea innate in the minds of all citizens of this republic. From the first, equality of man is taught and accepted by the school children. One of the first things they have to learn, is the Salute to the Flag, which ends with the statement, "With Liberty and Justice for all."

The American public school—in which we may properly include all grades, from kindergarten to high school—may possibly be termed the main support of this principle of equality.

The great mass of school children advance together along the common road of school life, and when they reach the age of thirteen or fourteen, they are all ready for high school, which is opened wide to everyone who wishes to enter.

It is true that many are shut out through the inability or unwillingness of their parents to support them longer, but at least, the school does not augment this number by imposing any fee for tuition. On the other hand, it is tending more and more towards offering additional assistance, by providing free text-books and all the other essentials of a high school course.

Not a few doubt the benefit of the social mingling in our school system, both primary and secondary. Children from good homes are said to be corrupted by daily contact with ill-trained and morally inferior school-mates.

This can hardly be denied. It is a universal question but its discussion is too

broad for this occasion. However, the special answer for the high school is, that no system of select schools has yet been devised to remedy this evil. In fact, many of the so-called select schools furnish a far less wholesome atmosphere than does the typical public high school.

Association with people is counted as one of the most valuable gains in any educational world. When one gets out into life, the people one meets, the different types of minds and characters one is thrown in with, sometimes forcibly and not always pleasantly give one a broader, and perhaps a more valuable education than one can obtain from books.

To come back—there are three phases of high school life, distinct in themselves. They are the academic, the athletic and the social. While the academic side of the high school is the most important, as a pupil's first duty is study, nevertheless, the other two are coming more and more into prominence. Still, the democratic feeling ought to be and is evident in all three.

In the class room,—surely nothing but democracy exists there. Teachers are impartial, and there is no hard feeling on the part of other scholars, when one pupil makes a brilliant recitation. On the other hand, a great deal of sympathy is felt for the one who fails. How many times have scholars been detected while trying to help a classmate out of a difficulty in translation! While not in direct accordance with school regulations, still is it not a democratic spirit?

In athletics, every candidate has an equal opportunity of "making good." When on the field, his ability as a player is the only thing upon which he can depend for making a team. The coach and captain choose the men to represent the school in a certain branch of athletics. In making

this choice, the coach has his own reputation as a coach to look out for, and the captain knows that the standing of the school is at stake. Accordingly the man chosen is the one best suited for the position. It is a rare thing to find a coach or a captain so selfish, that he places his own personal desires before those of the school as a whole.

In addition to these two phases, we find the high school as a centre of social life. The boys and girls who come to high school are about of an age when they begin to realize that there is such a thing as a

social world, and that there is a place in it for them. The student who simply comes to school, studies and goes home, misses much that he or she needs. Scholars have an opportunity of meeting socially which is a constant safe-guard against the more extreme class distinctions, making it impossible for social classes to grow up ignorant of each other, and out of sympathy with one another. On the contrary, it tends towards a mutual understanding and produces a stock of common conceptions, standards and ideals.

Waste in the Generation of Power and Light

By LEWIS R. PUFFER



THE last century has seen more inventions which have been of great benefit to mankind than has any other period in history.

Many of these have become so universally known in practice that people forget there was ever a time when they did without them. For example, how many people fail to realize how easily a fire is produced by a simple striking of a match! Many of such inexpensive devices are perhaps as indispensable as the later invented labor saving machines so extensively used. Take as an illustration the typewriter, so well known to every business man, or the electric crane, by means of which, with slight manipulation, a man handles material by the car loads. Distance is now-a-days disregarded, owing to the perfection of rapid transit and modern telegraphy.

When we pause to consider what has been done by men of the past hundred years, what great opportunities are awaiting us in the near future! If other men, acting upon some inspiration or theory, however absurd it may seem at the time, have accomplished so much, why cannot we also do even more in the future? There

is no reason why *we* cannot do as others have done. Certainly our school training so far has given us the best of preparation. One of these great opportunities is to lessen the per cent of energy wasted in converting coal into mechanical power and light. An insight into this operation reveals some surprising truths.

New England pays approximately one hundred million dollars a year for the coal that is used for producing mechanical power. If the efficiency of the factors involved in the generation of this power were one hundred per cent; that is, if all the heat developed from burning the coal were actually converted into power; this bill for one year would amount to only ten million dollars. In other words, approximately ninety million dollars are wasted. This at once gives rise to the questions, where does this nine-tenths of the energy go, and why is it not utilized?

It is an actual, though surprising, fact that the large losses are in the primary steps. Of these, engine and boiler losses are the greatest. A great deal of the heat produced by coal is used to raise the temperature of the air in the chimney in

order to create a draught. Then in the engine over one-half of the total amount of energy derived is wasted in three ways: incomplete expansion of steam, condensation and exhaust.

For a moment let us look at the first loss, that in the case of the draught. In the first place the draught is absolutely necessary to any fire. According to a law of physics, hot air rises and cooler air rushes in at the base to take its place. It is in this process that the loss occurs. Hence, this waste cannot be prevented, unless man discovers a way to redirect the laws of nature.

In the case of engine waste many improvements have been and are being made to lessen the heat losses while the steam is passing from boiler to engine. The installation of the compound, then the triple and quadruple expansion engines, where the exhaust of each cylinder is repeatedly and consecutively used, has greatly increased the efficiency of the reciprocating engine. The last improvement in the line of steam power is the turbine, but this has been rather in the decrease of size of the machine and the smoothness of its running than in conservation of energy. The highest efficiency yet attained in steam machinery, either reciprocating, rotary or turbine, is about twelve per cent, or in other words, one-eighth of the energy expended is realized in work. An addition of a few per cent has been derived by combining a compound engine with a turbine.

The next important step has been the invention and refinement of the gas engine, where the original coal, from which the energy is obtained, instead of being burnt to produce steam from water, is used as the direct means of power. Some of its products, such as coal gas, gasoline, or kerosene, are exploded within the engine, thus doing away with any boiler losses. Here an increase of six per cent has been added. The most efficient and satisfactory form of explosion engine has been the

Diesel oil engine, which substitutes crude petroleum for gasoline, thereby raising the efficiency to twenty-six per cent.

Thus we see that the best engine for converting fuel into power is capable of transforming a trifle over one-quarter of the energy in its fuel into mechanical power.

In order to raise the efficiency of the factors involved, men are constantly striving to invent new methods of generating mechanical power or to improve the modern engines. A gas turbine has not only been proposed, but is in the process of completion. This machine differs from the steam turbine in that streams of exploding gas instead of steam are to be constantly directed against a rotary shaft built on the principle of the ordinary windmill. This plan seems very practical and eventually it will produce an engine which will replace the steam turbine and reciprocating engine.

The losses in converting mechanical power into light are even more startling. To be brief, let it suffice to say that if *one pound* of coal were converted into light without any loss in energy, the light generated would equal that now generated by a *half a ton* of coal.

The little firefly has given men the idea of producing light without heat. As a result of careful study, it has been found that the firefly can light his path only in the presence of oxygen, and experiments have shown that carbon dioxide is a direct result of his light. These two facts have led to the possibility of producing light without heat by some chemical process. Coal, which has been hitherto so important a factor in the manufacture of electricity may in the future be converted directly into electricity.

Research work may offer a solution to this simplification of obtaining mechanical power and electric lighting. That remains to be proved. The past has seen step by step the rapid gains in the scientific world. The future depends upon us.

The Orange and Black

By ELISE C. DODGE

MANY, many years ago when only the red men inhabited this great continent of ours, lived a famous Indian chief, the leader of his tribe. He was now a very old man, and had not many more years to live on this earth before going to the Happy Hunting Ground. He bewailed the fact that he had no son who would become chief in his stead. One day he had a dream. He dreamed that a beautiful boy had been sent to him by the god of the sun, as a reward for the many brave deeds he had done during his lifetime. The god told the old man that he loved this child and would always watch over him, and warned him to let the boy marry no maiden until she had been tested by the spring, which bubbled near by.

On awaking, what was the old man's surprise to see there, in his lonely wigwam, a beautiful baby boy, whose skin, instead of being copper color, was white and fair. Where the child came from the old chief never doubted; surely he was a gift from the great god.

Strange though it may seem, on that very day, a baby girl was left in the same mysterious way in a wigwam where an old squaw lived all alone. During their childhood and youth, these two, Ramona and Samoset, were together constantly, one never being happy without the other. Samoset, having reached the age of manhood, was only waiting to win his first scalp (for until then he was not considered a man), to marry Ramona. The people of the tribe, remembering the warning that the old man had received from the sun god, awaited the testing of the maiden with fear and trembling, for they loved the two young people and hated to have them separated, yet dared not go against the com-

mands of the god, and besides they did not know what this testing might be.

There was a young squaw, Majella, in the tribe, who was said to be a sorceress, who vowed vengeance on the maiden should she marry Samoset, for she herself was deeply in love with the brave youth. Majella was as hideous and disagreeable as Ramona was beautiful and lovable.

Finally the day arrived on which the great ordeal of testing the young girl was to take place. The whole tribe was assembled about the spring breathlessly watching Ramona. She seemed to know what to do, for was she not the child of the great god? Three times the maiden walked backwards around the place where the water was bubbling up out of the ground; seven times she dipped her face into the sparkling water and then stood back. A sharp report resounded among the distant hills, and then a beautiful fountain sprang forth where the tiny spring had been. The waters of this fountain, instead of being colorless and transparent, were a brilliant, dazzling orange. At this sight, the people felt sure that Ramona was the maiden intended for Samoset by their parent, the sun god. Then was there great rejoicing, which lasted late into the night.

After they had all separated, each going to his own wigwam, a solitary figure glided in and out among the trees, till finally it stood before the fountain. It was a woman whose hair was hanging over her shoulders and face, and who carried a strange looking stick. On lifting up her hair the dark, homely face of Majella could be seen peering eagerly into the bright water. Hurriedly she repeated a few words, waving her wand as she spoke; and lo, half of the waters of the fountain were changed into a deep, dull black, that half nearer her!

Quickly she walked to the opposite side, and there repeated her charm, but in vain, Those waters still retained their bright orange color. Again and again she said the few words, but they had no effect on the second half of the fountain. Majella turned away angrily, walking off into the woods and was never seen again.

This was the way it came about that the orange and the black bubbled up side by side for many a year. So large was this fountain that soon a small brook was formed, whose waters also were orange and black. One day the fountain suddenly disappeared, even the little spring under it dried up, and on the same day Ramona and Samoset also disappeared. Neither they nor the fountain were ever seen again. All that was left was the little

brook, whose waters on that day became colorless.

As tradition has it, the place where this building now stands is the very spot where that strange fountain once stood. Is it not most fitting, then, that we should take as our colors, as the colors of the Newton High School, the orange and the black? All that is left now of this wonderful fountain is the little brook, which ripples away so quietly, in the field across the street. How much that little stream knows about the mysterious appearance and disappearance of Ramona and Samoset and about the wonderful fountain, no one will ever know. But perhaps if you should put your ear down to its shining surface, it might tell you some of its secrets, just as it told me.

Class History, 1910

By DOROTHY STANLEY EMMONS



It has been said of Edward Everett Hale that he could write the most interesting history of bygone days, for the simple reason that when noteworthy events were lacking, he would draw upon his imagination to create marvelous and unheard-of events with which to entertain his readers. Would that I might be allowed the same privilege, for I fear some of our history may seem uninteresting to those who have not played an active part in it.

There are very few of our class today, I'm sure, who could give a lucid account of that far away period in which, to quote the class of 1907, we figured as "just having graduated from the age of long dresses and gogarts, and having arrived at the stage of pityfully *bashful* and extremely *green* young men and women." But, however green and bashful we may have been, nevertheless we had the honor of being the largest infant class that had ever entered

the austere portals of the Newton High School. We immediately showed that we could wield other implements besides rattles (although so recently having left nurse's guiding apron strings), for with his marvelous manipulations of the tennis racket, *Hall* won for us the tennis championship.

As became children of such tender years, we had an unconquerable weakness for ice cream; and how we used to crowd around that old ice cream cart at recess! Each one clamoring for his favorite color—white, brown or pink! After we had consumed the cool delicacy (at the risk of our constitutions) we had a fixed habit of going the rounds of our most intimate acquaintances to borrow *ten cents* wherewith to pay for our indulgence. Those were good old days! Our debts, as well as our cares weighed lightly upon us. "Eat today, for tomorrow we die!" was one of our mottos.

Then surely we thought our doom had come when those *five-weeks reports* appeared;

strange looking cards which our parents were requested to sign, thus publishing abroad the excellence (?) of our studies, and eliciting from our enthusiastic parents the noble offer of a dollar for every "A" we attained. Alas! how many "A"'s we lost! And think of the *dollars*!

However, in spite of the trials and tribulations of everyday life we succeeded in electing our class officers and soon began to be very proud of *our* school.

Thus a year slipped by—and as yet no budding genius had appeared.

The next fall we returned to become studious Sophomores—and how small the *Freshmen* did seem! How helplessly they wandered through the maze of corridors on a quest almost as full of hardships as that of the Holy Grail—the quest of their respective rooms! *We* never made such ludicrous mistakes! At least if we did, it was long ago in that Freshman existence, considered, no doubt, as prehistoric.

Our class officers were chosen, and a class pin selected. As this was the very best *pin* a class ever had, it was but fitting that it should be worn by the very best *class* that ever was.

Again the championship in tennis was won for us by *Woods*, and we rejoiced over the fact that the football, track and baseball championships came to Newton, as in the year before. At the class meet, however, we were doomed to disappointment. *We*, the *Sophomores*, came forth from the contest with—a goose egg!

In December, 1907, the school 'lost' a kind friend and beloved teacher—Mr. George. Although most of us had known him only through our upper classmates, nevertheless we realized what a powerful man had passed from among us. To Mr. Thomas does our class owe a hearty vote of thanks for the interest and patience with which he has aided us in the class room, on the debating clubs, and on our school papers.

During our Sophomore year, Mr. Adams went abroad, and Mr. Davis filled admirably the place of head-master.

In the spring of 1908, several enterprising girls of our class organized a baseball team which, under the unparalleled coaching of *Louis* did some excellent work. Unfortunately there was no other team with which to compete, although, I believe, there was some talk as to the advisability of challenging some of our baseball *stars*. No other team was needed, however, to make things exciting! Why, if every other time the *pitcher* did not throw a *curve* and disable some of the *fielders*, the girl at the bat would make wild fannings of the air! And if, by chance, the ball came in the way of the waving bat, the aforesaid *girl* would utter an ear-splitting shriek, throw her bat, endangering the life of the individual who held catcher's position, and race to first—on a *foul*! I *might* add that there were no arms or noses broken, but that would take away some of the *professional* air.

Meanwhile the name of 1910 was beginning to appear in the *REVIEW*, a certain *Smart* boy being the courageous pioneer to explore the fields of literature. Finding that no noticeable harm was received from putting manuscript into that mysterious-looking *REVIEW* Box, where, by some unseen mechanism the material goes through a trying process (not a drying process, though you might think so), and then appears in awesome black and white upon the pages of the *REVIEW*, other inspiring individuals tried their luck—but with less success.

Another year had passed. Then with brave hearts we reappeared upon the field to assume the added cares of college exams, and increasing social functions. With brave hearts, I say, for did we not have numerous candy sales, and Mr. Marshall's proverbial cocoa and doughnuts (three for five) to fall back upon when the horizon loomed

dark before us, and our hard worked brains demanded proper nourishment?

Our class officers were chosen, and then our well meaning treasurer devised darkly laid schemes, whereby each member of the class should offer up small sums of twenty-five cents *regularly*. Then the tax leaped to fifty cents, but this being our parting gift to afford the Seniors well earned refreshment, we gave willingly, because we knew that the same good deed would be done for us this year.

Feeling the pressing need of oratorical ability, the girls formed a debating club which bade fair to rival that of our masculine friends, though, of course, the latter important individuals declined to admit it.

In March, 1909, occurred the girls' first annual gymnastic meet under the leadership of Miss Shepherdson and Miss Westgate. The enthusiasm with which the project was taken up, is cited by the instance of one of our usually sober and sedate young maidens who, knowing that she was to be in the relay race, to work up her speed, faithfully and punctually every morning took a gallop up and down *Church Street*, thereby affording the neighbors much amusement and limbering up her joints. As a reward for her training, the Juniors won the relay race. In fact, we won about everything! The meet closed with 80 points to our credit, the Seniors next with 30 points.

The girls' hockey team defeated Radcliffe, an exceptionally worthy feat, and on the Claffin field our old rivals, Brookline, were obliged to yield us the football championship.

All too soon our Junior year was left behind.

And then we entered upon the last year of our sojourn in this school. A year by far the most successful and enjoyable of our whole course. What if our lessons *were* rather too long or hard for our personal comfort? *Success* comes not often to him who waits for an inspiration! *This*

year we began to realize how much *our teachers* have done to prepare us for the greater tasks of life. Let me, in behalf of the class of 1910, extend to you, our teachers, a heartfelt word of appreciation and thanks for the services so unselfishly rendered us.

There is a great *Doubt* (doubt) who stands for our class president, and in these days of rapid progress and new thoughts, we should have had difficulty in keeping pace with other schools had we not secured for our vice-president a small *Wing* propeller. And with the occasional aerial flights of our secretary, Mildred Clark, both in literature and in the running high jump, we feel well prepared to challenge even the Wright brothers themselves. Of course, the money in the treasury has *increased* while basking 'neath the golden glow radiating from our hockey star *Hopkins*, so you see that there is just cause for our being the very *finest* class that ever graduated from this school!

This year, owing to the oratorical ability of the boys of the Debating Club, we were enabled to hold two debates with outside schools, the first with Everett High School and the second with Brookline High. In both debates the wreath of victory was accorded our opponents, but *our* boys have shown what excellent work can be done in this line, and we sincerely hope that our successors will carry on the club so enthusiastically started.

The *French* and *German* Clubs prospered under 1910 management, and the *orchestra* entertained us in the hall one morning. Especially fortunate have we been in listening, during our course, to helpful and entertaining talks by Ex-Governor Long, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Bishop Lawrence, and I could keep on with a list as interesting as it is long.

With the opening of the Technical High School last fall, the number of students in this building decreased to such an extent that *we*, the *Seniors*, were deprived of that

coveted Wednesday morning privilege, so dear to the hearts of our predecessors, of gracefully ascending these few steps and seating ourselves with solemn dignity upon this platform, from which lofty height to gaze patronizingly over the sea of uplifted faces below, where ardent admiration and due reverence should be depicted. So if, today, we appear a little bashful, you will understand that it is our first appearance upon the *stage*.

One bright day, in the early fall, a mysterious message summoned us to the athletic field. And what do you suppose greeted our vision upon arriving? Merely a man and a camera! But how *worried* the young ladies looked! "Does my hair look all right? Are you sure my collar is straight?" And even the youth's hand sought his beloved necktie and smoothed up his classic pompadour. Then the angelic expressions donned for a moment suddenly changed, and

"What happened when the camera-man

Approached the grandstand high,
With marshal step and stiffened back?

There rose a joyous cry!

And as the man strode back and forth

In fancy black felt 'dip'

Those naughty children thumped the steps

And shouted—"Hip! Hip! Hip!"

In our school teams this year, there have been several stars whose radiant beams have shone so brilliantly, that all opposing teams have probably been dazzled by the splendor. At any rate, when Hopkins beamed upon them, we won the hockey championship, and the championship in football came to us, without doubt, because of the halo surrounding Gallagher and his sturdy followers. Again the triangular meet was won by Newton, and three cheers for those who helped us win the class meet!

And what heavenly harmony was produced by the excellent rendering of those cymbals and clear-toned bells! Much slum-

bering musical talent was thereby aroused, as were also many unoffending individuals seated within convenient hearing distance. The girls' basketball team became the champions of the school, under the good captaincy of Emily Wellington, who, like her famous namesake, the Duke, enjoys an active part in the fray. Not to be outdone, the boys organized a basketball team, and for the first time in several years Newton, led by Captain Wood, 1910, rejoiced over basketball victories.

The other day, while perusing some dust-covered magazines in the dim recesses of the attic, I came upon a thin, sad-looking magazine, which I discovered had been, in its youthful days, a copy of the *Review*, and I smiled to think how much larger, more interesting and altogether finer, the magazine has become within the last few years, and especially within the last year. But what could you expect with a *Smart* editor, and eleven out of the staff of fourteen from our illustrious class? At the eleventh hour (although it was nearer half-past eleven,) we decided to edit an annual, and as some of us probably know, it has meant a good deal of thought and work added to the regular duties. However, under our editor and his assistants, the project was successfully put through.

Our class assembly passed off enjoyably for all who attended it, but the *reception* was the never-to-be-forgotten event of the year. The fair maidens arrayed in those long-talked-of reception dresses made one think of so many dainty flowers, fresh from the garden, only more likely they were fresh from the hands of the long-suffering dressmaker. The youths were also prepared for the fray, and the hall was ingeniously trimmed with our green and white.

With photographs, essays and exams., our last few days have been filled to overflowing, and now as we look back over the four years so pleasantly spent together,

we realize what *privileges* have been ours. How much we have lost—which in vain we regret. How much attained—for which, henceforth, we must render an account of our stewardship, for as is the measure of privilege, so is the measure of responsibility.

As the last hour strikes, it tells not the

completion of the history of the class of 1910, but announces the beginning of a new chapter—an entrance into a larger, broader world, and with firm resolve to do our best, with hearts straining for the noble and the good—with steadfast friendship for one another, so go we forth—and Godspeed!

War, the Destroyer of Civilization

CLASS ORATION BY PAUL HURLBURT SMART

THE yellow sands of Egypt cover a civilization that flourished three thousand years ago. Following close upon the decline of Egyptian prestige and art came the rise of Greece and Rome. When the vast hordes of Goths swept down from the North, despoiling the Eternal City, civilization was buried, and did not emerge again until the Renaissance. Today marks the fifth great period since the beginning of authentic history.

Four great civilizations have risen and fallen, none proving permanent, and it is a vital question today whether ours is destined to destruction as were those of the ancients. There must be some fundamental fault with the structures of the past, some fault to which we can ascribe in a great measure the present condition of Egypt, the degeneration of Greece, the lost glory of Rome, as well as the passing of the Renaissance.

Some people would place the blame for this destruction upon nature, and would say that nature is the destroyer of civilization. True—in a slight degree. Fire, a natural element, did destroy Rome, did destroy London. But was not Rome rebuilt, and did not London rise from its ashes, a new city, far more civilized in its streets, buildings and ornaments? We cannot say that this force of nature has destroyed these civilizations, nor can we say that any other single force, or com-

bination of forces, known as nature, destroyed them.

But human nature did; and war was its instrument.

War has been the destroyer of the *organization* of civilization. The Standard Dictionary defines civilization as "a condition of human communities characterized by political and social organization and order, advancement in knowledge, refinement and progress in general." This definition, we readily see, applies in particular to the organization of civilization. The savage was not civilized, because he had no organization, social or political, worthy of the name. His practice of incessant warfare made this impossible. Bagehot, the English political economist, said that civilization was "the art of sitting still." The savage never sat still. He was fighting, killing his neighbor, plundering his fields, moving, hence uncivilized. We note the first beginnings of civilization when man, being able to sit still for a moment, could think—think of his social condition, and begin to reform it, not by violence or war, but by peaceful reform.

Civilization advanced in spite of war. But it was because the quiet upheaval in the social condition of man was more rapid and far-reaching, at that particular time, than was war. As the reforms out-balanced the wars, so advanced civilization. When the opportunity for reforms became less,

and when the frequency of wars and their duration increased, we begin to record the destruction of the organization of civilization.

"History repeats itself," as we find in looking for proofs of this fact. As the reforms of Solon, Draco and Cleisthenes were introduced into Athens, civilization increased, until, under the stimulus of the reforms of Pericles, she attained her highest point of intellectual, artistic and moral development. When her empire involved her in unbroken warfare we notice the beginning of her downfall.

The same holds true in the case of Rome. While the struggle between Patricians and Plebeians progressed, her growth was healthy. The peaceful although vigorous struggle for equal rights, resulted in reforms which advanced the organization of Roman civilization. But when her provinces, her love of conquest, and her avaricious generals led her into unremitting war, then began her fall.

Why was war the cause of the destruction of the organization of these two great civilizations? Because such conflicts as the Persian and Peloponnesian wars at Athens, and the long chain of struggles at Rome, drained their best blood; and the props of their organization gone, and their resources exhausted, what was left to maintain their high position? They must fall, and they did. Professor David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, attributes Rome's downfall to this fact, namely, that "her best blood was shed in war."

What is true in the case of the greater civilizations is true of the lesser ones. By her wars and her Inquisitions, Spain was lowered from her proud rank among nations to that of a third-rate power. The French Revolution and Napoleon dealt France a blow from which she has never recovered. We know that the social condition of the South has never been properly adjusted since the upheaval caused by the Civil

War; and the attempted reconstruction by the North did little toward pacifying conditions, because it was militant in its nature.

War has retarded progress, which is essential to the permanency of the organization of a civilized country. There never occurred the war that did not retard progress. The wars of Napoleon held Europe at a standstill for over a decade. Our Civil War marks a four-year period of arrested development—nay, even of retrogression.

War has destroyed the *products* of civilization, which have followed in the wake of the organization of man's social condition. Indeed the magnitude of the organization of a civilization is measured by its products. The civilizations of Egypt, Greece, Rome and the Renaissance can all be measured by the scale of results. Just as the greatness of civilizations can be measured by their products, so can the destruction of war be measured by its ability to demolish those products.

The plundering armies of Rome despoiled Greece of her marble statues. The works of art that were not destroyed formed a prominent part of the conqueror's triumph.

The great library at Alexandria, that had taken centuries to collect, was destroyed by Omar in time of war.

The Goths sacked Rome and today but a fraction of its glories remain.

The nose of the Sphinx was shattered by French cannon while Napoleon was campaigning in Egypt.

The army of Cromwell despoiled the abbeys and cathedrals of England. Statues were torn from their pedestals, and stained glass windows were shattered by his soldiers.

The Parthenon was cleft asunder by an explosion of gunpowder during a bombardment of Athens by the Turks.

When Sherman's army was marching to the sea it destroyed one volume of each set

of priceless books, in order to render the whole set worthless!

These were all treasures, not of any single race, but of all the world, of all mankind, the very essence of civilization, that have been destroyed by one man, or one nation, because that particular person or nation falsely believed that might makes right. Because some general conquers another he destroys the possessions of the world, or in attempting to conquer he destroys property that is not his, not his enemy's, in fact no one person's, but everybody's. How many cities and towns have been destroyed by the mutilating hand of war! How many have been given to the torch by a victorious army! How much pillage has followed in the wake of the "Conquering Hero"!

We now come to the last phase of civilization that is destroyed by war. That is the *ideals* of civilization or life.

If I should take one ideal of civilization and call it the greatest, it would be that of self-expression—self-expression in the individual.

Taking the result of war upon this ideal we see that military life places an iron-clad restraint upon men. The dictators of Rome had absolute power over the whole state, civil as well as military. The generals of today have the same power over their armies. Military discipline does not place a premium on individuality. It creates a condition of restlessness which in itself is suicidal to the ideals of civilization.

War is the destroyer of the moral ideals of civilization. It awakens the base passions in men's hearts. Instead of fostering the virtues it aids the vices. Intemperance, revelry and debauchery are rife in war. We have it on General Sherman's authority that "War is Hell." We hardly need more than this confession.

International morals are jeopardized by war. Nations as well as individuals believe that might makes right. Or at least they

take cover under this doctrine. It never has, and it never will! I know of no instance when such has been the case.

Because the United States had a more powerful army than Mexico in 1845, was her action justified? Because Russia had one-half a million soldiers were her aggressions in the East, and her seizure of Korea morally right? Was the enforced slavery of Cuba to Spain right, because Spain could put down each succeeding uprising? In short, was there ever a case where an oppressor was justified because of its military strength?

Another ideal of civilization is self-expression in art. Civilization has fostered the very highest kind of art. Men have thrown their whole soul into their work because an enlightened social order demands self-expression and individuality. It has allowed men to "sit still," to work peaceably. War makes men restless, prevents thorough work, and discourages art because it destroys it.

Today many of our artistic ideals are unfulfilled because war, and the preparation for war, which in our civilization has assumed immense importance in the minds of military men, demands all our energy and all our available resources. Our military expenditures are increasing so enormously that our moral and artistic ideals are unfulfilled. We cannot build temples such as the Parthenon today because we must spend millions of dollars for a new battle ship. Or perhaps we think that a gray sea monster, bristling with foreboding cannon, is more artistic than the Parthenon? If so, it is a pity that the Athenians could not have realized that a war galley was more artistic than a temple, and have decorated the Pieraeus with them instead of adorning the Acropolis with shrines?

When we consider that the civilizations of three thousand years have passed away, because that *arch-destroyer war* undermined their *organization*, shattered their

products, and mocked their *ideals*, we naturally wonder what the chances of permanency of the civilization of the twentieth century are. We see that war and its destruction are still with us—but, thank God, some noble spirits, having realized that our advancement is threatened, are even now striking repeated blows at this enemy that is eating the very

heart out of our civilization as it has done of all those that preceded! We must exterminate war! If we don't, some future bard may sing of America and the twentieth century, as Poe did of the ancients, when he said:—

"The glory that *was* Greece, and the grandeur that *was* Rome."

Valedictory

By HELEN L. GUSTIN

S we look down into your faces, dear parents and friends, and see all the love and good wishes there, and as we follow the historian in thinking over the happy hours of our school life, we realize for the first time how much this day means to us of achievement, of new ventures and of parting. We are sitting for the last time in this hall, where we have often met, to be roused from our dreams and studies, our laughter and play, by thoughts that shall influence our whole lives. Presently, the Class of 1910 will pass out of the High School doors, never to return. Today we shall not go out with our usual careless merriment, intent only on the day's pleasures and the morrow's lessons; nor yet will our eyes fill with tears that all too soon will dry. For the moment we forget both joy and sadness in contemplation of the vision splendid which rises in our mind.

We have reached a hilltop, a vantage point in the course of our lives. In the valley below lie the pleasant fields of our childhood, where gentle breezes bend the bright flowers to and fro. Up the steep sunlit hillside winds the path now rough, now smooth, by which we have just ascended. We look behind us with vague regrets for the joyous, care-free days of youth; but in front of us stretches our life, our womanhood and our manhood. As

the view widens out before our eyes, we see our ideals more clearly, and understand somewhat the opportunities and responsibilities that lie in that wonderful expanse. The shadows and the rocky places cannot discourage us; for we have grown to realize in our busy high school life that there is exhilaration in having a great deal to overcome, and that much work gives much opportunity to know the happiness of success. Therefore, we are eager not to remain here on this hilltop gazing dreamily at the bright view, but to keep bravely onward, and gain still greater heights.

Dear teachers, as we look forward to our life's course, we feel that the work of our school years has been fashioned into tools to help us carve our way, tools which you have patiently and gladly helped us to forge. At length we realize that out of the rules and theorems, the syntax and conjugations, has grown the ability to remember, to reason clearly, and to think out the problems that we meet. For these lessons and for many others we thank you. We also understand that although in our homes we have been indulged according to our individuality, we shall be expected to meet promptly and efficiently the stricter and more decisive demands of the world. You have been kind to us in this respect; for even while your strictness helped to prepare us for this change, your understanding

made it seem more easy. Teachers, as we say good-bye to you today we ask you to forget how often we have caused you trouble by our thoughtlessness. Think of some days that our gladness has made bright, some hours when we have seemed to respond to your efforts, some moments when school room and desks have faded away as we looked into your eyes with a mutual gleam of friendship and understanding. If you would remember us at all, we ask you to keep some such happy memory of each one of us.

To you, schoolmates, who will come back to this school without us, next fall, we also must say farewell. Although it seems only yesterday that the Class of 1909 left us wondering how we could fulfill the great responsibilities of Seniors, our tasks are over and we now bequeath our dignity to the Class of 1911. We wish them, as leaders of the school next year, success in all their undertakings. To the entering class of Freshmen we hand over our well-beloved color, the green, hoping that it may not only stand for Freshman innocence, but also for the best of co-operative and initiative work throughout their course; and that these supporters of the green may never be accused of lacking in class spirit.

Classmates, the time has come when we must say good-bye, not only to our school life, but to one another. A thousand ties have bound us together, as we worked and played here in helpful comradeship, and only this parting can make us understand how strong they were. Let us not believe, however, that as we go out into the world to live our own lives, we must not give the same friendship and confidence to our fellows there. Even if we are disappointed sometimes, suspicion and coldness on our part will only call forth the same qualities in our neighbors, and will bring us no happiness. Some men have been considered great because they could see all the weaknesses of human nature; but how much greater he whose mind is

broad enough and keen enough to discern the good that lies deeper in each one of us!

Furthermore, we must not let our thoughts be selfish as we leave each other today. We must remember that our country has given us the wisest and most democratic education that she knows how to give her future citizens. She has taught us to be truly and thoughtfully patriotic. Just now as we enter upon the time of our work and influence in her affairs, she is taxing to the utmost her wealth and resources. Her moral and physical strength, even her democratic ideals, are under a great strain. Whether our influence be great or small, let us use it to the utmost to protect and strengthen our nation in her ambitious progress. Then we shall feel that we are working together, although widely scattered, for a common cause.

Newton High School, the Class of 1910 now hangs upon thy walls as its tribute and memorial the tapestried picture that we have taken four years to weave. Among many other such tapestries it will hang, noticed and loved only by the headmaster who has directed our efforts, and by the others who have watched our work here. And yet it has been the highest aim of our high school life to work at this little loom of fame. Whether his threads were long or short, each one of us has had his share at it; for into the cloth has gone every worthy deed that we have performed for our school. As various as our natures are the acts recorded there; a splendid athletic feat, a project accomplished in spite of difficulties, a finished piece of work, perhaps a strong influence used wisely, perhaps the helpful performance of another's ideas. So intermingled are they now, that the individual parts cannot be distinguished, and only serve to make a strong and perfect whole. Let us, therefore, be true to the principles we have learned here, so that no broken threads may spoil our class's emblem of honor.



School Notes



SENIOR CLASS

ON May 4, the Senior class went through a trying ordeal, namely the taking of the class picture.

The excitement aroused by such an unusual event, vented itself in ways not calculated to increase the self-possession of the passerby. However that may be, the deed was done and well done as can be gained from a glance at the pictures.

On Tuesday, May 17, the class held a meeting in the hall after school to elect the class prophet and statistician. Ernest Clark was elected for the former, and Ernest Weaver for the latter office.

At a meeting of the class on Tuesday, June 14, it was decided to hold the class party at the home of Miss Mildred Clark. Rev. Dr. MacLure was then chosen to preach the baccalaureate sermon to the class.

CANDY SALE

On May 27, the last candy sale of the year was held in the Drill Hall. The tables were artistically decorated, and the music was excellent. In spite of the heat all present enjoyed themselves. With Wilson as auctioneer the posters sold quickly and well. About thirty dollars was realized, all of which went for the benefit of the Newton High School Annual. The sale owes its success to the work and care of Miss Ellen Burdett.

On May 11, the school had the pleasure of listening to Father Gasson, President of Boston College. He said that youth was a time of preparation and that it was

necessary to have an ideal and an aim in life. He stated that life was a building and that we were the architects. The qualities necessary to aid in building were energy, its proper concentration, and courage. The talk was much appreciated by all.

On Friday, May 27, the entire school assembled in the hall to observe exercises in honor of Decoration Day. After the opening exercises and the singing of "America," Raymond, 1910, gave an excellent rendering of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Then Dr. Little spoke. He made three main points; first, that the war was inevitable; second, that it was inexcusable; and third, that its issue was most fortunate. The exercises concluded with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

DEBATING

At the last meeting of the Girls' Debating Club on Thursday, May 19, it was decided to discontinue the club. The society, however, hopes that the class of 1911 will take enough interest next year to start it again. The meeting was then adjourned by Miss Gilmore, president.

CERCLE FRANÇAIS

The last meeting of the year of the Cercle Français occurred in the library on Friday afternoon. The game of "Anagramme" was enjoyed by all. Who succeeded in mastering all the intricacies of French currency? Did any one run into debt? Owing to the *forethought* of our President we were entertained most sumptuously with

Mr. Marshall's lemonade and cakes. The meeting adjourned with the singing of the "Marseillaise." The club wishes to thank all the teachers who have helped make the year so successful and the Seniors extend all good wishes to the Cercle Français of next year.

On Wednesday, June 15, the entire school assembled in the hall to hear some music given by the school chorus and orchestra. Under Mr. Walton's able leadership and painstaking direction, both bodies have greatly developed. Much pleasure was derived from the performances of both as well as from the fact that it took considerable time out of the recitations.

GERMAN CLUB

The last meeting of the German Club was held in the hall on the afternoon of

June 16. The program consisted of a piano solo by Miss Gilmore, followed by a play entitled "Die Drei Spinnerinnen," and dramatized by Miss Helen Gustin, whose stage manegeship and patience throughout the trials of rehearsals, deserves great commendation. The cast was as follows:—

King	Damon
Queen	Miss Schmalz
Prince	Barry
Princess	Miss Fogg
Mother	Miss Clark
Page	West
The Three Spinners	

Misses Beedle, Gore and Carpenter.

The Club wishes to thank the teachers for their aid in suggestion and execution, and extends heartiest wishes for the success of the Club next year.

Statistics of the Class of 1910

By ERNEST J. WEAVER

THERE is an old saying that "figures don't lie but liars figure." Now whether that had anything to do with my being presented with the honorable but undesirable office of class statistician I am not prepared to say but—don't hold me responsible for any arising damages.

When I first started to gather a few facts, by personal interview, about our glorious class, I was most unsuccessful. Flanagan and Proctor came to blows because Joe said the strongest thing in the class was the odor of tobacco which clings lovingly about Don after recess. It was to prevent such encounters that I employed ballots.

At first I seemed in no better, if not a worse, position. Archibald voted Genevieve the prettiest and most popular girl while Genevieve did high honors for Archie. The net result, I feared, would be about

75 ties for every first place. But luckily there are a few, who like Perkins, are yet too young to place their affections, and a full tie vote was thereby avoided.

Taken as a whole, our class composed of eighty-one girls, sixty-nine boys, and Merrill, is in many ways unique. We may, being Bostonians, enjoy a Fogg, a Frost, a Freeze and Summers all at the same time. A Taylor and Barber make up our laboring class, while a nature student will find among us a Wood, Hill, and Marsh together with fine specimens of Ivy, Bedells and Burrs. The last named variety has a peculiar facility of extracting dollar bills from financially embarrassed Seniors. How do you do it, Carl?

By the use of the fourth dimension and Hopkin's physics, I find the average height of the class to be 5 feet, $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches, while the average weight is 138 lbs.

There are among us several pairs of twins, and one trio of triplets. Ruth Ivy and Raymond share tomorrow, June 26, as a birthday; Katharine Pratt and Noyes celebrate Sept. 21; Dorothy Williams and Clark, Jan. 18; Eleanor Fessenden and Currier, May 18; Virginia Hoffman and Emily Childs, July 19; Ruth MacLure and Barber, March 7; Fay Tucker and Breed, May 27; Gladys Flanders and myself, July 25; while last but by no means least, we have Marion Loring, Winifred Knapp and Flanagan, the boy wonder, all celebrating March 8.

The Annual has relieved me of several tasks so without further agony I will consult the ballots for the secrets of the Class of 1910.

Some day I suppose we will all look back and tell the rising generation of the days when there was a Clancy in the High School, for who else could be our class dude. That Clancy boy surely cuts some figure on the fashion plates. You haven't seen his newest suit, either.

While I would be the last to in any way cast a shadow over the joy of this occasion, I feel it my duty to reprimand the class for its choice of lazy boy. No doubt many of you have glanced out of some window during a recitation and seen our track manager wending his way towards the "square." You immediately jumped to the conclusion that in order to avoid some distasteful work he was, to speak plain, "hooking periods," a cardinal sin in N. H. S. Far be it from that. Nothing could have been further from his thoughts. He was merely taking a constitutional. Ever since his late indisposition he has been so poorly that he needs all the fresh air that he can get. Therefore it is with sorrow that I announce Proctor the laziest boy in the class. But cheer up, Don, every cloud has its silver lining, we have also some girls who have a strong aversion to labor. Sally and Myrtis outclassed all others, but

heavy balloting the last day gave Sally Lucas the position of laziest of lazy. One would hardly think it to watch her.

Some one wrote on their ballot, "You can't have too much of a good thing," and then voted Gladys Moore class baby. Others evidently reasoned along the same lines, for Miss Moore is our "enfant terrible." After consultation with the faculty, Virginia Hoffman has been appointed nurse. Take good care of her, Virginia, and guard her well.

There are all kinds of noises varying from a sawmill or boiler shop to the sweet (?) sounds which descend from the hall the fifth hour Fridays. However, there is another found only in the Newton High School, known by the name of Farmer Noyes. Yes, Waldo is our class farmer, despite the heavy odds placed on Cannon.

Class nuisance: Highball, that's all!

Although I am sorry to disappoint Esther and Steve who, I am told, have set their hearts on being class grinds, they must stand aside, while Miss Gustin and Hamblin are awarded the cake as chief diggers after knowledge.

Any of you who have read Tim McFadden remember where it speaks of Tim as "boss jollier with the chippies." Well, that's Washburn. Except for a few scattered votes, it was nothing but "Waltz me around, Louis."

Speaking of Washburn, naturally reminds me of the best looking boy. Whether it was superabundance or lack of material that caused such a close race between Hopkins, Clark, and Breed, I do not know, but it must have been that far-away, dreamy look in Steve's eyes that captured the girls and won him the laurel as the Adonis of 1910. Our class is also partial to brunettes. Ruth MacLure is our prettiest girl.

Of our many athletes there is one who, by all around development, has won the approval of the class. There is some doubt

as to which branch of sport he won the black sweater with the white "N," but nevertheless, "Peg" Wood is the class Hercules.

Miss MacGill, without question, is our most popular woman teacher, while Mr. Davis has the most popular methods of dispensing knowledge among the men.

The following conversation was overheard in the corridors the other day: "Hasn't he the cutest, chubby, round face?" "Who?" "Why Chauncey Doud, who did you think?" Be that as it may,

the understudy of the "Midnight Sons" and our class president is our most popular boy.

There is no doubt but what Paul Smart, the William Hearst of Newton High School, has done the most for the class. How did you feel just before your "speech" at graduation, Paul?

Like a little boy eating cake, I have saved the frosting for the last, and if any are asleep, please wake them up while I announce Gladys Flanders our most popular girl.

Class Prophecy

By ERNEST P. CLARK

WOULD that we could look down the long vista of shadowy years, through the filmy veil of the present, and tell of the achievements wrought by the members of the Class of 1910.

Prophecy is, however, an uncertain art, and men of even less genius than myself have found as time unravels his endless scroll that they have been near-sighted, short-sighted or cross-eyed.

Yet this job of "Prof" is not without its compensations. Here's my chance for revenge. Here I stand in a position to verbally lacerate and puncture all those who have maliciously maltreated me in the preceding four years.

It is in the year 1935 that I am returning from my fortieth voyage on the cattle ship, "Soakum." I had at one time hoped, yes, fondly hoped, to be a gentleman, but if not fit for that, a teacher, but had flunked "exams." for both those positions and was living the ignominious life of a cattle tender.

So it was with heavy heart and light pockets that I crossed the gang-plank this dreary morning, wondering if I should

again see any of the renowned Class of 1910. I had heard nothing of any of them, except clipping from a paper saying that the long expected Hopkins-Flanagan fight had just "come off" in Utah and was stopped in the ninety-ninth round with Hopkins slightly in the "lead."

Note:—Those cops must be slow and cowardly brutes, for in any of the preliminary bouts in Room 23 the teacher of the aforesaid room always stopped hostilities in the first round or early in the second.

A ragged little paper boy is crying: "De consolidated joynal oiv America." I produce the necessary specie and see the following notice on the front page:—

"Buy next Monday's Journal. Don't miss it. Don't let it miss you. Upon the frenzied demands, appeals, requests and pleadings of the public for a biographical sketch of the greatest men of the age we have undertaken the gigantic task, but upon careful research we find that all the persons of any consequence either in civic, political, public or private life at the present time were all of the Class of 1910 of the Newton High School. So as to facilitate matters, yet at the same time comply with the de-

mands of the aroused country, next Monday we shall publish these sketches under the title of 'The Alumnus sheet of the Class of 1910.'

(Signed) PAUL H. SMART,
Editor-in-Chief."

Immediately I rushed to the office, entirely forgetting my uncouth appearance, past Schuyler Adams, elevator boy, Bill Brackett, "office Kid," Dick Dewey, proof-reader and L. Pratt, "sub-doortender" through to the office of the editor-in-chief.

He tells me to "beat it," and orders Pratt to kick me out, but heroic Pratt, remembering my terrific strength, declines with thanks and I have time to convince the editor of my identity by mentioning the mystical names "Doughnut," "Fussy Wuzzy," "Bowser," "Perk," etc.

He apologizes for his inefficient employees, but says he had to keep them from starving or committing suicide by giving them these minor jobs. It is time for closing up, but still we talk of the school-days of long ago and look over the proof sheets of the "Alumnus" which lie on the office table (as silent shadows of evening peacefully fold the great city in their firm embrace).

The first column which attracts my attention is the one entitled, "The Hall of Fame," in which the name and peculiar attainments of the different persons are given.

Chauncey E. Doud.

Ponce de Leon Oglethorpe delved for the fount of perpetual youth, but Doud, our Doud, is still hunting for the dish pan of perpetual sleep.

Edith Jamieson.

The only honest bank treasurer on record. Her careful care of the stupendous, enormous, prodigious sum intrusted to her by the Girls' Debating Club of the N. H. S. won the admiration of the directors of the Podunk State Bank.

Roland H. Allen.

He enjoys the honor of being the husband of his wife who is president of the United States. (Note the suffragettes are in power).

Ellen Burdett.

Manager-in-chief for Bailum and Barnum's Menagerie. The poet "lauriatress" of the peanut department.

Robert Barry.

Recently got the longest hit on record, from Boston to New York, 300 miles. The ball went down the smoke stack of the Boston-New York express in the second Brookline game.

Marian Whitley.

Only living disciple of the renowned Adeline Genée, who has all the police worn out looking up the statutes on the art of proper Greek dancing.

Ruth MacLure.

Famous for peachy, lustrous brown eyes, and is author of a treatise on how to use them.

Emily Wellington.

Society leader of the great metropolis "Bean-Joint." Recently entertained the eminent author of fairy yarns, S. Foster Damon, and served pretty good "eats."

Virginia Hoffman.

"Purty and Petite." Edits the department called "Feminine Athletics" in "Piffum and Pokin's" famous magazine.

"Betty" Ganse.

Edits confidential talks on "What true love is." "What to do when vitally affected." N. B.—She is full of her subject.

Esther Wing.

Author of the immortal song "Fuss, Fuss, Fuss, Keep on A-Fussing, and Then Fuss Some More and Then Some More."

Gladys Flanders.

Speaker of the House after Uncle Joe's exit.

Ruth Ivy and Helen Gustin.

These talented two tour the country, lecturing, and have put Burton Holmes and Stoddard out of business. Miss Gustin is acknowledged the brainiest woman of the age, while Miss Ivy's musical abilities are unsurpassed by any, not even by Jacob William King himself.

The next column we perused was that interesting section called "Stage Lights."

Albert Pickernell.

Absolutely last appearance. Here's hoping "Still Wie Die Nacht" was rendered with overwhelming effect by the aforesaid at the Three Penny Limelight last evening. The effect was overwhelming both for the audience and for Pickernell. However, he is recovering slowly. All the audience haven't been heard from yet. It is rumored that being the affinity of a physics teacher is less fatiguing.

Sally Lucas.

Mlle. Salé de Lucas made her debut into the zone of star operatic performances. The galleries went wild as did the violins and other "specpertators."

"Peg" Wood.

The former baseball player stars now on the stage and follows up his baseball instincts by frequently using the squeeze play.

Louis Washburn, the Star Comedian of Broadway.

Monsieur Louis Washburné is now making a great hit in "Twenty Girls at Onst."

Dorothy Williams.

Famous for the sweet little melody entitled, "Eyes, Eyes, Eyes."

Aubry Kelly.

Is now playing "The Studious Athlete" as exemplified by himself.

C. Sinclair Weeks.

Writer of the famous play, "How Harvard Men Work," an inside view of the lazy life led by the men of that institution.

Dorothy Munro.

Leading lady in Miss Huntington's new play, "The Merry Maids of Newton."

The next column was entirely devoted to "Athletics," which began as follows:—

There are a great many sports at the present time. For instance, there's Clancy who's one "sport" all by himself.

Then there's Wilson. He's a "sport," although rather retiring and bashful. However, he is now famous making phonograph records and talks by the hour into the machines on themes of universal interest as, "Let *me* show you how," "Why I happen to know," etc.

Next comes the notice that Edward Woods "trims" Barney Old Acre in the million-mile auto race. Well, Woods was always rather "fast," that is, speedy, especially in hockey.

The following clippings show the English that Reporter Briggs uses in writing up modern baseball games: "Gaw wangs 'Winc Wisslets' whistles for three hams and slides across the platter on McCourt's butter sizzler, with the frostin' right there, thereby putting the game on frigid water."

"Bob" Osborne is catching for the "Turtle Doves," playing full-back on National League "Pie Eaters" football team, and is left forward on the "All Dopes" basketball team.

Marshall recently won the "pill throw" in the "Olympspade" games.

We now come to the Literary Department, in charge of Julia Schmalz and Miss Alice Boyden, who have written an article on "Wild Persons I Have Met."

First, Merrill.

Thick head, bushy hair and smiling nose.

Marsh.

Small head, large feet.

Note.—Feet small in direct proportion to the entire volume.

Puffer.

Tall and slight, with dense gray matter in cranium. N. B.—Dense here doesn't mean thick. *Oh, no!*

Cannon.

Not an iron cannon. Not related to Joe Cannon. Just a plain bore cannon.

Fiske.

Very graceful and very lamblike. Also has white wool.

Burr.

Rather sticky. That is, he used to stick tight when collecting money for the class Annual. Noble brow surmounted by dirt, not dirty, black hair.

Breed.

Very well bred. Pink face, lustrous eyes.

Barber.

Some smart shaver. Also a remarkable history scholar.

Perkins.

Noted for facial contortions. Holds his fore paws two inches lower than his knees.

Briggs.

Is chief "hayseed" on Mr. Meserve's new farm. Mr. Meserve has retired from business and started farming and needs a good mathematician to count squashes and onions for market.

Weaver.

Model for an artist who is trying to reproduce Rosa Bonheur's famous painting, "An Humble Servant."

The last page of the Alumnus Sheet contains an odd assortment of notices and advertisements.

The first notice is of the acceptance by Dorothy S. Emmons, A. B., B. S., D. D., LL. D., Ph. D., S. T. D., M. D., of the Deanship of "Radcare" College, tendered her by that institution. Dr. Emmons, after receiving these minor degrees in various

American Universities, studied abroad, receiving there the degrees of D. D. P. (Doctor of Deep Poetry), B. O. (Bachelor of Oratory), and D. V. H. A. (Doctor of Very High Art).

Miss Davidson.

Desires a steady admirer. Must be thoroughly experienced and know his business well. Good prospects for the right man.

Go to *Miss Tucker* to find how to look first class, second class or third class, as you please.

Miss Dodge.

She is giving French lessons to the new King of France, who can't speak French much better than any ordinary Frenchman.

Aldrich Taylor.

How to save money. I've saved lots of it by looking over my glasses 'stead of through 'em 'cause it saves the wear and tear on the glasses.

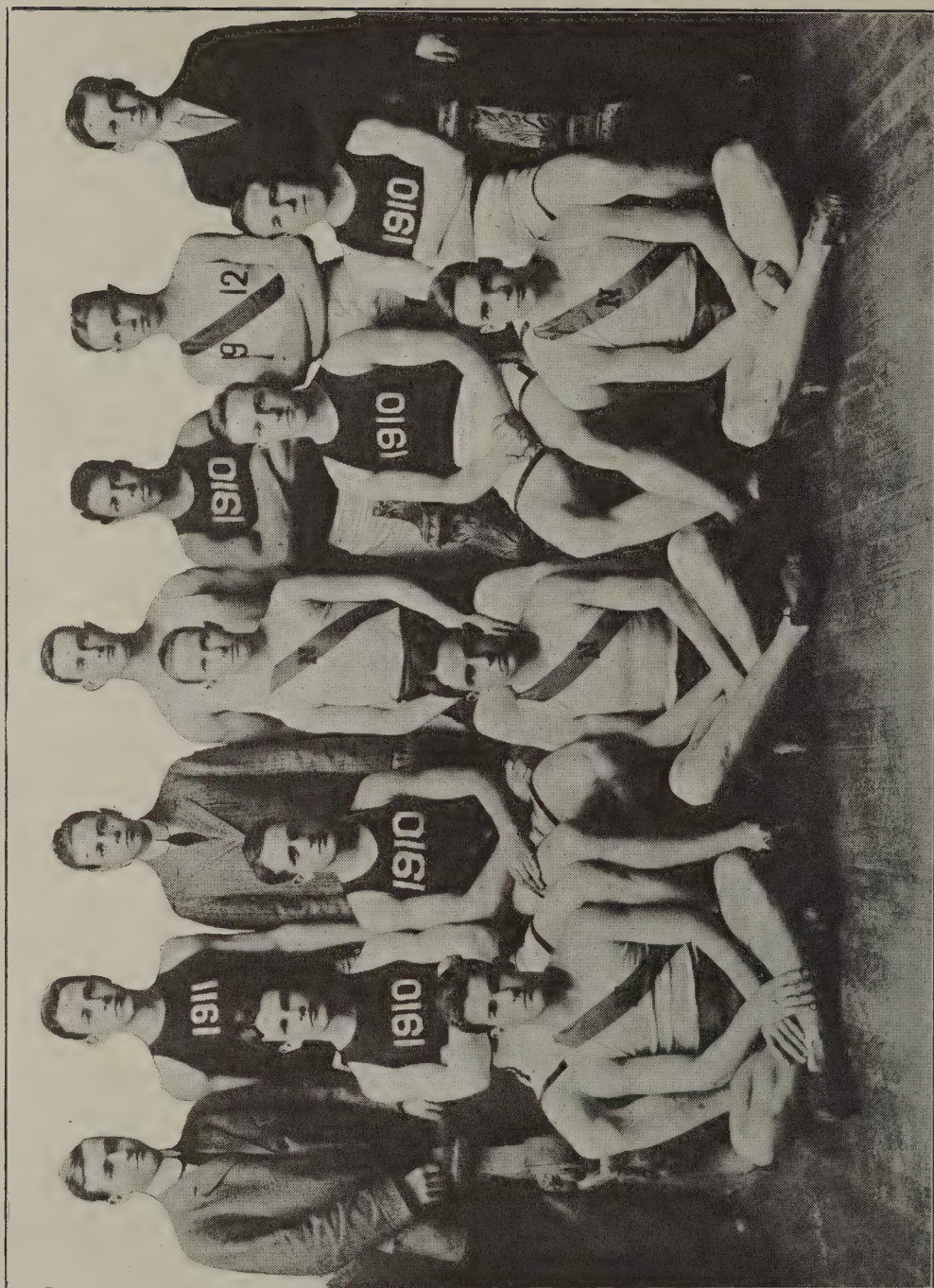
The last notice on the page was one of touching interest which read as follows:—

Wanted, a home for two deserving but penniless men, men who had once gump-tion enough to match pennies but unfortunately have been ruthlessly trampled under foot by cruel fate. These two men will answer to the names of Proctor and Beatty, and should be able to render slight services in return for care and keeping. That is, Proctor might be able to bring in light chips for kindling, and Beatty would probably be competent to feed hens if not left alone too long. (That "too long" means Beatty, not the hens).

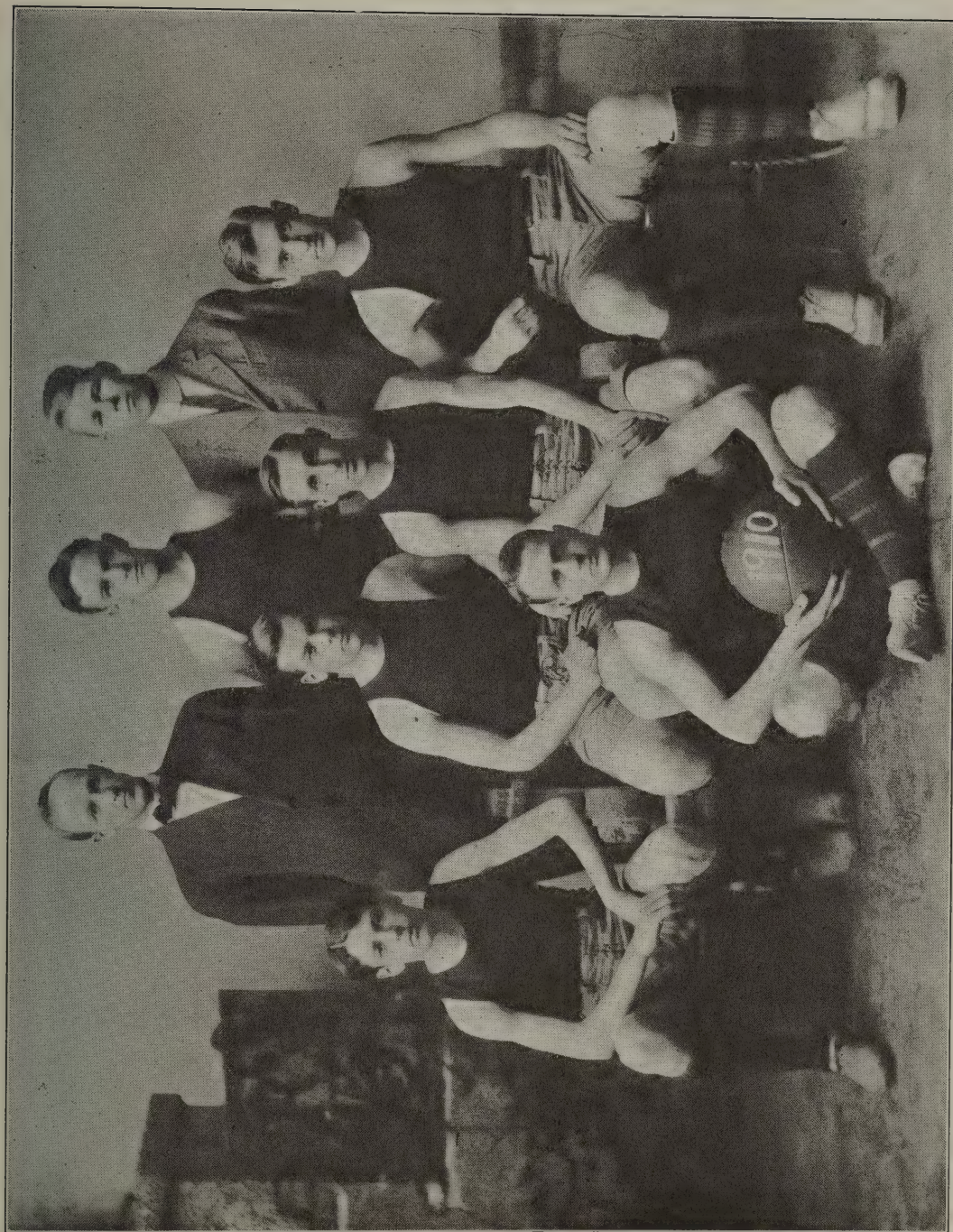
There were lots of other things of interest in that Alumnus Sheet, of which I should like to tell you, but your patience is without doubt a minus quantity by this time, and you will have to buy this interesting paper for yourselves.



THE HOCKEY TEAM



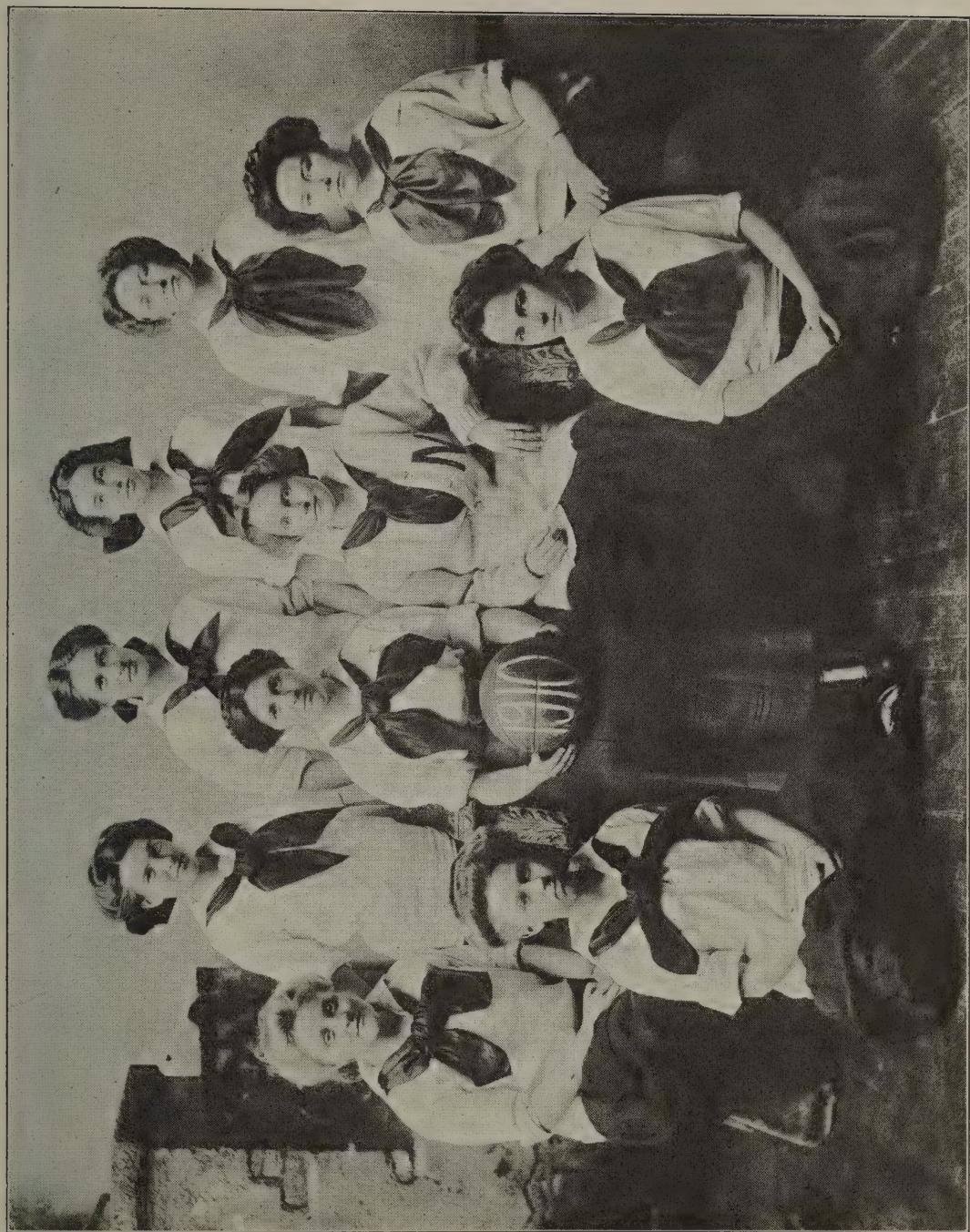
THE TRACK TEAM



THE BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM



THE GYMNASTIC TEAM



THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM



THE GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM



THE DEBATING TEAM



Below are the batting and fielding averages of the baseball team:—

	g.	ab.	r.	h.	2 b.	3 b.	hr.	Ave.	po.	a.	e.	Ave.	sb.	sh.
Barry, 2 b., 3 b., s. s.	19	74	17	24	4	2	0	.324	32	27	11	.843	14	3
Osborn, c.	11	29	8	9	1	0	0	.310	73	9	1	.988	5	2
McCourt, p., o. f.	13	26	6	8	2	0	1	.308	8	7	2	.882	6	1
Fripp, c. f., 3 b.	9	35	10	10	0	1	0	.286	18	3	5	.808	10	1
Gaw, p., r. f.	19	68	14	19	3	2	2	.279	27	37	4	.927	8	2
Nash, l. f.	18	60	3	15	2	0	0	.250	12	2	2	.875	7	6
Wood, p., o. f., 2 b.	17	55	11	11	3	2	0	.200	10	15	2	.926	3	7
Beckett, o. f., 3 b.	3	10	5	2	0	0	0	.200	3	0	0	1.000	0	0
Sanderson, 3 b.	16	63	11	12	1	1	0	.190	19	12	11	.738	13	2
Wilson, s. s., o. f.	7	11	2	2	0	1	0	.182	0	2	3	.400	2	0
Gallagher, s. s., o. f.	14	37	9	5	1	0	0	.135	18	12	10	.750	9	0
Beal, o. f., 1 b., 2 b.	17	53	13	7	1	0	0	.132	27	20	5	.904	5	1
F. Kyte, 1 b.	18	61	7	7	0	0	0	.115	147	3	8	.949	5	8
Brooks, c., o. f.	15	39	3	4	0	0	0	.103	108	26	3	.978	1	3
Gardner, p.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	1	0	1.000	0	0
G. Kyte, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	2	.000	0	0
Cady, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	2	.000	0	0

TEAM BATTING AND FIELDING

Newton	621	119	135	18	9	3	.217	502	175	67	.909	88	36
Opponent	608	63	91	6	0	0	.149	489	190	104	.864	54	20

PITCHERS' AVERAGES

	Won	Lost	Tie	Ave.	Hits	b. on b.	p. b.	s. o.	w. p.
Wood	4	1	0	.800	18	13	1	34	0
McCourt	3	2	0	.600	24	9	4	39	2
Gaw	3	6	0	.333	45	24	2	84	4
Gardner	0	0	0	.000	1	1	0	2	0
Cady	0	0	0	.000	3	0	0	1	0
Totals	10	9	0	.526	91	47	7	160	6

Newton, 1; Somerville, 3.

Hampered by wretched support, "Ossy" McCourt was beaten by Somerville in the first game Newton has lost this year to a high school team. Although a little wild, McCourt pitched a good game, allowing his opponents but two hits, which were both gathered in by Captain Norton. Aside from his work, McCourt showed his prowess with the stick by hitting out two pretty doubles, but neither counted in the scoring, as his team mates could not bring him in.

Newton's lone tally came in the fifth, when Sanderson got to first on an error, and Wood who ran for him, immediately stole second and third. The next thing in order was a hit-and-run play, and that is what came. On the second pitched ball Wood dashed for home and Kyte laid down a pretty bunt which Williams fielded perfectly; he started to toss to the plate when he saw that it was useless, and then it was too late to catch Kyte at first. He, in turn, tried to pilfer one on Ginn, but was caught far from the bag. Then—Gal and Brooks struck out! In the last of the ninth after Gaw had taken three lusty swings, Sandy started another volley with a clean drive over second. Wood, running for him, again stole second, but Kyte and Gallagher struck out.

Melrose, 6; Newton, 4.

In an ever interesting game, Melrose defeated Newton on Claflin Field, May 19. Gaw pitched very good ball, but a series of errors in the third inning gave the visitors a lead of three runs which enabled them to keep ahead the rest of the game. With the score 6 to 2 at the beginning of the ninth, Newton made a rally and scored two runs but was unable to tie the score. Throughout the game Newton's base-running was rather crude and there were some glaring errors.

Newton, 1; Dorchester, 0.

On May 25 the Dorchester High baseball team journeyed to Newton to receive a coat of calomine from the fast aggregation of ball tossers representing Newton High. In spite of unfavorable weather conditions the process developed into an interesting pitcher's battle between Gaw and Brennan. Both boys held their opponents to two hits while the Dorchester "flinger" scored twelve strike outs to Gaw's eleven. Newton's one run came in the first session and was the only one of the game. Beal, the first man up, was passed, stole second and scored on Wood's hit to centre. Although both teams frequently threatened to score, no other run was made owing to the remarkable pitching on both sides.

Brookline, 4; Newton, 3.

The first game with Brookline, played at Claflin Field, Memorial Day, was a hard luck story throughout. After Wood had pitched magnificent ball for eight innings holding Brookline 3-1, and after Newton had outplayed their opponents in every department of the game, a sudden batting rally and a few orange and black errors allowed the Brookline bunch to tie the score and win in the tenth inning. Walizer of Brookline contributed the star play when he speared Kyte's long fly after a hard run. Gaw's home run and the all-round playing of Barry were features.

BROOKLINE HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
McGuire, r. f.	5	1	1	0	0
Stewart, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Morse, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Walizer, c. f.	4	1	4	0	0
Kelliher, 3 b.	5	1	2	2	0
Anderson, c.	5	2	8	0	0
O'Hearn, 1 b.	4	0	14	1	1
McGrath, 2 b.	4	1	1	3	0
O'Neil, s. s.	4	1	0	2	1
Denning, p.	4	1	0	7	0
Totals	39	8	30	15	2

NEWTON HIGH

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Fripp, c. f.	3	0	1	0	1
Barry, s. s.	4	0	5	4	0
Gaw, r. f., p.	4	1	3	1	1
Sanderson, 3 b.	4	0	0	1	0
Beal, 2 b.	4	1	2	2	0
Nash, 1. f.	2	0	1	0	1
McCourt, 1. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Gallagher, 1. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Kyte, 1 b.	4	1	7	0	0
Osborn, c.	4	2	10	1	0
Wood, p., r. f.	3	0	0	3	0
Totals	32	5	30	12	4

Inn. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 B. H. 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 1 4
 N. H. 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 3

Runs made, McGuire, Kelliher, Anderson, McGrath, Fripp, Gaw, Beal.

Waltham, 3; Newton, 1.

On Saturday, May 28, Newton played Waltham at Claflin Field. The game was played before the largest crowd of the season, and on the whole was a good contest.

Waltham took the lead in the third, when Stankard scored by a close margin. In the seventh a base on balls, a stolen base, and a hit gave Waltham another run. Newton managed to score in the eighth. Brooks singled, and Fripp banged out a three bagger, scoring Brooks. Sanderson and Barry retired in order, leaving Fripp on third.

In the ninth Waltham added another to their score, making the final score 3 to 1.

Newton, 4; Cambridge Latin, 2.

On June 3, Newton played the second league game against the weak Cambridge team. Cambridge scored first, bringing in a run in the second inning. In the fourth Newton scored three times by means of a base on balls, two hits and an error by the third baseman. Again in the fifth, we scored, when Gaw came home on a passed ball. In the seventh Cambridge secured another run. Newton did not play a particularly brilliant game, and were fortunate to "tally" as many times as they did.

Brookline, 3; Newton, 0.

The second Brookline game was played June 8 at the American League Grounds. Brookline repeated her victory of Memorial Day, and won the pennant. In the second session McGrath beat out a slow infield hit and promptly pilfered second and third. Gaw gave the next two men free tickets and with a "full house" McGuire "took the trick" with a well directed single. Result, one run for Brookline. Then Osborn allowed one of Gaw's elusive shoots to slip past him, and another run came across the "pan." Then Newton held until the sixth when hits and a stolen base gave Brookline their third and last run. Although Newton threatened in every inning, she was held scoreless by the great pitching of Denning. Wood, Barry and Fripp starred for Newton and the twirler, Denning, for Brookline. The summary:—

BROOKLINE HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
McGuire, r. f.	4	1	0	0	0
Stewart, 1. f.	4	0	1	0	0
Walizer, c. f.	3	0	1	0	0
Kelliher, 3 b.	4	1	0	0	0
Anderson, c.	4	0	7	2	0
O'Hearn, 1 b.	4	0	14	1	0
McGrath, 2 b.	3	1	2	3	1
O'Neil, s. s.	1	0	1	2	0
Denning, p.	2	1	1	6	0
Totals	29	4	27	14	1

NEWTON HIGH

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Sanderson, 3 b.	4	0	0	4	0
Barry, s. s.	4	2	0	2	1
Fripp, c. f.	3	1	1	0	0
Gaw, p.	3	0	0	3	0
Osborn, c.	3	0	5	1	1
Brooks, c.	1	0	3	0	0
Wood, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0
Beal, 2 b.	4	0	2	0	0
Kyte, 1 b.	3	0	10	0	0
Nash, 1. f.	2	1	2	0	1
Gallagher, 1. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Wilson	1	0	0	0	0
McCourt	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	5	24	10	4

Inn. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

B. H. 0 2 0 0 1 0 0 0 3

Runs made, Stewart, McGrath, O'Neil.

Waltham, 10; Newton, 1.

On Thursday, June 16, Newton journeyed to Waltham to play the game postponed from Saturday, the 11th. Newton put up one of the poorest exhibitions of baseball seen this year. However, things started well. Barry got a hit, stole second and came home on Nash's scratch hit. This was the only real playing Newton did in the whole game. Waltham scored four times in the first, twice in the second, once in the fifth, and three times in the seventh, making a total of ten runs to Newton's solitary one.

We have often wished that our labors were at an end, and now we have performed the last rites for the REVIEW of 1909-10. To all who have contributed and aided us in our work, we extend our sincere thanks. This applies to the staff and those outside. We hope that the school will report the REVIEW next year as well as they have in the past. The work will be taken up by the following:—

DONALD BELCHER, 1911, *Editor-in-chief*.
RICHARD BACON, 1911, *Business Manager*.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must
obey.—*Dryden*.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows when to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato*.

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EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean
Longwood Avenue Boston, Mass.

Sonnet on Joy

Joy is of all our varied moods the best,
To some it comes, and stays through
lengthy years,
And some there are who know no joy,
but tears;
Who finds most joy must for it go in quest,
Who seeks for grief will never from it rest.
A pain most keen most surely disappears,
When someone smiles, a wreath of joy
and cheers,
The dark cloud vanishes from heart
opprest;
An eye with joyful beam is never vain,
It always lights some dark and dreary
way;
If this is true, we each should try to gain,
The power to laugh and sing through
every day;
And this might serve to ease another's
pain,
Which would our efforts to give joy
repay.

B. E. F., 1910.

Boys' Summer Camp

Ideal location on Sebago Lake, Maine. Baseball field, half-mile track, fine bathing beach, excellent salmon and brook fishing. Tutoring if desired. Terms reasonable. The camp is under the direct supervision of F. U. Burnell, A.B., Sub-master Natick High School.

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Positions Attained by Graduates of Day Courses since Graduation.

Principal of textile school or department	3
Teacher industrial school	13
Mill corporation treasurer	2
Mill agent	4
Mill superintendent	11
Mill assistant superintendent	9
Mill assistant manager	2
Mill foreman of department	18
Mill purchasing agent	1
Mill auditor and accountant	5
Textile designer	30
In commission house	13
Electrician	2
Assistant engineer	2
Draftsman	2
Chemist and dyer	30
In business, textile distributing or incidental thereto	31
Journalist	2
Student	5
Machinist	2
Physical director	1
Weaver	11
Minor positions	4
Not employed	2
Deceased	2

197

Graduates of High Schools and Academies admitted with certificate.

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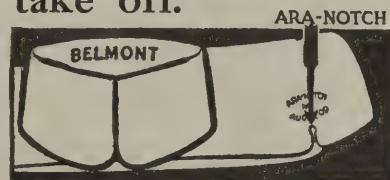
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